



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

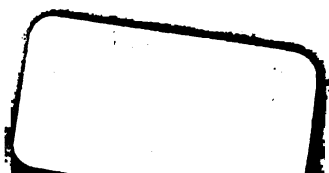
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

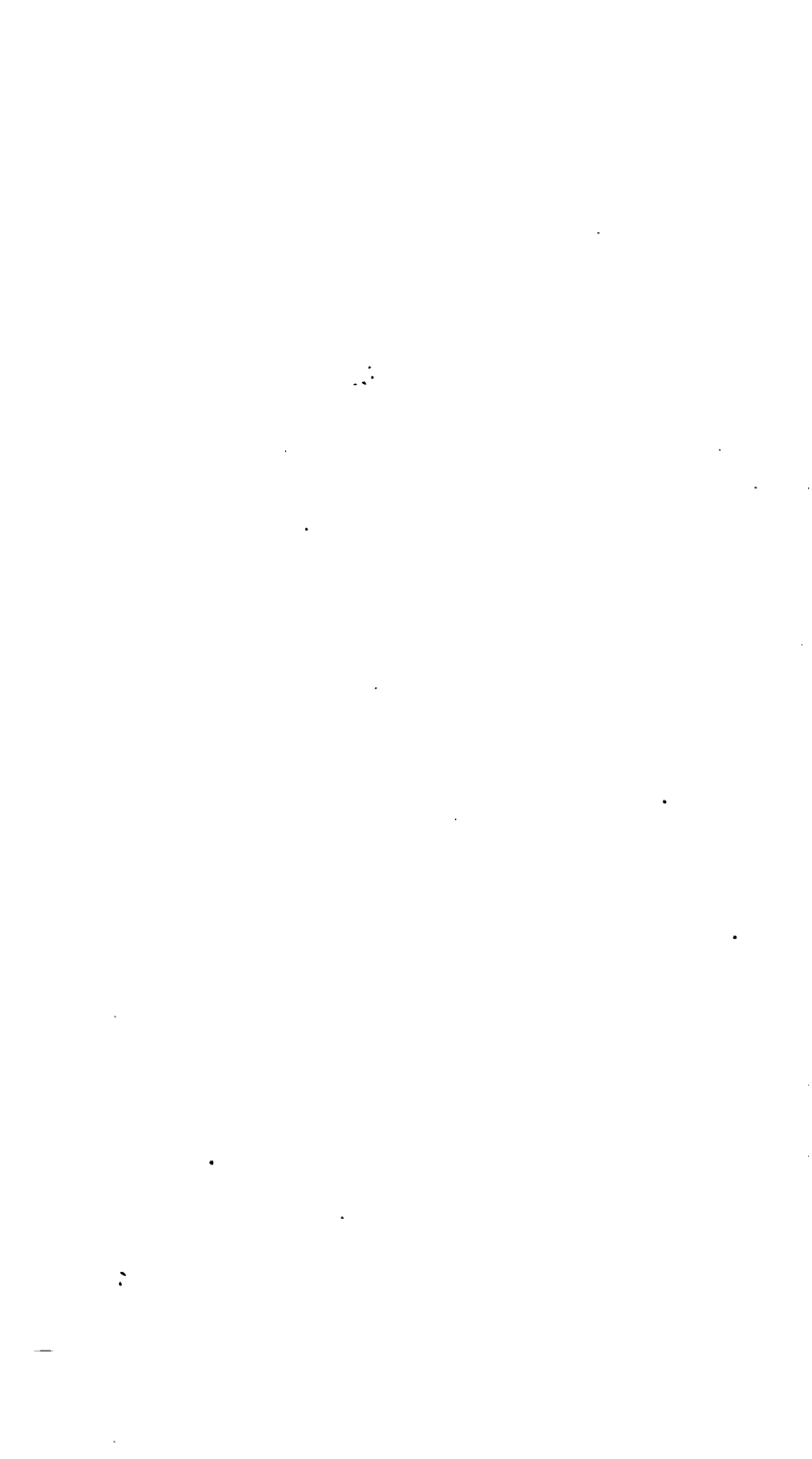


3 3433 06934861 7









THE
BEAUTIES
OF
THE PRESS;

WITH
AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING
THE SPEECH OF ARTHUR O'CONNOR,

ON THE
CATHOLIC QUESTION,
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND,

ON MONDAY, MAY 4, 1795:

ALSO,
HIS LETTER TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

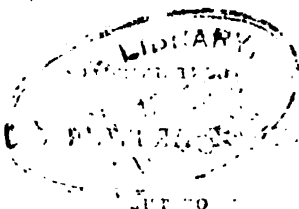
LONDON:
PRINTED, 1800.

10.

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY



LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

	Page
PROSPECTUS of the Press	1
<i>An Irishman—To the Editor of the Press</i>	4
<i>A Morceau—To the Independent Electors of Dublin</i>	8
<i>Philo Sarsfield—To the Editor of the Press</i>	10
<i>Sarsfield—To the King</i>	16
<i>A Lawyer—To the Twelve Judges, &c.</i>	21
<i>Agicola—To the Conductors of the Press</i>	25
<i>Letter I. From the Mountains</i>	26
<i>William Caxton—To the Editor of the Press</i>	32
<i>Brin (to its own tune)</i>	36
<i>Observer—To the Editor of the Press</i>	38
<i>Letter II. From the Mountains</i>	40
<i>Juvenal's Eighth Satire, imitated</i>	47
<i>Letter III. From the Mountains</i>	53
<i>An Ode</i>	59
<i>A Lawyer—To the Editor of the Press</i>	60
<i>A Petition from the Co. of Kildare—To the King</i>	68
<i>A Poem—On a Green Top-knot</i>	75
<i>Marcus—On the Liberty of the Press</i>	76
<i>William Caxton, Letter II.—To the Men in Power</i>	85
<i>Letter IV. From the Mountains</i>	92
<i>Emergates—To the Editor of the Press</i>	100
<i>Ode to Benevolence</i>	104
<i>Marcus—To his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant</i>	106
<i>Old Towler—On a certain Musical Performer</i>	111
<i>Ode to Liberty</i>	ibid.
<i>William Caxton, Letter III. To the Men of Ireland</i>	114
<i>George Ogle—On Martial Law</i>	124
<i>Speech of Gen. Jordan, on the Death of Gen. Hoche</i>	129
<i>William, an Elegy by the Minstrel</i>	136
<i>Letter V. From the Mountains</i>	137
<i>The London Pride, and Shamrock; a poetical Fable</i>	149
<i>Orangeman's Oath</i>	152
<i>United Irishman's Test</i>	153

	Page
<i>Fortesque—To the Printer of the Press</i>	153
<i>Sidney—On the Liberty of the Press</i>	161
<i>The Contrast; a poetical Fragment</i>	166
<i>Letter VI. From the Mountains</i>	169
<i>Miscellaneous Tracts</i>	179
<i>Trial of Captain Simon Frazer, and John Ross</i>	186
<i>The Fatal Battle of Aughrim; a poem</i>	195
<i>The Tears of Scotland; a poem</i>	197
<i>Political Sketches</i>	199, 200
<i>Extract of a Letter from Mullingar</i>	201
<i>Epistle from Patrick O'Blunder to John Bull, Esq.</i>	202
<i>Letter VII. From the Mountains</i>	207
<i>A Poem; on the projected Union</i>	216
<i>Trial of Wm. Kennedy, at Arby</i>	218
<i>Old Truepenny—To the Editor of the Press</i>	224
<i>Elegiac Ode, to the honored Memory of Wm. Orr</i>	230
<i>Advice to true Orange Country Gentlemen</i>	233
<i>A Poem</i>	236
<i>Montanus to Satanides</i>	238
<i>Principles of Modern Jurisprudence, contrasted</i>	245
<i>John Bull, to Patrick O'Blunder</i>	246
<i>An Ode</i>	248
<i>The White Shoulder Knot; a Poem</i>	249
<i>Epigram; on a virtuous Prime Minister</i>	250
<i>William Caxon—To Lord Camden</i>	ibid.
<i>William Caxon—On the Liberty of the Press</i>	256
<i>Resolutions, &c. at the Temple Inn, London</i>	259
<i>A Man of Ulster—To the Lord Lieutenant</i>	262
<i>An Elegy, on General Hoche's Death</i>	271
<i>Marcus, Letter I. To Lord Grenville</i>	ibid.
<i>Epigram</i>	274
<i>Affidavits of the Jurors on William Orr's Trial</i>	275
<i>William Caxon—To the Students of Trinity College</i>	276
<i>An Essay; addressed to the People</i>	279
<i>Marcus—To the People of Ireland</i>	284
<i>A Militia Officer—To the Commander in Chief</i>	288
<i>Petition of the Freeholders of Co. Down—To the King</i>	293
<i>Arthur O'Connor—To the Irish Nation</i>	295
<i>Memoirs of General Morsau</i>	299
<i>Political Sketches</i>	305
	Poetry

CONTENTS.

	Page
Poetry	306
Marcus, Letter II. To Lord Grenville	307
An Ode, by Sarsfield	311
Mr. Curran's Speech, on the Trial of Mr. Finnerly	312
A Militia Officer—To the Commander in Chief	340
The Victim of Tyranny	343
Mary Smith's Letter to her Brother-in-Law	346
A Freeholder of Westmeath—To the Grand Jury	348
Memoirs of General Massena	354
Extracts of Letters from the County of Carlow	356
A Presbyterian—To the Rev. Philip Johnson	357
Fortesque—To the Printer of the Press	362
Vincent—To the Orangemen of Ireland	369
A Militia non-commissioned Officer—To the Printer of the Press	372
Wake of William Orr	375
Epigram; addressed to Sawney	377
Catholic Addresses, perverted	378
Description of Mr. Orr, by Humanitas; with Affidavits annexed	379
Catholic Addresses	385
M. M. —To Earl Camden	388
A Sophister—To the Students of Trinity College	392
Catholic Virtue	395
A Malecontent—To the Peers of Ireland	397
A Sketch of Buonaparte's Character	402
An Essay—To the Editor of the Press	406
The Disunited Men	ibid.
Marcus—To the Yeomen of Ireland	407
Eria's Friend	411
Orangemen's bravery, depicted	ibid.
Barbarities exercised in the County of Wicklow	412
How to be a great Lord	414
Roger O'Connor, Letter I. To Earl Camden	415
Letter II. To Ditto	421
Letter III. To Ditto	427
Copy of Lieutenant Speare's Affidavit	435
Letter from J. Hebert, to Mrs. O'Connor	439
A Militia Officer—To Sir Ralph Abercrombie	440
Lucius—To the Militia of Ireland	445
On Lord Dungeon; a Poem	447

	Page
<i>On Union for Ever; a Song</i>	448
<i>Letter VIII. From the Mountains</i>	449
<i>Fest Oath of Orangemen</i>	455
<i>Fest Oath of the United Irishmen</i>	457
<i>A new Irish Painting, &c.</i>	458
<i>Another bloody Parson</i>	459
<i>The Orangeman's Conversion; a poetic Dialogue</i>	460
<i>A Man of Ulster—To the Lord Lieutenant</i>	462
<i>An Advertisement, &c.</i>	468
<i>A Presbyterian—To the Editor of the Press</i>	469
<i>A Plan, &c. by Pacificus</i>	473
<i>A Call on Arthur O'Connor's Bail, &c.</i>	478
<i>Unconstitutional Scourging</i>	480
<i>Marcus—To his Fair Countrywomen</i>	481
<i>Judith Flanagan—To the Editor of the Press</i>	484
<i>Ramantis—To the Magistrates of the Co. of Carlow</i>	487
<i>A Hymn to Liberty</i>	492
<i>Letter IX. From the Mountains</i>	493
<i>Truth—To the Printer of the Press</i>	498
<i>A Fragment</i>	502
<i>J. Bird—To his Excellency Lord Camden</i>	503
<i>Scavola—To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland</i>	505
<i>A Member—To Lord ———</i>	509
<i>Address of the London Society, to the Irish Nation</i>	510
<i>Irish Law</i>	515
<i>The Writers in the Press—To Lord ———</i>	516
<i>Persecution of Mr. B. Coile, and W. Hawthorn</i>	517
<i>Examination, &c. of Mr. Stockdale, Printer</i>	536
<i>M. M.—To the Invincible Master, &c.</i>	538
<i>E. J. Newell—To Mr. Cooke</i>	543
<i>J. Bird—To Mr. Neilson</i>	544
<i>Letter X. From the Mountains</i>	546
<i>Sentence of Mr. Stockdale, printer</i>	554
<i>Lucius—To Mr. Pitt</i>	555
<i>Letter XI. From the Mountains</i>	558
<i>Dion—To the Author of Coercion</i>	566
<i>Further Imprisonment of Mr. O'Connor</i>	574
<i>Appeal of the People of Ulster, to their Countrymen</i>	575
<i>Arthur O'Connor's Speech on the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, on the 4th of May, 1795</i>	580
<i>Arthur O'Connor's Letter to Lord Castlereagh</i>	603

THE PRESS.

NO maxim is more true than this, "That no Liberty can survive the Liberty of the Press;" it breathes a soul into the body of a People; it forms their manners, and by teaching them their duties and their rights, and inspiring them with the sentiments of virtue and courage, by which both are to be enforced, introduces the empire of reason to the universe; it is the vestal fire, upon the preservation of which, the fate of Nations depends; and the most pure hands, officiating for the whole community, should be incessantly employed in keeping it alive. But it must be acknowledged, that by some fatality of late, the Press in this harassed country has been either negligent or apostate; it has been a centinel à-sleep on its post; or, an open deserter, active against the people and their cause, in the service of which it affected to volunteer. To flatter and betray, has been too often the practice of those who have sought popular confidence—money, and not principles, was their object; and it is not surprising, that what was sordid and mercenary in the beginning, should, in the end, be perfidious and corrupt. So many and so sad have been the apostacies which have taken place in this respect, that a scepticism humiliating and derogatory to the Irish character has obtained, and the best disposed men, with great reason, have been led to doubt the existence of a pure patriotism, unalloyed by any mixture of the selfish passions; they have seen the Press introduced to them in all the charms of a virtuous virgin, shortly degenerate and receive the private embraces of the minister behind the curtain—or act the bolder part of a public prostitute*.

* The Northern Star, put down by military interposition, must be acknowledged to be an honorable exception.

It is now proposed to establish a News-paper, to be solely and unalterably devoted to the people of Ireland and their interests, under the appellation of

THE PRESS :

For the reasons before stated, it occurred that not one sentence in the form of profession to the public should be uttered, but rather, that the columns of **THE PRESS** should be suffered to speak for themselves, and the print let to live or die by the character which they should unfold ; yet the public have certainly a right to be acquainted with the grounds upon which their approbation is solicited, and which shall be stated in a few words :

To extinguish party animosities and introduce a cordial union of **ALL** the **PEOPLE** on the basis of toleration and equal government, as it is a primary duty, so it shall be the especial care of **THE PRESS** ; to call into action all that is noble and generous in the minds of **IRISHMEN** individually, as a sure means of rendering them collectively a great and happy nation ; to cultivate the seeds of virtue, heroism and industry, which are inherent in their minds, shall be chief objects of its unceasing vigilance ;—these seeds lie plentifully and deep in that good soil, and be it the labor of **THE PRESS** to cultivate them until they shoot forth in all the glory of illustrious actions ; to class Ireland on the scale of Nations, and to give her an Imperial place in the map of Europe ; to assert and obtain her commercial rights, so flagrantly encroached on by British monopoly ; to inculcate those maxims of oeconomy and liberty, without which no nation can be grand or respectable ; to open new channels for industry, and the employ of our people in manufactures and in commerce, in our fisheries and our collieries, those mines of wealth which, in complaisance to the sister—or rather mistress nation, are doomed to continue unworked ; to infuse notions of pure morality into the rising generation, and to recommend an attention to the mild virtues of religion, in the absence of which its forms are a mockery :

to encrease the quantum of public happiness; to impress indelibly on the mind that, next to a love of God, the love of Country should have a place in the human breast; and finally, if it be not too presumptuous, or a project utterly impracticable, to procure a reform in the abuses of government, which are crying and manifold; these are the grounds on which THE PRESS solicits confidence—all it asks is a fair trial, “and may the moment of its defection, be the last of its existence.” A system, such as no news-paper has gone to the expence of heretofore, has been adopted for procuring the earliest intelligence, which shall be impartially given; a particular attention shall be paid to the detail of domestic occurrences, and a faithful report given of the various conflagrations, transportations and executions, without the intervention of judge or jury. To diversify scenes so dismal, we shall glean whatever may be most instructive and amusing in the *Belles Lettres*; there will be the more room for this gratification of our readers in the course of the approaching winter, as there is no probability of any debates in the House of Commons; and of that honorable House, it will be sufficient to state the enactment of new penal statutes—should there be any; and the nature and the amount of the new taxes, of which we are positive there will be not a few.

Men of genius are invited to send their productions to THE PRESS, which is open for fair discussion on public subjects—it will disdain to direct its flights at lesser game. Scurrility and defamation can never be admitted as allies to its cause; private character is one of the possessions of civil society, which ought to be held sacred; to follow a man into the circle of private life, would be a very unfair and licentious act; if there are reptiles amongst us, the Public have this consolation in perspective, “That the mire in which they crawl, already begins to stiffen about them; it will first deprive them of motion—then of life, and the next gale that arises may sweep them away with the dust in which they perished.”

From the torpor which has prevailed over the Press for some time past, the fairest and most candid discussions have been avoided. A stronger proof of the degraded state to which this great palladium of public liberty has been reduced, cannot be mentioned than this, that the following ingenious Letter was offered for publication, and not attended to.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

A DAY or two ago, a Hawker put a Phamplet into my hand, which I observed he was distributing gratis to the people, and which he assured me was written much more cleverly, than any thing the author had published, on the other side of the question; I found it was "Observations on a late Address to the Citizens of Dublin."—It is marked with the same turgid and monotonous tenuity, the same frugality of thoughts and abundance of words, the same attitude of effort, the same affectation of inference and tone of decision, which have characterized other performances of his, and which, if they did no good, might have pleaded in their own excuse, that they meant no harm. It is in truth, a work that savours so much more of the author than of the subject, that he could not have lost a single leaf of laurel, by at least affecting not to publish his name. I cannot say that I felt much indignation, though his purpose was not very respectful to the country that was to reward his labours, because I scarcely know any offence less heinous, than that of writing an indifferent pamphlet.

Want of talent is certainly in itself no crime, and of that opinion was the late celebrated Dr. Johnson?—speaking once of a certain actor of plays and author of spelling books, he said,—“Sherry takes much pains to prove himself an ass, he is not a genius by nature, he is only a block-head by art.” But then the Doctor humanely added,—
“the

"the man is miserably poor." This I think is a full defence for the worst possible author, and to the full benefit of it, the present gentleman is entitled, as a justification by inheritance. The man who invents a short way to a pension, which is a specific cure for that poverty that commits such havoc on morals and on men, ought perhaps to be regarded as a benefactor to science and to mankind; and will appear so, if you compare him with the inventor of any other art, that contributes to the preservation of life; for instance, that of recovering drowned persons; as prevention is better than remedy, so far the pamphleteer has the superiority; he has it also in as much as starving is much more painful than drowning; he has it also in as much as the water-doctor cannot prevent the danger of a relapse, which may chance to be incurable, and you will see, Mr. Printer, how much he has it in the saving of time as well as life, if you reflect how precious an interval must have been lost, in stupor and fasting, or rolling the unhappy gentleman in an empty hoghead; if he had resorted to that mode of escaping from calamities from which a pamphlet and a pension can so effectually secure him. No man ever wrote with less pains, nor with more success.

In order to shew how much the author is indebted to himself, and how little to reading, or fact, or history, look at the following passages under three points of view; first, as they misrepresent the history of his country; secondly, as they misrepresent the character of his countrymen; and thirdly, as they misrepresent the nature and causes of the present discontents.

As to the first, he says, page 47, 48.—That previous to the 11th of James I. Ireland had no parliament or parliamentary constitution; that among the inhabitants of Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, there was no trace or shadow of a parliament, that its name was unknown, and that James I. was the founder of the parliamentary constitution of Ireland, by the creation of boroughs; that the

confiscations which took place under James I. were the legal consequences of treason, and not acts of violence committed by the crown. It is clear in what point of view he wished to exhibit his country, namely, as a barbarous and conquered province, having no original right to any constitution whatsoever, deriving any shadow of liberty, from the mere bounty of the kings of England, and that the worst of them, and therefore holding it at their mercy; that the power which grants merely for its pleasure, may revoke merely for its convenience; that the parliament given by one king, may be corrupted or destroyed by another; that the protection of established law, may be resumed by the power which bestowed it, and therefore that a military despotism may most warrantably be substituted in the place of civil government, if the occasion should be thought to require such a change. Now see how easy and simple a mode he has discovered, of doing this, by the short expedient of making his own, his historical facts, instead of teasing himself or his readers, with the musty monuments of antiquity. Had he consulted any Latin memorials on the subject, he would not have understood them; had he looked into those which are written in the language he has learned, he would have found himself miserably deserted indeed, by his authorities, and every single assertion so necessary to his purpose directly contradicted; for example, when he says, that Ireland had no parliament before the 11th of James I. he must have found himself put down by the *modus tenendi parliamentum*, so early as the reign of Henry II., by the opinion of the judges in the 2d of Richard, wherein they declare, that in the kingdom of Ireland, they have parliaments and courts in every respect as in England. By the opinion of my lord Coke, 4th Institute—title Ireland—where he says as follows, that concerning the parliament of Ireland being the highest court there, we shall make it appear by matter of record, that not only king John, as all men agree, but Henry II. as before it has appeared, and in the next page shall be touched, did ordain and command, that such laws as he had in England should be of force in Ireland,

Ireland, hereby Ireland being of itself a distinct dominion, and no part of the kingdom of England, as appears in Calvin's case, was to have parliaments holden there as in England, and thereupon in the reign of King John, a parliament was holden there, as by the record appears. He would have found himself refuted by the celebrated defence of Irish liberty, by Mr. Molyneux, who rests the case of Ireland on the early existence of a parliamentary constitution there, whereby the interference of any other parliament is excluded.

When the author thought it expedient to assert, that Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, were strangers even to the name of parliament; he would have found himself answered had he consulted the rolls, or Sir John Davis, or even Doctor Leland, on the subject, he would have found that twelve or thirteen counties sent members to parliament, in the reign of Henry VIII., that two were added by Queen Mary, and seventeen by Elizabeth, and that one hundred and fifty borough members were added by the house of Stuart; and that these boroughs (such of them as were made by James I. and to which the pamphleteer refers) were most of them inconsiderable, and many of them too poor to pay their members, they "must be," says Leland, "entirely influenced by government, and must return its creatures and dependants. Such an accession of power could not fail to encourage administration to act without reserve, and pursue the dictates of its passions and resentments."—Leland, 442. "Incorporated with such shameful partiality, and represented by attorneys clerks and servants of the lord deputy." Ibid. 491. For further particulars, he would have seen the remonstrance of the recusar lords, presented in the 11th of James I. or if he had consulted his own pages, and known what he was about, he would have found his own assertion, page 48 of his present pamphlet, that these boroughs were colonists of Scotch and English protestants, forming exclusive corporations in catholic countries, and of course rendering representation in Ireland, not general but colonial.

When

When the author asserted, that the confiscations were the legal consequences of treason, and not acts of violence, had he consulted Leland, he would have found, "that the king recurred to the concessions made to Henry II. to invalidate the titles derived from a possession of some centuries; that the most zealous in the service of government, and the most peaceable conformists were involved in the ravages of avarice and rapine, without any distinction of principles or professions."

"The interested assiduity of the king's creatures, in scrutinizing the titles to those lands, which had not yet been found or acknowledged to belong to the crown, was, if possible, still more detestable."—Leland, page 466.

As to the other points of view, if you think these few hints not unworthy your notice, I shall trouble you with some observations in a future letter.

AN IRISHMAN.

The following Morceau has been circulated in the form of a Hand-bill through the Metropolis:

To the Independent Electors of the City of Dublin.

CITIZENS,

AFTER the secession of your late eloquent and honest representative, I must own that I have been sorely perplexed with fears that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark"—but as physicians have sometimes been known to succeed in the cure of a nearly mortified carcase, should your kind partiality send me to the House of Commons, in the event of the Attorney General being called to the Upper House, I shall do what I can to effect its purification. Like all patients, I am aware that it has a great aversion to the medicine which is likely to do it good. My
prescription

prescription will, therefore, be to *gild the pill*; gold has an effect on the proprietors of boroughs, much like that of the oil of Rhodium on rats; it is ten to one that will be greedily swallowed, and the fraternity be led to *unborough* themselves. The expence of the nation would be less than that induced by the continuation of the war for a few months—and then we should quickly see whether the representatives of the Irish people, *bona fide*, would punish with pains and penalties an obedience to the fifth commandment—whether they would consider that cause the cause of Heaven, in which they were brought upon their knees by those whom they have all along called the allies of the Devil—and whether they could look on in silence, while houses and villages were set on fire, and the poor scorched inhabitants shot for the crime of attempting to run away by the light!

What I shall do in case you return me, I shall not say, because I intend to do more than I can mention, or has ever been in the power of any one man. I design, if it be not yet too late, to save the country. But I may tell you without hesitation or reserve, what I will not do. I will not propose a gun-powder bill to disarm the people—I will not propose a convention bill to prevent them from assembling in a constitutional manner to state their grievances to the Throne; I will not have a hand in drawing up proclamations, by which the military are invested with powers to burn dwellings, to shoot and transport the subject without trial, and at the same time prate about Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, that “a man’s house is his castle,”—that “no person is to suffer but by the judgment of his Peers,” and all that. I am a Lawyer, and by the honor of the profession, this I would not do, were it even to make me Attorney General. Nor shall I ever wish the people of the North in open rebellion, but on the contrary, wish them to have no other arms in their hands, than their natural ones, the shuttle and the loom—and no other notions in their heads, than the love of God and man—their country and its liberties!

It

It may be objected by rival candidates, that I am a poor man, I ask which of them is an independant man?—let the salaries which they pocket from the people answer the question. True it is I am poor, so poor that the only return I could make for a vote, would be a *cockade*, which I trust the independent electors will accept and wear, notwithstanding that a peevish administration threatened some time ago, to make the wearing of *green cravats neck work*. But if I am poor, the circle of my wants is contracted; I can be as luxurious with potatoes and whisky punch, I courtiers on ortolans and champagne, and probably find myself next day as good a man. Rather than dine with the minister in the gilded apartments of the castle, on the spoils of my country, after having given it a dishonest vote, I would retire to a garret, like Andrew Marvel, and make my dinner on a cold blade-bone of mutton. I do not like to speak much of myself—but this I must say—I am as honest as Marvel; it is best known to the minister, whether he be as corrupt as Walpole.

I am, Fellow Citizens,

Your devoted servant,

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

SARSFIELD has put down Mr. Charles Francis Sheridan—he has arraigned him for gross ignorance, great presumption, and impudent profligacy. He has called on him to produce his authorities, having himself produced authorities the most in point, and the most respectable. The other remains silent, after having had time and time enough to reply, and rescue his character. He appears, therefore, to be a pamphleteer of the ordinary stamp, without pretensions, though he assumes much.

A friend

A friend more shallow than himself, has come forward, under the signature of VINDICATOR, to shew that nothing can be said in his favor. Sarsfield arraigned Mr. Sheridan for asserting, that the Irish nation, until the 11th of James I., had no parliamentary constitution—Against that assertion Sarsfield produced the authorities of Lord Coke, of the Judges of Richard II., of records, and of the course of opinion. The defender, on the other hand, has produced in support of this, no authority whatsoever—he repeats the assertion—John Doe goes security for Richard Roe—one man of straw bolsters up another. He repeats the assertion, and he repeats the author's reason. The Irish nation had no parliamentary constitution until James I., for she, until that time, had no parliament; it was a colonial assembly, the parliament of the pale not of the nation." (See Pamphlet.)

Thus all the statutes made before James I. were made by an incompetent legislature; thus all the property held beyond the pale, in consequence of those acts, is open to ligation. The act of Henry VIII., the act of annexation, extends to the pale only; and the counties beyond it, in short, all Ireland, save only a few counties (the defence says seven) is free to connect themselves with France. Had the Attorney General said this, there must be an act to settle the connection. Such a man as the author saying this, will have no effect; but if it does no mischief it is because the pamphlet is not read, or the author's motives are understood.

He first destroys, by one assertion, the antiquity of his country's freedom, and then he destroys the foundation of the connection and the Throne: *If Mr. O'CONNOR be arraigned for treason on the act of annexation, namely that of Henry VIII., he may say, according to this author—*THAT HIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED IN ANTRIM, AND THAT ANTRIM WAS WITHOUT THE PALE, AND THEREFORE NOT COMPREHENDED IN THE STATUTE.

Sarsfield

Sarsfield arraigns Mr. Sheridan for another assertion, that James I. having created forty boroughs, was the founder of the Irish parliamentary Constitution; a most impudent assertion, to give the credit of our Constitution to its most contemptible and notorious enemy; and a most mischievous assertion, because it gives the credit of our liberties, **SUCH AS THEY ARE**, to the family we banished. It impeaches the revolution, and scandalizes the *glorious* memory—it excuses all those Catholics who fought against King William—who fought for that King that patronized their religion, and, according to the author, was the founder of their Constitution.—Mr. Sheridan, indeed, while he thus endears the house of Stuart to the Irish, cures his mischief by adding (see page, I think 47) that he founded the constitution by the creation of boroughs—that is, he founded the constitution, by destroying the Representation. So far he makes his assertion only nonsensical—but his defender drops the nonsense, and stands to the mischief. He asserts, that James I. was the founder of the Irish parliamentary constitution; but the defender for the first assertion has no authority at all. In the second assertion he has been less fortunate; he has given an authority which is against Carte. We all know how Carte stood with respect to the Ormond family, and house of Stuart, and yet even that Carte, in all the flattering apologetic strain in which he describes the conduct of James I. contradicts the defence.

The defence says, that about the 33d of Henry VIII, six counties only had the right to send members to parliament, and that James erected many (page 20, 22). Carte, whom he quotes, page 18, says, “that at the time there were twelve counties, that Mary added two, and that Elizabeth added 17,” which leaves for James I. *none*. Davies explains Carte, and says, the 17 counties last appointed (mentioned by Carte) were (*id est*) Elizabeth’s counties, which James qualified by forty boroughs. (See his speech in Leland’s Appendix). “If,” says he, “Elizabeth created seventeen, why should not king James create
forty

forty boroughs?" The defender is tired of quoting history, he is right; he proposes to proceed to record. Here he is unfortunate; he quotes the record of the parliament of 1585, in which there were one hundred and twenty-two members, and that of 1613 in which there were two hundred and thirty-four, and he infers, that all the difference was made and added by James. Nonsense! and he says, there were but forty boroughs added, and he infers that he made the remainder by counties; that is to say, that James added ten; ridiculously notorious, untrue.

In Henry VIIIth's time there were three counties, two more were added by Mary, and seventeen by Elizabeth, total thirty-two. If, then, James added ten, as the author says, he added ten more counties than exist. But the defender confesses, that he is talking idly, and honestly owns that Elizabeth (page 22) did add the counties ascribed to her. But he endeavours to get out of the import of the concession, by a sort of foolery, and says, nominally, she created those counties, but that the actual creator was James. This distinction one would hardly guess at, if he did not explain the folly of it, and tells us, that Elizabeth indeed created the counties, but that James assembled the parliament; that is to say, the prince who creates, certainly is not the real but the nominal creator, and that the prince who does not create them, but only summons their representatives to parliament, is the real creator! Thus, Lord Camden, who summoned the new parliament, is the creator of one hundred and fifty counties and boroughs.

War may prevent the summons of a parliament for a number of years; it does not follow that the nation therefore loses her parliamentary constitution. War and rebellion may prevent certain counties from sending members, it does not follow that they lose the right of representation.

The

The king's writ may not run in certain counties; they may resist or refuse the laws of England; it does not follow that they are not bound by the legislature of Ireland. —This creation of seventeen counties, nominal creation he calls it, that is, this creation adopted to the two counties by Mary, and the twelve counties that existed in the reign of Henry VIII, form the courts, that is, the general representation of the kingdom. The one hundred and fifty borough members thereabout added, almost entirely by the Stuart family, form the borough constitution. It follows, that the Plantagenets and Tudors generalized the Irish constitution, and that the Stuart *burrugged* it, that is, *modelled* and *subverted* it. The author of the defence acknowledges (see page 28, 29) that there were in James the First's parliament one hundred and one Catholic members, that all the new counties had gone in favour of the Catholics, and that he procured a majority for his view, by creating his protestant colonies, that is, he modelled parliament; Mr. Sheridan says the same, (see page 47, or thereabout) that James I. introduced a number of English and Scotch settlers; (this is what he calls generalizing Irish representation) and incorporated them, and made those colonies boroughs, to procure a majority in parliament; that is, he *modelled* parliament—both these authors say it was for the Protestant religion, and thus they think all was fair; true it is, he modelled parliament, but then it was for the protestant religion—they resort to a double plea, they plead not guilty, and then they justify. He *did not* model parliament—he *did* model parliament, but he did it for religion. The fool won't see, that the prince who procures a majority for one purpose, procures it for every purpose. Such was the case of James, and it is singular that an author should deny a charge, and then describe the transaction in the very definition of the charge itself, and not know it; but it is not more strange that a second should be found at the same time, in the same city, to commit the same folly. The author of the defence makes Sarsfield suppose that the confiscation alluded to, took place before the sitting of James the First's parliament;

liament; it did, and after, and were neither punished nor prevented by the parliament (see Leland) he makes Sarsfield say it was done by act of parliament, he says no such thing—but by act of power, permitted and passed over by a borough-parliament—The defence applauds the parliament of James, and quotes its statute-foolery—those statutes are good for nothing, but see in Leland, the account of the grievances, the superior and inferior grievances—martial law, fixing juries, and a long *et cetera*, and let the author shew that they were checked or noticed by parliament. See on the other hand the conduct of the English parliament, under the same prince, with regard to similar, but less grievances.—He applauds also the parliament of Charles I. and he quotes their remonstrances voted against Strafford, where he was falling, containing an acknowledgement of every thing charged against a borough-parliament—namely, that they had suffered grievances under him, beyond the example of former times, which grievances in his power, they never complained of—but on the contrary, voted unusual supplies, and pass into one of the acts a clause containing an extravagant eulogy on that Lord Lieutenant after he had committed those very crimes.

This author, I mean Mr. Sheridan, is an extraordinary instance of inconsistency. He writes a pamphlet with all the malice of a sneering pedant against Mr. Grattan, and there he acknowledges that his measures are right—the Emancipation, the Reform, and the Exclusion of the British Cabinet. He thinks, indeed, that the consideration of them should be postponed till a peace, when they cannot be carried. He is the defender of the administration, and he gives them up, on their great points, the Reform and the Catholic bill! He is a pensioner under the present reigning family, and yet he tells you he owes her constitution to the family he banished! He is a dependent on government, and their pamphleteer—and he tells us the statute by which the two countries are bound together, was the act of an incompetent legislature! I am not surprized

his

his pamphlet gives satisfaction to neither side, which will ever be ultimately the case of a double character, that goes grinning about both parties, and is true to neither.

PHILO SARGFIELD.

TO THE KING.

SIRE,

THERE was a time, in which some possible good might result from an appeal to Ministers; it is past. To the Throne itself your scourged people are now driven to look for a mitigation of oppressions which are become intolerable. On ordinary occasions, it would look like a saucy affectation of familiarity with greatness to address a Sovereign;—but in a moment of such terrible omen as the present, when every day gives a new and more formidable feature to the fate of Europe, and when crowns begin to become the most precarious of all property, it is the bounden duty of every citizen to speak, and of every King to hear. The obligation is the more incumbent on you, Sire, as you have most at stake. If there is one individual more than another whom it imports to hear the TRUTH, or whose case is more deserving of compassion from having been made the dupe of evil counsellors, as Nathan said unto David—

“ Thou art the Man ! ”

It will be well if these men and their practices do not lose you a kingdom.

This, Sire, is not a representation of grievances founded upon abstract doctrines, or physical reasoning. I am about to state plain and positive wrongs, as unparalleled as they are unmerited by a suffering nation. If the recital should give pain, I am not to blame, but the Ministers who in Ireland have—“ drawn King George’s sword to cut the
“ charter

"charter of King John to pieces"—and with it the people, for whom it ought to be a protection, for the presumption of thinking that it was their inheritance, and that the guarantee of it made part of your coronation oath.

On your accession to the throne, Sire, your subjects possessed the privilege of a trial by jury. There was a government of laws. They are now allowed no trial by jury, but are put to death by military execution, without knowing either their crime or their accuser—and for a government of laws there has been substituted a government of men;—an experiment which gave birth to the woful American war. House-burnings on your accession to the throne, was a felony; it is now the jest of your officers, and the pastime of your soldiers. Property was held sacred;—it now lies at the discretion of unprincipled magistrates, and at the mercy of the army, who spare or destroy as corresponds with their passions. On your accession to the throne, the statute-book contained many acts, wholesome to society; they have been torn out with a rude hand, and their places have been supplied with laws pregnant with penalties.

Sire, open your eyes to the real situation of your yet kingdom of Ireland. Look over the country in every direction, and you will see nothing but confusion and horrors—all the natural and inevitable consequences of the system not adopted, for in the history of governments there is none so heinous to be found for adoption, but framed by your Ministers. You will see scenes in every quarter, committed under colour of your authority, on the bare reflexion of which the blood curdles with horror, and which must assuredly be followed with punishment in the next world, if not in this. The only consolation left your people in whole districts is, that there is another tribunal in which man is no judge. You will see prodigious enormities perpetrated by your servants—from which the benignity of your disposition must turn with the most heartfelt antipathy. You will see the army let loose on the

C

community

community at night, tired but not satisfied, and the sun rising to light the way to new excesses. It is common to see the roads crowded with industrious persons, torn from the plough and the loom, hand-cuffed together, on their march to the sea-coast, for transportation, without the smallest formality, much less trial. On no other ground than suspicion, numbers of your subjects have been shot to death. In some instances the execution is summary and on the spot—in others it is deliberate, and a place chosen to make the barbarity more striking and exemplary—as was the case in the county of Westmeath, where the father and his two sons were brought to the entrance of a village, and there mangled with many shots, to the greater terror and warning of the affrighted inhabitants. The crime of this family was a charge of having arms in their possession.

Your soul would be wounded, Sire, did you hear the cries of your poor people, as they endeavour to escape from their dwellings, set on fire by order of your Ministers, as if principles were to be burned with the timber and other materials of which they were composed—Than your royal breast none would glow with more ardent indignation to see the provisions also consumed, which no intreaties succeed in obtaining to be spared from the promiscuous conflagration. On other enormities it is meet to throw a veil. Wives and virgins violated by miscreants, on whom the blood of their husbands and relatives still smoked, are subjects too terrible to dwell on. It is sufficient to state, Sire, that oppressions not less barbarous than those which the Spaniards exercised in America, disgrace human nature in Ireland, under the auspices of your Ministers. They have not yet employed dogs, it is true, but there is no dog that runs the scent of blood more fiercely than man, when the sympathies of his nature are lost in the fury, and when he is halloed on in his hellish career by the civil magistrate.

Your Irish subjects, Sire, have been made to suffer as much, and in as many shapes, for their politics, as the Maccabees for their religion.

But

But was there no popular excess to provoke this ministerial vengeance, which nothing can justify?—Yes, Sire, there was a strong desire on the part of the people to have themselves represented in the third estate, which at present (they conceive) **THEY ARE NOT**. Your Ministers resisted this desire, not in itself very criminal, by conflagrations so universal as to distract the cattle in the field at night equally with the appearance of phænomena—and by murders malignant and manifold—for to put men to death without trial, is murder to all intents and purposes, and of the blackest and most flagitious die. Thus your Ministers have goaded the people to madness, and in that state of irritation they betray those extravagances to which man is subject when he is compelled to suffer beyond his strength. Their wickedness has been equalled by their folly. They found in the event that there was no other way of destroying principles, than by destroying the persons in whose minds they existed and were cherished. They did not hesitate therefore to proceed in the work of extermination—and thousands have been sent to the grave for having had their understandings enlightened by God: But will you, Sire, as the father of your people, longer permit so wide, unhallowed and horrid a havoc of your children?

Were the language of remonstrance necessary, Sire, you might be told with all humility, and deference for your high station—but with great earnestness and truth, that the subject has a better right to protection from the King, than the King has to allegiance from the subject—because protection is the maximum and end of all just government, and allegiance is no more than one of the ingredients incident to social order. You might be told, that power on abuse, long continued, must in the nature of things revert to its fountain, the people—that such a necessity, the direful necessity of reverting to first principles, and such a necessity alone, placed your illustrious family on the throne—and is the title by which you inherit. And—that to take especial care that that necessity should be the last,

ought to be the object of your eternal care, and the uniform tenor of your advice to all your ministers.

But it is not in remonstrance that your people depend. They know, Sire, that you possess a heart easily accessible to the tender virtues—and that were not your noble nature basely abused by artifices and delusion, Ireland would not be the victim of such terrible doings. This belief, however, will not administer to their wants, or lessen their miseries. It is not merely by actual bloodshed, arbitrary imprisonment, and outrageous transportations of its fathers, husband and brothers, that society has suffered and is suffering. Your Ministers in their clandestine practices, to secure their visionary project of extinguishing the principle of reform, have inflicted wounds which will never heal. They have poisoned the cup of society—and neighbours are afraid to pledge each other in it, lest they should drink death. Instead of extinguishing principles, they have given them strength, and caused them to assume a form and a combination. They have succeeded in nothing but extinguishing in some places the charities of life, and introducing an anarchy as the basis of their system, by which one part of the people must be armed mercenaries—another, spies and informers, and the great body of them slaves. They have dug at the foundations of your authority, while they made a shew of contributing to the superstructure with gaudy, unbecoming and unnatural ornaments. Their policy has been, to corrupt the great—and to distract the middling and lower orders—to infect the wholesome blood of kindred with religious virus, and to make the servant that stands behind the chair of every man who differs with them in politics, the arbiter of his life and “fortune!”

Be advised in time, gracious Sovereign: in the animal body if the mortification once sets in, all the efforts of the physician can be of no use. The spread of dissolution in the body politic is no less rapid and mortal. Deign to let your people, of all religions, be represented, or sit in the

House

House of Commons. Dismiss the guides who have brought you to the brink of the precipice, and let this important truth be impressed on your mind; it is not by a furious course of unrelenting severity—not by a voluminous code smeared all over with blood—not by an augmentation of the corps of executioners civil and military that Ireland is to be saved—it is to be saved only by a timely and fair concession to popular demand—and the surest means of providing for the permanence of harmony restored by these means, will be to let the law take its course with **GREAT CRIMINALS**, who are the authors of your danger and our calamity.

SARSFIELD.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

If you think as I do of the importance of this communication, you will not hesitate to give immediate insertion to the following letter:

To the Twelve Judges, and the rest of his Majesty's Law Officers in Ireland.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

IT appears by the public papers that several persons on the different Circuits, have been condemned to death under the Insurrection act. One in particular (Mr William Orr,) whose execution is ordered for the seventh of October, lies at present in Carrickfergus jail. I also learn that many countries and districts are still treated as in a proclaimed state, by virtue of that statute. Under these circumstances, I feel it my duty to express my conviction, that **THE INSURRECTION ACT IS EXPIRED**. My reasons are these: the Insurrection act is the 36th Geo. III. c. 20; the session in which it was passed, began on the twenty-first
of

of January, 1796, and the act itself received the Royal assent on the twenty-fourth of March following—in the last section (sect. 41) it provides, “that it shall continue in force until the first day of January in the year 1797, *and to the end of the next session of Parliament, and no longer.*” On this last sentence, as I conceive, the whole matter hinges, which renders an accurate consideration of it of some importance. The words are not, “to the end of the *then* next session of Parliament;” the only question, therefore is, whether, in fair construction, the words “the next session of Parliament,” are applicable to the session next after the first of January 1797, or next after the passing of the act—I think clearly the latter. This is a penal law, and its duration one of its greatest penalties—it infringes grievously on the common law, consequently it ought, if there be any doubt, which in truth I think there is not, to receive a strict construction as to its duration, as well as to any other of its provisions. Suppose the Legislature intended only to continue the act to the end of the session next to that in which it was passed, what words would they use? They would say it shall continue in force *until the end of the next session of Parliament*—that is almost the only phrase they could adopt. Suppose them to have intended that it should continue to the end of the session next, after the first of January, 1797, they would, after mentioning that day, have said, it shall continue in force *to the end of the THEN next session of Parliament.* In the interpretation which I give to the sentence, every word of it is operative and clear, and taken in the fair, natural and grammatical construction;—in the other interpretation, a word, as important as any other in the sentence, and as little admitting of implication, must be implied. Let me also add, the uniform language of acts of Parliament must be departed from—for I do not think I run much risk in calling upon any man conversant in law learning to point out an instance, besides this one in dispute, in which the words “THEN next session of Parliament,” or some words perfectly equivalent to them, are not absolutely expressed, where such was the meaning of the Legislature. If the
Parliament

Parliament meant, as I have supposed them to mean, they must have spoken as they did speak; if they meant otherwise, they could with no kind of propriety use the language they have used. It was well known to the makers of the law, that by Parliamentary usage the end of the next session would be subsequent to the first of January, 1797; they, therefore, mentioned it as the latter and longer period. But it may be asked, why then was the first of January, 1797, mentioned at all? Because although such duration of the next session was highly probable, it was not absolutely certain. Let me ask, in my turn, why a reference should be supposed from the last to the first member of a sentence, when it is unnecessary, and when no word of reference is used in either? and if the sentence had simply been, "that this act shall continue in force until the end of the next session of Parliament, and no longer, without mentioning the end of January, 1797, a shadow of doubt could never have been raised on the subject,

When, then, was the next session of parliament, it began on the thirteenth of October, 1796, and ended with the dissolution; for I suppose no man will deny that the thing which ended the parliament itself, ended the session or sitting of that parliament. With the dissolution, therefore, expired the Insurrection Act, unless it was continued. That it was not, is, I think, beyond all controversy. In order to ascertain that fact, I have looked at the act of the year 1796, (the very year in which the Insurrection Act itself was passed) for continuing temporary statutes, and, as was natural to suppose, found no continuance of it there. In the last session *no act whatsoever*, for continuing temporary statutes, was passed; so that unless some other continuation of it be found, it is expired. There was an Insurrection Act passed in the year 1797, (37th Geo. 3. c. 38.) by which some may suppose, and I believe have supposed, that the act in question was continued; but that is not the fact.

This

This last only explains some particulars of the former act relative to notifications in proclaimed districts, and other such matters; but does not say a word relative to its duration. I have likewise, looked into the Indemnity act of last session, and into the act against seducing his Majesty's forces; and, in short, into every act, by which there was the remotest chance of its being continued; but in vain. I now, therefore, confidently call on any lawyer to point out the statute by which it is continued.

If the law be not in existence, I need scarcely add, that no conviction can be had under it. This doctrine is recognized 1st. Hawk. pl. cap. 169. c. 40. sect. 6. "If any one commit an offence which is made felony by statute, and then the statute be repealed, he cannot be punished as a felon in respect of that statute." The same must be the rule in case of a statute expiring.

I have now stated, my lords and gentlemen, what I conceive to be the law on this important subject. If I am wrong, I can be easily answered; briefly, and (as I hope I have conducted myself) without acrimony. I do not suppose that any of you will think it right to answer this letter; but you have numerous law friends and dependents, some one of whom, if he can, and if I am in error, will I hope take the trouble of setting me right. If any necessary part of the context has been suppressed by me, a few figures will point it out; if the Insurrection Act be continued by any subsequent statute, two lines, at most, will sufficiently describe it. May I request that whoever does me the honor of answering me, will do it in this paper, otherwise his observations may be lost to me.

It will perhaps be thought that, as a professional man, I should have communicated my sentiments to you, through private channels; if I had the honor of sufficient intimacy with you all, I should possibly have preferred that mode; but I am not so fortunate—and indeed considering the importance of the subject, you will not blame me if while I
call

call your attention to a public matter of this kind, I also fix on it the public attention. The time is critical; the interval very short between an unfortunate man and death; the statute to which I refer, affects the property, the liberty, the happiness, and the lives of many of my fellow citizens. I have therefore determined to waive ceremony, and to discharge my duty as a man, by publicly expressing my opinion as

A LAWYER.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE read, with much pleasure, the Prospectus of your Paper. If you adhere to your promise, of conveying to your countrymen, without prejudice, and without weakness, just views of persons and things, you will render an essential service to *Ireland*. The want of some sure vehicle of interesting truths, has been severely felt, at this juncture—never was there a period, when it was more necessary to enlighten the public mind; for, never was there a period in which the people have been placed in circumstances of greater delicacy and difficulty. It is the duty of every man, who wishes well to his country, to contribute according to the measure of his information and talents, to the work of public instruction. Impressed with this idea I send you copies of some letters which have fallen into my hands, on the subject of the present discontents in *Ireland*. They were written by an old gentleman of my acquaintance, to a young friend, who had requested his advice as a guide to his political conduct. If you think them worth insertion in your paper, they are at your service; and I shall be happy to have contributed, in its infancy, when even mean assistance may be useful) to a laudable undertaking.

AGRICOLA.

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS,

*Being a series of Letters from an old Man in the Country,
to a young Man in Dublin.*

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU require my sentiments on the situation of public affairs, at this juncture, and my advice, as a guide for your conduct, in this critical emergency. My advanced age, and my sincere affection for you, might well give me the privilege, did I possess the capacity of advising—and most ready, indeed, should I be to offer, nay, to obtrude my counsels on you, could I be convinced of their producing a salutary effect; but, my dear friend, it is now a most awful task to determine for one's-self, still more awful is it to determine for another, on a point which involves the safety or perdition of every object which can be dear to man.

The situation of *Ireland* is become critical in the extreme. The dreadful forms of public disturbance have stolen upon us, like a thief in the night—The horizon is blackened around us—The island is shaken to its centre; and fathomless abysses seem hourly to yawn with destruction beneath our feet. At such a season it will be difficult—difficult did I say? it will be impossible for any man to remain neuter—he must put his *hand to the plough*, and having done so, he must not look back. On this choice of party, to which (I foresee it) we shall ultimately be driven, will depend the fate of the individual; and on the choice of the majority of the people will depend the fate of the country. That you may be found among the saviours of *Ireland*, is the earnest wish of your friend. Consider the situation of this kingdom, the circumstances of other countries, and the temper and spirit of the times. Decide for yourself, with all the calmness and deliberation

deliberation that the tempestuous season allows—and may God Almighty lead you to a life of happiness, or a death of honour.

While I profess myself unable to give you directions for the regulations of your political conduct, you have a right to command my sentiments on the situation of public affairs—as far as it is safe or prudent to communicate an opinion on the subject. I give you, believe me, no small proof of my friendship, in the dwelling, for your sake, on a contemplation so painful as that of Irish affairs. The present, harrows up the feelings of a man who loves his country; and as to the future, it requires no common fortitude to meet, with eyes unmoved, the long dreadful perspective before us. I shall be well satisfied, however, to punish myself, if I can be useful to you. I shall give you my thoughts on the situation of the country, without passion and without prejudice; and it is from such views of the situation of the country, taken at different points of observation, and by different observers, that a considerate man will learn, to *chuse his party*, and establish the rule of his political conduct.

The first remark which I would suggest to you, is on the astonishing stupor and inattention which seem to have possessed the governments of Europe, with few exceptions, and prevented them attending to the great revolution which has been wrought in the human character. A mighty spirit is awakened—the genius of rational enquiry has gone abroad with giant strides—he marches, with freedom in his train, to the ends of the earth. This is no time for the powerful *few* to wrap themselves up in a false security, and despise the cries, and insult the feelings of the oppressed and injured *many*. This is no time to hug to the bosom inveterate abuses and ancient errors; to hold government, and those who administer it, as *all in all*; the people governed as *nothing*. The maxims of policy, which proved sufficient for the imperfect lights of past times, will be found delusive guides at this day. The notions, the manners,

manners, the knowledge, the pursuits, and claims of men, have undergone a great and rapid change; and stupid, indeed, must be the administration which does not adopt its maxims to the great revolution in the characters, resources, and tempers of men. This proudly weak inattention to the circumstances of the times, has been peculiarly observable, and peculiarly injurious in those who have had the care of governing Ireland.

I must observe, also, that although Ireland is dignified with the name of independent kingdom, and honored by Great-Britain with the appellation of sister country—a distinction for which, God knows, she pays dearly, in the maintenance of a luxurious Court, and a cumbrous establishment; yet Ireland, in the opinion of many acute observers, is, to all intents and purposes, in a state of provincial dependence. I will not pretend to decide the question with respect to Ireland, lest my letter to you should come into the courts of justice, and be pronounced a seditious libel by the Judge; but I am told I may as yet enquire, without offence to the powers that be, or danger of the *tender*, what is the difference between a country *really independent*, and a *province*.

In a country really independent, the laws and polity originate within its own bosom, and are calculated to extend the advantages of the state, whether natural or acquired, and to recover its defects. The system and maxims of government in such a country, consequently arise from its peculiar interests. This is the situation of a truly independent country.

In a *province* the medal is reversed—the true interests of a provincial country are perpetually sacrificed to the interests, the pride, the means, and even the caprices of the country on which it is dependent. The people are supposed to cherish a secret desire of freedom—and this is imputed to them as guilt. To counteract the criminal longing after ancient independence, on the part of the governed,

governed, government adopts a system of avowed suspicion and concealed hostility—*divide and rule* is with them a favourite maxim; venality and corruption are industriously diffused through every department of the state, and every rank of society, and are openly professed and defended, as the necessary engines or supports of government. Meantime a despotic oppression of the people prevails; the free-born and adventurous spirit is banished; the virtuous sentiment is proscribed, and the voice of truth is silent; or, if it should burst forth from the lips of indignant misery, it is severely chastised under the denomination of a seditious spirit; and all these rigours by which the people are trampled down to the dust, are justified on the principle of expediency, and ennobled with the plausible names of *virtuous measures*—*a strong administration*.

It too frequently happens in dependent provinces, that the insolence and oppression of their government grows to such a pitch, as leaves to the people no middle course between absolute and miserable slavery on the one hand, and open resistance, on the other; I should be sorry indeed, to think that such was the situation of *Ireland*—Heaven avert such a calamitous state of things! but the connexion between *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, is a tie of peculiar delicacy, and requires wise and lenient management, it should never be strained, with a rude unskilful hand, least it should fatally press on the very heart of *Ireland*, chill, and benumb the energy of her attachment to *Britain*, and stop the circulation of those vital principles, which diffuses health and animation through the political frame. I fear, the *British* cabinet has too often been led, to adopt a very different policy. *Britain* has been taught by selfish and narrow commercial notions, to consider *Ireland*, not as the companion of her prosperity, and the pillar of her strength, but as the rival of her industry, and the invader of her opulence. It is much to be lamented, that the governments of this country, in a long succession, and with few exceptions, have been too apt, to form to themselves ideas of a certain foreign interest, superior to that of the country they are appointed

appointed to govern, incompatible with it, and the prosecution of which, as they think ought to be the ultimate object of their administration. *Britain* according to their political arithmetic, is the only integral figure of the *British* empire; *Ireland* they consider as a mere cypher, or even on some occasions as a negative quantity, and on these principles they have conducted themselves like an insulted garrison, with difficulty maintaining its station, and supporting itself by inroads and depredations, in a hostile and exhausted country.

Whether such a system prevails at this day, it is not for me to determine, when we have taken a view of the situation of the country, you may judge for yourself. That it formerly existed appears from the letters of Primate Boulter, a curious monument of the corrupt and mistaken management, which has been considered as sound policy for the meridian of *Ireland*; and which may still give us a key to the secrets of our prison-house. This honest political prelate, in his correspondence with the British Cabinet, is full of complaints, that preferments are bestowed on the natives, that the balance of power in Ireland is neglected. Constant and vigilant indeed, are his representations of the necessity of bestowing the preferments of the country, ecclesiastical, judicial and military, on aliens, in order to keep up the predominancy of the English interest. It was then supposed, that a system of government inimical to the people, could be managed only through the intervention of foreigners. Mistaken politicians! who thus thought! it has been discovered, in our more enlightened days, that as among the infidels, a renegado is the most active persecutor of those who had been his brethren in faith; so the renegado and perverted *Irishman*, becomes the most cruel foe to the interests of his native country, the most outrageous supporter of what is improperly called the *English* interest.

From the application of this pernicious rule of *divide and govern* to the maintenance of an *English* interest, proceeded
that

that mischievous activity which has uniformly laboured, and often too successfully, to inflame the spirit of party rage and religious animosity, which has added no little poignancy to the acute sense of other evils, that have vexed and consumed this devoted country. Protestant was awfully inflamed against Catholic; Catholic against Protestant; Dissenters against both, and they against Dissenters. The Protestant ascendancy became a kind of rallying phrase, a signal, to call together the staunch adherents of the government party, and those honest but bigotted individuals, who attached themselves to their standard from disinterested motives.

I might establish the position, that the government of this country has almost uniformly proposed to itself, as the ultimate end of its policy, the maintenance of an *English* interest as erroneously contra-distinguished from the interests of *Ireland*, by a multitude of examples, from ancient and modern *Irish* history; but the task would exceed the compass of our correspondence. I shall confine myself to the period, during which Mr, *Pitt* has ruled the helm of the *British* Empire—a period which will be distinguished in the annals of mankind to the end of time, for the momentous events and gigantic revolutions which it has produced. I fear I have tired you with this long lecture. I shall for the present conclude, and subscribe myself, yours,

MONTAGUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

In reading the Prospectus of your paper, some thoughts on printing, and on the liberty of the Press occurred to me, of which you will make what use you think proper.

Naturam expelles furca tamen usque recurret.

HORACE.

THE invention of printing in the fourteenth century of the christian age, presents in itself a momentous and eventful æra, the consequences of which those most interested in the discovery have least given themselves the trouble to examine.—To the governors of the earth its effects are imperceptible or unheeded—To the reflecting eye it appears, to have altered not only the moral but physical state of Europe; to the few, it only was given to foresee the almost incalculable effects of this immortal discovery—In the former crude state of the art of writing, it was easy for the tyrant to stop the progress of truth—written books were *luxuries* enjoyed only by the great, and if nature impelled any bold spirit to meliorate the condition of mankind, the interested few readily frustrated his design, and secured the monopoly of their *privileges*, by the difficulty and inevitable danger he experienced in communicating his thoughts. The libel was as formidable then, as is now the Attorney General's prosecution—Not so printing—by the press, the writer could bay the tyrant in his den, and the philosopher in his closet could mortify the pride of the greatest potentate of the earth.—Tho' this divine art raised its head amidst the greatest slavery that ever deluged the world, yet, like the head of the Hydra, it petrified its most formidable foes. Tho' in these horrible days of mental degradation, and civil slavery, to think was blasphemy, to doubt was to be damned, yet was there found an intrepid champion of mankind who braved the many handed

handed tyrant to his teeth; and in defiance of the fell Tarratus prepared by the incensed and gloomy bigot, attacked and carried all his strong holds, chained and dragged him from his lurking place; and upheld him to an astonished world, in all the original deformity of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Thus did the genius and intrepidity of a Wickliffe, free a world from bondage, and by proving the superiority of reason over faith, finally so enlightened mankind; that religious persecution has ceased over Europe. Universal toleration is no longer a matter of courtesy, but of right, undeniable, inalienable right.

Let me here for a moment express my amazement at that wonderful dominion usurped over man from the first introduction, to the seventeenth century of the Christian system. The world saw nothing like it—nor is there any thing like the simple instrument of its everfion. The Press, like a magic wand, has levelled the cloud-clapt tower and gorgeous palaces of religious superstition, and has left nothing behind but that pure simple adoration we owe our Creator and our God—that God of truth and justice, who is rapidly instructing mankind in that natural equality of man, first promulgated by Jesus Christ. Truth, like virtue, is fated to purify its way through difficulties—through fire and sword—and we cannot better estimate the uncommon excellence of the Press, than by considering the night and darkness it has chased from Europe. The first fourteen hundred years of Christianity deluged Europe in ignorance and blood; the historian, philosopher, and scholar universally term it the dark, or barbarous ages of Christianity. In the fourteenth century the press raised its head, and like the Sun's first appearance in the horizon, chased away the deadly fogs that furrounded it.

It destroyed the Papal authority, the greatest dominion of the earth, and is proceeding in its irresistible career to a point of perfection which the philosopher rather wished than expected.—Well do continental tyrants know the truth of this, and in vain do they unceasingly lament the

downfall of what they miscall religion—conscious that religious slavery is the firmest support of civil tyranny—*hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Hence comes Mr. Pelham's pathetic lamentation of the downfall of the Papal authority in Europe. The Press is the palladium of Liberty. What has heretofore made England celebrated over the nations of Europe?—the Press. What overturned the Catholic despotism of France?—the Press, by the writings of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Seyes, Raynal, and Condorcet. What has electrified England, and called down its curses on a Pitt? that Press he in vain attempted to silence. What illumined Belfast, the Athens of Ireland?—the Press and the Northern Star. Why did America triumph over tyranny?—a journeyman printer fulminated the decree of nature against the giants of England—and the pen of a Franklin routed the armies of a King (or of a * * *, if you do not, Mr. Editor, think it too strong an expression.) How just is that encomium pronounced by the extraordinary Barrere, on the very men who sentenced him to transportation? It is (says he in his thoughts on government,) “it is the Liberty of the Press which will establish the five men, the Directory, in the hearts of the French people.”

When the late royalist conspirators endeavoured to overturn the republic, they first denounced Baileul for writing a licentious letter, accusing the council of a royalist conspiracy to restore the Pretender. Learn from this, ye friends of freedom, to suspect the charge of licentiousness, when applied to a book—the licentious Baileul was found the honest, the bold writer of truth; the avowed enemies of truth, the avowed emissaries of *anarchy* and *confusion* were proved to be those who wished to plunge their country in massacre and civil war. De Lolme who so ably maintains the equipoise of the three estates of king, lords and commons, declares, that while the Liberty of the Press exists, there can be nothing to fear for the liberty of the subject—the certainty of this truth needs not the sanction of De Lolme's authority. Even the crown lawyer

Blackstone,

Blackstone, pays his tribute to the excellence of the Press; nor can he, De Lolme, or any one else shew an instance when a restraint on the Press, was not an attack on the liberty of the subject, or was not attended with bad consequences to those attempting to curb it.

When an English parliament, with splenetic violence, burned our celebrated countryman's (Molyneux) Case of Ireland, in which he as ably as justly maintains the independent sovereignty of Ireland; did their indecent fury in any manner strengthen their usurped authority? and have not truth and reason finally vindicated his immortal and righteous cause?

When king, lords and commons conspired to crush Junius's Letters, aided by the eloquence of that great lawyer Mansfield, they only served to circulate and enlarge the sale; they raised the printer Woodfall to fortune and eminence, and as a striking monument of the vain efforts of violence, this very book holds its place in every library in the three kingdoms. If any more proof was wanting, the writing of Rousseau and Voltaire only waited for the proscriptio of kings and magistrates, to extend their fame with the universe. To recur to a recent and to us more interesting instance in our own country, the confinement of ARTHUR O'CONNOR only tends to encrease the contempt and hatred of a despotism, which can find no other way of stopping the progress of truth, than by immuring its votaries in dungeons, under pretence of treason against the state. A junta of clerks, procured from an obsequious parliament a suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and under this authority, imprison every spirited and sincere friend to the liberty of Ireland; among these Mr. O'CONNOR had the honor of incurring their hatred; but when they could keep him no longer, instead of bringing him to a fair trial, they with unparalleled effrontery, unblushingly proclaim his innocence and their guilt; and his only requital for a long, injurious confinement, consists in the proud and honorable consciousness of his being the marked

enemy of tyrants. Say, ye prostituted daubers, and venal white-washers of a black and dirty cabal ! let your pens fly from their standishes and avenge the insults offered your abandoned employers. Say, tell me, *if you can*, how Birmingham-tower differs from the ci-devant Bastile. It will require impudence even more than yours, to assert, and talents *even greater* than Mister Charles Francis Sheridan's to prove it. The Liberty of the Press is the safe-guard of the people, it is the cheap defence of nations, the *tutamen et decus patriæ*. That it may ever continue to protect the liberties of Ireland, and may it ever be the constant object of the attention, and unceasing vigilance of your pages, is the sincere wish of the shade of

WILLIAM CAXON.

The following appears in the Express Packet—a London Print. Why such a production should first appear in England may appear extraordinary:—the fact is, that genius was discouraged, and the Press in Ireland, acting in connivance with the Castle, strangled every child of promise in its birth:—

E R I N,

To its own tune.

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island and saw it was good ;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.

In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Brimin, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high Harp midst the Ocean's deep roar.

But

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep ;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of the heart makes her white bosom rise.

O! sons of great Erin lament o'er the time,
When religion was war, and our country a crime ;
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded their God in the image of Man.

When the inter'ft of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe ;
While the mother rejeic'd o'er her children oppress'd,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.

When with Pale for the body and Pale for the soul,
Church and state joined in compact to conquer the whole ;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance and pronouced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefather's grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.

Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right ;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some still are seen,
Who would die the grass red from their hatred to green ;
Yet, Oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.

Arm of Erin be strong! but be as gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Nor the feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The

The cause it is good and the men they are true,
 And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
 And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
 With the full-swelling chest and the fair-flowing hair.

Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
 But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
 Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest,
 Rise—Arch of the Ocean—and Queen of the West!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

HAVING seen a letter in your paper signed a Lawyer, and addressed to the Judges, and the rest of his Majesty's law officers in Ireland, shewing that the Insurrection Act is expired, and at once concluding from thence, that the several persons who have been condemned on the different circuits under this Act, have been condemned illegally—I shall trouble you with a few remarks on this letter, more from a desire of acquiring information, should I be found to be mistaken in my opinions, than a wish to refute the writer—for I profess, I feel as strongly as this gentleman possibly can, the enormous and unprecedented height to which the laws have lately been distorted, with the hope of finding some plausible grounds for convicting and sweeping off hundreds of my unhappy countrymen.

That the Insurrection Act is expired, perhaps this gentleman has shewn, but was I inclined to dispute each inch of ground with him, I might refer him to, first Ventris's Report, p. 22. case of Crofs and Winter, where he will find that, "*An Act of Parliament was made, to continue for three years, and from thence until the end of the next Session of Parliament, and no longer—And it was resolved, that this must be intended a session, which commences after the three years expired.*" But notwithstanding this and other authorities that

that might be adduced, to shew that it is not altogether so clear as he supposes it, that the Insurrection Act expired at the period that he mentions, yet I will wave this point with him, and grant him that the Act may have expired, yet the conclusions that he manifestly wishes to draw from hence, I can by no means allow here—that all those men who have been convicted under this Act, since it expired, have been convicted illegally.—I will ask whether those men who have offended against the Act in question while in force, though not brought to trial or convicted until after the Act on which they are committed was expired, whether those men were convicted illegally—And, this I say, was the case of several of the present unfortunate sufferers.

If the law (says this gentleman,) be not in existence, I need scarcely add, that no conviction can be had under it," and this doctrine he says is recognized in Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown; does this authority enable him to assert, that if the law is in existence when the offence is committed, but *expires* without being *repealed* before the offender is brought to trial, that no conviction can then be had, and that the statutes *expiring* while the offender is in confinement, is a sufficient ground for his acquittal. Does Hawkins recognize this doctrine? I will venture to say he does not; but the very opposite of this doctrine that is saddled on Hawkins will be found to be true. *That though a law be not in existence, conviction can be had under it*, as is the case when the offence is committed previous to the statute's *expiring*, and the case of many of the late unfortunate men in question are perhaps exactly in point.

Now let us examine what it is that Hawkins does say, "If any one commit an offence which is made felony by the statute, and then the statute be *repealed*, he cannot be punished as a felon in respect of that statute." This gentleman then adds from himself, the same must be the rule in case of a statute *expiring*. On whose or what authority, then, does he assert, that a statute repealed, and a statute expired,

expired. are exactly similar cases, a mere assertion that those cases, bear an exact analogy will by no means stand with me for legal authority, and without denying the truth of this assertion, I look on it sufficient for my present purpose, to call on this gentleman to declare, on what precedent or authority, or even by what chain of reasoning he can prove that a statute *repealed*, and a statute *expired*, are cases exactly in point—Though taking this gentleman's letter altogether, it must be allowed his reasoning is ingenious, he has by no means cleared up my doubts with respect to those material points; but if on a more minute investigation than I think myself capable of giving the subject, it should be found that those unhappy men, whose cause impartial posterity will best judge have been convicted illegally and unjustly; let those arbitrators who have the credit of vying with even Jeffries himself, in the number of their victims, tremble for the smothered resentment and avenging arm of divine justice, though they should fear nothing from the law of retaliation, *Blood for Blood*.

OBSERVATOR.

 LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER II.

IF the heart of Mr. *Pitt* is as hard, his nature as malignant, and his talents as mischievous as some party-writes suppose, such a system, as I have described in my former letter, was well adapted to his disposition, and congenial to his talents; and may have imbibed new virulence in its passage through the medium of his acrimonious mind. We will consider the chief governors with which he has favoured Ireland, in such a cursory manner, as if we were to look at pictures in a gallery.

The

The name of *Greville* is ominous to the *British* empire ; it imports the oppression, calamity, and alienation of its dependencies. Had the noble cousin of the premier been as firm and resolute, in the direction or the storm, as he had been skilful and sedulous, in the raising of the whirlwind, this country had borne testimony (like *America*) to the separating talents and manumitting hands of a *Greville*.

The country seemed to thrive under pressure, like the palm. It had manifested some predilection for freedom ; and in the glorious æra of the *Volunteers* obtained, from the fears of the sister country, or, perhaps, from her justice, some relaxation of ancient rigours. The gentry had, on that occasion, ranged themselves by the side of the populace ; all this was imputed to *Ireland*, not as righteousness, but as unpardonable guilt. The common modes of injuring the country seemed to be insufficient ; new sources of corruption were to be opened ; new modes of estranging the aristocracy from the people were to be devised. It appeared to be an effectual expedient, for this end, to increase dissipation, extravagance, and consequent embarrassment, among the higher orders of the community. A young nobleman was selected for the station of chief governor, dissolute in his manner of life, and profuse in his habits of expence. Puerile levity and thoughtless intemperance, ranging thro' every form of sensual indulgence, were joined, in him, with the gloss of youth, a benignity of temper, and a gracious suavity of manners, that co-operated with his exalted rank and situation, to render vice contagious and folly fashionable. Thus was the aristocracy of *Ireland* corrupted and enslaved, and senseless revelry and ruinous expence, the sure pledges of political prostitution, were universally disseminated. This nobleman's disposition was, I believe, naturally good and upright, but his temper, his character, and pleasurable pursuits fitted him, to become the prey of a violent and grasping faction, who pressed continually on his soft and pliant nature, and persuaded an inconsiderate and believing man, that they alone possessed the golden secret of government.

ment, while they flattered his indolence and love of pleasure, by promising to relieve him from all the cares of administration, and to resign him to the unmolested enjoyment of his favorite amusements. Now commenced the motley government, of clerks and aids-de-camps, and the aggrandizement of an individual, a family, and a faction the most hateful and hated this country ever produced.—But let us tread lightly on the ashes of the deceased. This nobleman had many virtues; his disposition was generous; his good qualities were all his own, his faults were mostly those of his advisers—yet he was the unconscious instrument of incurable mischief to this land.

Behold a different character. Plodding, without a head for business; vicious, without a taste for pleasure; fond of company, without good manners, or good nature; joyless, yet dissipated; dull, yet eccentric. He sought to promote, at the same instant, two discordant objects—the increase of public profligacy, by the extension of private luxury, and the enlargement of a slender fortune, by penurious accumulation. He united the pride and vanity of the insolent, uneducated nobleman, with the meanness and vulgarity of the illiterate, low-born peasant, or the *scrivener's* clerk. He was a man, take him for all in all, most eminently gifted by nature, and accomplished by art, to excite contempt and hatred.

The conduct of the person I have now described, was such as one might naturally have expected. He reposed his entire confidence in a man ill-informed, violent, rash, rancorous, and vindictive. His measures were characterized by strange inconsistency—an odious mixture of tyranny and weakness—irritation unprovoked, and concession without conciliation. At one moment the whole aristocracy of the country, with the first law authority of the land at their head, were brought forward, to pledge their lives and fortunes in support of the *Protestant ascendancy*! A few weeks rolled away; and behold this golden image of adoration, this *Protestant Ascendancy*, laid prostrate

strate at the feet of the multitude. Now religious feuds were fomented by high authority, in the Northern parts of this island, at least, no solicitude was shewn by those who had the power of repressing outrage at the commencement, to employ the means which they held in their hands, for the preservation of public order. Now the spirit of rigorous coercion began to develope itself—a large stride was made to the perpetuation of grievances and abuses, and the denial of even the poor consolation of complaint, by the Convention bill, which, however it may be justified on the plea of necessity, inflicts a severe wound on the precious rights of assembling and petitioning the Throne or the Parliament.—Had this man been permitted to remain longer in *Ireland*, the die had been already cast—the disorders of the country had reached their crisis.—He was called away—and the evening lustre of faded beauty attended his departure; yet, though recalled, he experienced such a reception from a benign and gracious master, as plainly shewed that his conduct in this country was not displeasing to the British Cabinet, or the British, since it did not preclude him from the sunshine of his royal master's approbation and countenance. He consoled himself with the golden harvest, from a sale of reversions and a lucrative sinecure.

The nobleman who was now nominated chief governor, was ardently expected in this country, as the messenger of peace and good will among men. He was not a ruined gamester, or a beggarly incumbrance of the Peerage. He did not sollicit the Viceregal situation to repair a ruined fortune, or to accumulate a new one; for the maintenance of a barren title, by the plunder of a wasted province. The dignity was forced upon him; he accepted it with a proud condescension; he relinquished his home, and his domestic habits, with regret. From him rational and good men expected the most salutary and healing measures. They saw, that he possessed such a large stake in the country he came to govern, as must powerfully lead him to seek and promote its true interests—because in the prosperity of
this

this nation, his own is closely implicated. This nobleman pondered his way before him ; he hesitated to accept the charge, like a man, who conscientiously felt its weight, and importance, and meant to perform his duty faithfully. He had the leaders of the *Irish* opposition present in *London* ; with them he consulted ; he stipulated for specific measures, and plenary powers. Doubts, delays, negotiations, and explanations succeeded ; at length the firmness of Lord F. seemed to prevail. He supposed himself, and this country, too, supposed him, to be invested with authority unusual, ample, and adequate to the pacification of *Ireland*. He came over full of benevolent and patriotic aims. The proposed system of this nobleman was to have branched out into two great lines of conduct—the reform of inveterate abuses, and the removal of illiberal and unconstitutional restraints ; but

Offendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinant.

How soon, how fatally were the golden hopes of the nation blasted ! The redress and reform projected by this nobleman, and those who acted with him in this country, required, and, indeed, of necessity brought with them, the removal from power of a base and obscure faction, obnoxious to all good men ; a faction, which without personal dignity, or the weight of wealth or talents, had grown old and rich in power, by the basest arts, and the most corrupt insinuation ; had lorded it over the land, without controul, and spread its crooked and entangled roots, in the dark, even to the basement of the British Throne. The dismissal of the persons who composed this faction, was not only requisite to the safety and permanency of Lord F.'s administration, but was a sacrifice due to the outraged feelings of an oppressed and insulted people. Now was felt the force of the maxims of hostility, and the ideas of a separate English interest, which I mentioned in the commencement of these letters. The menaced faction had address to represent themselves as the most staunch friends of the English interest in this country.

Lord

Lord F. was removed, and the regret and gratitude of the people followed his good intentions.

It was plainly seen on what principle Lord F. was recalled. It was no other than the perpetuation of the men and the measures which had rendered the people of this country dissatisfied. It was seen, that the blasted faction, which had degraded the aristocracy, and made the honors of the Crown cheap and disgraceful in *Ireland*, by an open sale of peerages, and had boldly avowed in the seat of Legislature, and in the face of the world, that venality and corruption were, and ought to be, the ruling principles and active engines of administration. It was seen, that this wretched and ruinous cabal had found protectors in that closet, which is the retreat of majesty, and the known asylum of every princely virtue. A melancholy foreboding told us, that the successor of Lord F. would come to frown the warm asperations of the people into silence—and *like the tyrannous breathing of the North, shut all their buds from blowing.*

It is to be lamented, that, during the short appearance of Lord F. above our horizon, the splendour of his good intentions dazzled the public eye. The gratitude of a generous nation, full of sanguine expectations, and enthusiastic sentiments of loyalty to their Sovereign, was anticipated. A virtuous frenzy prevailed among us; and in the wild paroxysm of acknowledgement, for benefits *promised* to be conferred, the supplies were profusely granted; vast preparations were made for home defence, and no inconsiderable assistance of men and money furnished to aid *Britain* in her wild crusade against the liberties of *France*. I will not say that the watchmen of the public weal were intoxicated at their posts, by the very fumes of the draught of power, before the chalice touched their lips. But certainly it would have been wise in the opposition members, who then managed for Lord F. in the House of Commons, had they been less confident and precipitate; it would have been happy for the country had they paused
and

and waited; so that redress and supply might have advanced hand in hand. Some doubt, some hesitation, some caution, was suggested by one or two members; but how were they treated? The fact was, that certain distinguished members of opposition, one in particular, whose eloquent exertions in her cause well deserved the liberal gratitude of an admiring country, did for a moment lose sight of their own principles, the principles by which they had grown in the esteem of the people—they were seized with all the spirit of *alarm* that infected *England*, and worked up themselves to feel the lymphatic terrors of a *Burke*, and to profess an unlimited approbation of the present wicked and disastrous war.

It was plainly seen that the devoted character who should succeed to Lord *Fitzwilliam*, at this eventful and opprobrious period, would come over manacled with instructions, and bound to move in trammels; that he would be taught his lesson like a school boy, and commanded to do all that which his predecessor would have left undone: and to leave undone all that which his predecessor would have done—in fine, that the new Chief Governor must sell and commit himself, body and soul, by importunity, to the foul fiend of that faction which had rode the harassed land, like an Incubus, to the verge of a precipice. Yet a Nobleman was found who willingly devoted himself, and with a hardihood equal to that of *Curtius*, plunged into a gulf of peril. A private tutor, or *Mayor de Palais*, was assigned to this Viceroy, *Fainarot*, as the Governor of our Chief Governor, a man of some character for a resolute temper and political dexterity. How did the new administration prepare to meet a disappointed and irritated nation?—Not with lenient measures of conciliation, but with unmerited chastisement, and the menacing brow of stern defiance. Pains were at first taken by the Rt. Hon. Secretary to disseminate an opinion, that the old task-masters of *Ireland* were allowed no influence in the councils of the new cabinet; but the close and intimate connexion which subsisted with that party, did not at any time allow the
most

most credulous to give implicit credit to this assertion, and it soon became impossible to retain the mask.

I have premised this rapid sketch of some past Administrations, that you might the more easily comprehend the scope and maxims of the present system. With one solitary exception you perceive that an adherence to the *English* interest, as it is univelsally called, is the ruling principle in them all. It is under a pretence of maintaining this interest, that a set of men equally deficient in talent and in honesty, block up the avenues to the Castle, retain those who are entrusted with the helm of this country in a state of *siege*; keep honest and moderate men at a distance; stigmatize the warning voice of truth and sincerity as the guilty murmur of discontent and faction, and proscribe many of the most zealous friends and supporters of monarchy, who have been marked out as disaffected persons, because they will not express a blind and implicit confidence in the virtue and abilities of the present Ministry.

I am your's,

MONTAGUE.

FOR THE PRESS.

Juvenal's Eighth Satire, Imitated.

SAY, ye who perch on lofty pedigree,
 What fruit is gather'd from the parchment tree?
 Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the skies,
 From root *plebeian* its first glories rise:
 What then avails, when rightly understood,
 The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?
 Thro' the long gall'ries pictur'd walk to tread,
 And, pompous, ponder on the mighty dead
 Where greatness rattles in some rotten frame,
 Where feasts the moth on beauty's feeding flame!

O'er

O'er the pale picture, and the noseless bust;
 Oblivion strews a soft, sepulchral dust;
 The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,
 And the sublime of foot envelopes all.

What could the trophy'd lie to *Howe* atone;
 For British honor mortgag'd with his own?
 His nightly cares, and watchings to sustain,
 A bank at Pharoah, and a chefs-campaign;
 While Wolfe, on high, in pictur'd glory lies,
 The cry of Vict'ry hails, and smiling, dies!
 Dare *Courtenay* claim the honors of his kind?
 The pompous lineage, shames the pigmy mind!
 His coat armorial chalk'd upon the door,
 Costs what would satiate a thousand poor.
 Well pleased the Peer, one moment to amuse,
 Yields up the pageant to the dancers shoes.

Base born such men, tho' fill'd with regal blood,
 The truly *Noble*, are the truly *Good*.
 And he whose manners thro' his morals shine,
 May rank himself of the *Milisian* line;
 Let plain humility precede his *grace*,
 Let modest virtue walk before the *mace*.
 Office and rank are *duties* of the mind,
 The rights they claim, are *debts* they owe their kind;
 And not a voice among the nameless croud,
 That may not cry, 'tis I who make them proud.

To rule strong passions with a calm controul,
 To spread around a sanctity of soul,
 That meets, serene, the foam of public strife,
 And perfumes every act of lesser life;
 Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,
 That household *God*, who consecrates the heart,
 Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded dome,
 To rest within an humbler, happier home—
 —Behold the gentleman! confess'd and clear,
 For *Nature's* patent never made a peer,

The

The mean ennobl'd, nor adorn'd the base,
 Merit alone with her creates a race.
 Conspicuous stars, in chart of hist'ry plac'd,
 To cheer the dreary, biographic waste !
 In their own right, they take their seat sublime,
 And break illustrious thro' the cloud of time.

From nicknam'd curs, these *Titles* first began,
 A spaniel, *Cato*—then, *my lord*, a man.
 The self-same irony was fram'd to suit,
 The fawning biped, and the fawning brute.
 While Pompey snores upon my lady's lap,
 The infant lordling feeds, or starves on pap.
 Puppies well bred; are *Casard* into fame,
 And Tommy Townsend takes great *Sydney's* name ;
 Still as the name grows soil'd and gathers dirt,
 They change their titles, as they shift their shirt.
 Some newer honor makes them white and fair,
Sydney soaps *Tom*, and *Jack* is cleans'd by *Clare*,
 But how can wash of heraldry efface,
 The name of *Burke*, and dignify disgrace ;
 Can peerage blazon oe'r the pension'd page,
 And give a gloss to ignominious age ?
 Himself the prime corrupter of his laws :
 Himself the grievance that, incensed, he draws.
 Not to be blam'd, but in a tender tone ;
 Not to be prais'd, but with a heartfelt groan :
 He liv'd a lesson, for all future time,
 Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.

O why is genius curs'd with length of days ?
 The head still flourishing, the heart decays !
 Protracted life makes virtue less secure ;
 The death of wits is seldom *premature*.
 Quench'd too by years, gigantic *Johnson's* zeal,
 Th' unwieldy elephant was taught to kneel :
 Bore his strong tow'r to please a servile court,
 And wreath'd his lithe proboscis for their sport.

Of *Burke* and *Johnson* fly th' opprobrious fame,
 And if you seek the glory, dread the shame.
 The much prais'd Press has made abortive men,
 The hand Herculean lifts the puny pen:
 For clang of armour, and for deeds sublime,
 Much pointed period—much syllabic chime.

Return to him from whom our satire springs,
 Rich in the blood of concubines and kings;
 With greatness rising from his grandfire's bone,
 And bastard-honor from a bastard throne.
 His turgid veins the true succession shews;
 Th' imperial purple flames upon his nose.
 "Avaunt, he cries, ye vulgar and ye base!
 Learn the prerogatives of royal race!
 From York and Lancaster conjoin'd I come,
 Sink down, ye dregs, I float at top—the scum,"
 Live long, great by-blow! of the royal line,
 Long as the *coals* are tax'd that make you shine.
 Yet grant, that some, the lowest of the throng,
 Have known the right, as well as felt the wrong;
 That *He* who rul'd with iron rod the skies,
 And at whose feet the broken sceptre lies;
He too, whose daring, democratic pen,
 Gives common sense once more to common men;
 Who smiles at genius in confusion hurl'd,
 And with light lever elevates the world:
 Grant, that such men are Adams of their line,
 Spring from the earth, but own a fire divine;
 While *you* with ancestry around you plac'd,
 In bronze or marble, porcelain, or paste;
 May rise at death to alabaster fame,
 And gain the smoke of honor, not the flame.

Thus far for him the proud inflated lord,
 With father concubin'd, and mother whor'd.
 In all so high in rank, or man, or woman,
 No sense so rare as what we call the *common*.

Scorning

Scorning that level, they ascend the skies,
 Like the puffed bag, whose lightness makes it rise,
 Titles and arms the varnish'd sick may bear,
Within 'tis nought but pestilential air.

What's honor? Virtue—to its height refin'd,
 The felt Aroma of the unseen mind,
 That cheers the senses, tho' it cheats the sight,
 And spreads abroad its elegant delight.
 Turn from the past, and bring thy honors *home*.
Thyself, the ancestor for times to come.
 Not the low parasite who prowls for bread,
 So mean as he who lives upon the dead.
 From some dried mummy, draws his noble claim;
 Snuffs up the foetor, and believes it fame.
 Be just—be gen'rous—self dependent—brave—
 Think nothing meaner than a titled slave;
 Coolly resolve to act the Patriot part,
 Join Sydney's pulse to Russell's zealous heart,
 With proud complacence stand, like *Palmer*, pure:
 Or with mild dignity of honest *Muir*.
 Before the brazen bulls of law; and hear,
 Their savage sentence with a smile severe;
 A smile that deems it mercy to be hurl'd,
 Where one may tread *against* the present world.

What is life *here*? Its jest and spirit gone,
 The flower faded and the essence flown!
 What precious balm, what aromatic art,
 Can cleanse pollution from the public heart?
 Better to make the farthest earth our home,
 With Nature's commoners at large to roam,
 Than join this social war, of clan to clan,
 Where civil life has barbariz'd the man.

Behold yon *Isle*, the glory of the West,
 By Nature's hand in lively verdure drest,
 How to the world it spreads its harbour'd side!
 And proudly swells above th' Atlantic tide.

Where to the Ocean Shannon yields his store,
 And scorns the channel of a subject shore ;
 Green meadows spread—resplendent rivers run—
 A healthy climate—and a temp'rate sun—
 There mis'ry sits, and eats his lazy root,
 There man is proud to dog his brother brute,
 In sloth the genius of the isle decays,
 Lost in *his own*, reverts to former days.
 Yet still, like Lear, would in his hovel rule,
 Mock'd by the madman, jested by the fool.
 There meet the extremes of rank—there social art
 Has levell'd mankind by their selfish heart—
 There no contented middle class we trace,
 The sole ambition to be rich and base.
 Some, o'er their native element elate,
 Like ice-form'd islands, tow'r in frozen state,
 Repel all nature with their gelid breath,
 And what seems harbour is the jaw of death.
 The wretched mass beat down, the struggling mind,
 Nor see nor feel their country, or their kind :
 But bow the back, and bend the eye to earth,
 And strangle feeling in its infant birth,
 Thro' all extends one sterile swamp of soul,
 And fogs of apathy invest the whole.

Thrice blest in fate ! had Strongbow never bore,
 His band of Robbers to Green Erin's shore !
 In savage times, the seat of learning known,
 In times refin'd, itself the savage grown :
 Left to herself, she of herself had join'd,
 Surrounding nations in the race of mind.
 With them, work'd off the rough barbarian soul,
 With them progressive to a common goal.
 Her petty chieftains, conquered by the throne,
 For common int'rest, tho' it meant its own.
 By law, at length, the king to people chain'd
 His duties modell'd, and their rights maintain'd.
 From strong collision of internal strife,
 Had sprung the energy of public life.

For pain and travail that precede the birth,
 Endears sweet freedom to the parent earth.
 There man had rais'd his spacious forehead high,
 Lord of himself, the sea, the soil, the sky ;
 Twind round his sword, the wreath of civic art,
 And prov'd the wisdom of a fearless heart,
 No penal code had there impal'd the land,
 No stranger court, no king at second hand.

Cætera desunt.

PICA.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE situation of Ireland since Mr. Pitt came to the head of affairs has been daily growing more critical, and ought naturally to have excited the fears and attention of a minister of common sagacity. He might have marked in the horizon the small cloud like a man's hand the harbinger of the gathering deluge ; yet he entrusted the chief government of this most important, this precious country, for such it is to Britain, at a most important juncture, to pageants, to puppets, to unreal mockeries. How shall we account for this phenomenon ? Why should a minister of distinguished talents seek out, like Dogberry in the play, the most desartlefs man for office ? Is it that he is determined in all his measures to trust to the operation of blind chance, without the employment of rational human means ? Is it that he conceives it to be the interest of Britain to ruin Ireland, and employs such persons as he thinks most fit to accomplish this object ? Is it that he thinks fools will be most obsequious to the orders of the interior British cabinet ?

cabinet? Or is it that he supposes the headlong temerity of folly and inexperience may not see the danger of critical situations, and may be found more ready to engage in desperate experiments?

I have often asked myself, Why was the present Chief Governor of Ireland selected for the station? I cannot divine the cause. I cannot find that he possesses any of the talents of the venerable magistrate his father—I cannot find that he possesses any art of conciliation, or of government, except we should suppose that a strong head is a perfection in the Viceroy of a Province much addicted to the pleasures of the table. A political *Mentor* has been assigned to this *juvenile* statesman, younger in government and in wisdom than in years. But what can he boast? Much political craft and sanguinary rashness; which latter, by the courtesy of Ireland, is to be called *firmness*. The great policy of the present administration has been directed to two objects—resistance to the claims of the Catholics, and the depression of the friends of Parliamentary Reform. With these views the old principle of division was adopted; the dissensions which had for some time subsisted between the Protestants and Catholics in the North, not without secret encouragement from certain magistrates, and been fomented, if not by the positive encouragement, yet by the connivance, or the criminal supineness of others, had attained such a pitch of inveteracy, that the two parties openly resorted to arms, and seemed bent on mutual extermination. I will not positively say that Government viewed with secret complacency the mortal and rubid animosity that urged the bigots of contending sects to an open warfare with each other. I will not positively attribute to Government a criminal desire of rendering the spirit of rancour and mutual persecution general, as a means of weakening the people, or of turning them from the pursuit of constitutional objects: Yet certainly these disorders raged without controul during a long period. The military, when they were called out, seemed uniformly to embroil matters still more by their interference. I believe,

on

on every occasion, they ranged themselves with the Orange Men, and this scene of disorder was viewed by those who had the full power of repressing it with a degree of apathy that to me appears, on other principles, inexplicable. The outrages of the populace in other parts of Ireland, were, in like manner, suffered to proceed to great lengths before any measures were taken by Government to check them. A small number of soldiers, judiciously disposed through the country, and under the direction of active and prudent magistrates, would soon have restored good order; but the persons and habitations of the gentry, in those counties where disturbances prevailed, were left for many months without any protection, except such as the exertions of themselves, their servants and dependents afforded. In fact, it seemed as if Government viewed these illegal proceedings with a secret joy and triumph; and in a refinement of profound, but criminal policy, wished to nurture and forward the spirit of outrage, that it might be organized and grow into such a form of regular insurrection as would furnish the pretext for laying aside all forms of the constitution, and for introducing a system of violent coercive measures, and a rigorous Government, that should comprehend and compress the innocent with the guilty, silence the public voice, overawe the advocates for freedom, fill the land with terror and suspicion, and completely extinguish all movements of the people towards the attainment of their two favourite objects. Perhaps it was hoped and expected that the men of property, and the friends of peace and good order in the country, disgusted by the tendency to riot in the lower class of people, not only might throw their weight into the scale of Government, but actually become advocates for an *union* of this country with England, which has been a favourite scheme of the British cabinet since the time that Ireland in arms extorted certain concessions from the necessities and the apprehensions of Britain. Thus much is undeniable, that we heard some of those who are the most intimately connected with the present Government, and the best acquainted with the secrets of the cabinet, express the monstrous wish, that a whole

whole province, the most considerable in the country in point of population, industry, property, information, and morals; could *be driven to actual rebellion, or were in open rebellion*, for I do not wish to mistake or aggravate expressions in themselves sufficiently abominable. At the same time, all proposals for an enquiry into the state of the poor, and the grounds of their complaints and discontents, was represented as a factious attempt to inflame by connivance and public approbation the disorders of those, who sought for redress through the medium of tumult. The people might have grievances, but this was not the time—the concessions of justice might be imputed to intimidation. The arm of Government was at last stretched forth, and the system of rigour began to be developed in all its horrors.

A noble Lord high in military situation seems to have been the first inventor of a measure, which was afterwards sanctioned and imitated by the Legislature—I mean that of dispensing with the usual formalities of law, and transporting suspected persons from their country under the idea of manning the fleet. This conduct was reprobated in the strongest manner by a learned Judge, who succeeded the noble Lord in a circuit through the country; but the Legislature interposed to protect the stretch of power, or, as the disaffected might call it, this violation of law and constitution, by a bill of indemnity. What bill of indemnity should protect him from the justice of Britain, whose arbitrary act first furnished the precedent for filling the navy with discontent, for shaking the safety of the British Empire to its centre, and rendering, perhaps, what used to be its protection, its forest scourge at some future day.

Peace be to the manes of the trial by jury! Now came the Infurrection Bill. You are well acquainted with the provisions of this most formidable act, which, with the curfew, introduced such a system of jealous rigour, as scarcely ever devised before, under the most arbitrary and tyrannical governments. The act, it may be said, was dictated by the necessity of the times—be it so; the sudden
leap

leap from gross supineness to a degree of severity, which equals any thing that the reign of terror of Robespierre exhibited, confounds and electrifies the people.

The magistrates of this country are not universally competent to a situation, that, in disturbed times, requires prudence and good temper, joined with activity, and a knowledge of the laws. Many ecclesiastics have unwisely obtruded themselves, or been thrust by others, into commissions of the peace; and they have not been distinguished, I fear, by that spirit of liberality and mercy, which characterizes the Christian religion. What tremendous powers were conferred on those men!—‘Any magistrate may send for strangers, and propound to them the alternative of giving sureties for their good behaviour, or going to gaol. On representation of the magistrates, in a special session, that a district, or county, is in a disturbed state, or in *danger* of becoming so, it is to be proclaimed—the inhabitants then are warned, in a petty session, to keep within their dwellings, between Sun and Sun, on pain of being sent on board the fleet. The magistrates may break open houses, between Sun and Sun, to find whether the inhabitants are at home—and may send those who are absent on board the fleet, when found, unless they can prove, to the *satisfaction* of the magistrate, that they were absent on their lawful business. Persons taking unlawful oaths are to be sent on board the fleet. This power of joint transportation and imprisonment, is at the arbitrary will of a single magistrate! It is true the act says, that persons coming within these clauses, may if they give bail, appeal from the single magistrate, to the magistrates of Session, one of whom must be of the quorum; but there is no penalty on the magistrate refusing bail. Persons assembling tumultuously in the day time, opposing magistrates by night, in their domiciliary searches, for inhabitants, arms, or lodgers; persons vending seditious papers, or papers unstamped that ought to be stamped, are to be sent on board the fleet; and any woman selling papers of the foregoing description, is to

‘ be

'be committed to prison, there to remain till she discovers the persons from whom she received them.' The magistrates did not suffer this act to remain a dead letter. District, after district, county, after county, has been proclaimed. We begin to apprehend, that the precincts of the Viceregal residence will be the only part of the kingdom not in a state of disturbance, or *likely* to become so. Arrest has succeeded to arrest—the kingdom is struck with terror—the dungeons are crowded. What more can be followed? The suspension of the Habeas Corpus act followed—proclamations supersede the authority of law, and the civil administration of the country is handed over to the military. I do not speak of the decay of trade; of the failure of public credit; of the general distress; these are the necessary consequences of the war—I speak of measures and of misfortunes which might have been avoided.

Times of party heat, and public commotion are said, to require, and authorise a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act, and a suppression of the trial by jury. I may be paradoxical, perhaps; but, in my mind, such times do peculiarly require that those safe guards should be retained and preserved with reverent care to protect individuals from being oppressed and crushed by the strong hand of power, and of party. Times of faction and disturbance are full of groundless suspicion and jealous rage, slight rumours are received as important information, the most idle whisper is heard with avidity. Every man has enemies; at such moments, they come forward; they seem, like noxious reptiles in a hot pestilential season. Calumny takes the form of serious accusation, and arms herself with all the terrors of the law, the malice of the private foe puts on the vizard of the public avenger, even babbling impertinence and prying curiosity wear the terrific features of inquisitorial authority. No innocence of life—no integrity of intention—no circumspection in words or conduct, can ensure to any man an untroubled condition, or even safety at such times; in my apprehension, it would be
right

right instead of diminishing the constitutional regulations for the protection of the citizen, to add to them new means of security from wanton oppression. Is it consistent with the safety of the individual, that, in times when mens' passions are inflamed, and party rage prevails, a single person, perhaps, a person ignorant, weak, prejudiced and incapable, should have a power of tearing men from their houses, and their families, that were supported by their industry; without allowing them any opportunity of defending themselves or confronting them with their accusers, and sending them on board tenders; while the provision for the protection of the innocent by an appeal, is eluded, through the impunity in refusing bail, which the act affords to the magistrate? We may judge how unfit some of the justices are to be invested with these formidable powers, from what has been done by some of them! Men invested with sacred functions, from one would look for information and humanity, not only the single dwellings of suspected persons have been burned, but whole villages have been devoted to the flames.

What is the present state of the country? A system of jealousy and expionage is adopted; an auction of secret intelligence is instituted; large premiums are offered for the encouragement of perjury, by subscriptions for informers; whole legions of spies are enlisted in the service of Government, who are most liberally paid with the money of the public; but my paper is exhausted.

Yours,

MONTANUS.

A N O D E.

HAIL freedom; hail our greatest good,
 By thee all comforts greater grow;
 Dear purchase of our father's blood,
 And solace dear of all our woe!

Long

Long naturalized to us alone,
 Imported from no foreign lands ;
 From age to age, transmitted down,
 And shall not perish in our hands.

Tho' rage, revenge, and wild despair,
 Invet'rate spleen, impetuous zeal,
 Should all unite from us to tear
 The blessing, they cannot prevail.

Of no court tyrants we're afraid,
 We'll spin our term of freedom out ;
 Secure of each true patriots aid,
 And put oppressors to the rout.

Protract, ye pow'rs ! Each patriot's day,
 Their ev'ning's crown with joy and rest,
 The longer from the skies they stay,
 ' The sooner Ireland will be blest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

THE candid manner in which Observator has objected to the opinions contained in my former letter, obliges me to remove his doubts, if in my power. He almost admits that the Insurrection act is expired ; and only resists that doctrine by citing the case of Cross and Winter, 1st Vent. 22. " An Act of Parliament was made to continue for " three years, and *from thence* until the end of the next " Session of Parliament and no longer—and it was resolved " that this must be intended a Session, which commences " after the three years expired." The words "*from thence*," are most material words of reference in that case, and are fully equivalent to the words *the next*, which are usually inserted. This will more strongly appear by transposing

sposing the words in the last number of the sentence, thus —*to continue for three years, and to the end of the Session of Parliament next from thence.* No such transposition will make the words of the Insurrection Act stronger than they are in their original state. I am therefore led to consider the case of Cross and Winter as falling in with my assertion, that in every instance, where such was the meaning of the legislature, the words "*the next Session of Parliament,*" or *some words perfectly equivalent to them,* are absolutely expressed. Observer intimates, that other authorities might be adduced against me. I am really ignorant of them, and should be very glad to have them pointed out.

Before I close this part of the subject, I must beg leave to answer another argument, which I have heard used. It has been said—because in the Act, the sentence, to the end of the next Session of Parliament, "follows the first day of January 1797," and is joined to it by the copulative "*and*" that the next Session of Parliament *after* the first day of January 1797 must have been meant. I think not. One or other of those dates must, of necessity, for the sake of grammatical arrangement, have been named last; and it was natural to place last, in point of arrangement, that date, which would probably (though not certainly) be last in point of time. This the legislature did, what then follows from having the sentence, "the end of the "*next Session of Parliament,*" placed after the first of January 1797, only this, that the law-makers imagined the end of the next Session of Parliament would probably be subsequent to the first of January 1797. But the two dates are joined together by the copulative *and*. They must be joined together either by *and* or *or*. Suppose the words were, "to the first day of January 1797, *or* to the end of the next Session of Parliament," what would be the meaning of the paragraph? That the Act should expire with which ever of those periods *first* occurred; whereas by coupling the two dates by the word *and*, it was enacted that the Act should not expire, until *both* those periods should

should have occurred. This is the only operation of the word *and*, and the only reason for using it in that place, rather than the word *or*. Indeed it seems to me, that if the construction for which I have contended were not correct, it would be almost impossible to limit the duration of an Act in the manner I conceive to have been meant. And I am perfectly convinced that the legislature did in fact intend, at the time of making the law, that it should expire at the end of the Session next from the passing of the Act. Whether they had any *subsequent*, different intention, I neither know, nor am I anxious to enquire; as it cannot affect the construction of the clause—but every candid man will, I think, be convinced as I am, when he considers that of late years, the Sessions have usually begun towards the end of January, or beginning of February. And although the Session, to which I have so often alluded, did in truth, and in consequence of after-circumstances, commence on the thirteenth of October, 1796, yet I am sure that, at the time of passing the Act, the legislature thought the next Session would also be the next after the first of January, 1797, and actually intended that the law should expire *with the next Session of Parliament*.

These reasons, Sir, appear to me conclusive as to the expiration of the Insurrection Act; but Observator has invited me to a more unpleasant and less important field of argument—whether conviction can be had under an expired Statute? Dry and unadorned as my style has hitherto been, I have flattered myself that the nature of the subject was sufficient to interest my readers. Disgusted as they might otherwise be with grammatical arguments and verbal criticisms, yet, when they considered the immense importance of what was to be decided by those arguments and criticisms—of the enquiry, by what authority so many districts are continued in a proclaimed state, or any recently proclaimed; by what authority Magistrates, in any part of the kingdom, presume to break open houses in the night, and force the inhabitants on board tenders—when they considered those things I did not despair of
their

their patient attention. How can I obtain it now, when I am about to enter on a discussion to the full as abstract and barren and of a more private nature? Only by reminding them, that the life of one man, yet un-executed, is possibly implicated in the argument, and may perhaps be saved by public opinion.

In my last letter I contented myself with barely citing an authority in support of a conclusion, which I felt myself warranted to draw—that no capital conviction could be had under an expired Statute. That collusion is I find combated, though I scarcely thought it possible. Under a repealed Statute there unquestionably can be none; and I asserted there was no difference, in that respect, between a repeal and expiration. My adversary calls upon me to prove that there is *no* difference, that is, to prove a negative. It would have been fairer and shorter to point out the difference, if there be one.

The passage which I cited from Hawkins, is taken by him from Brook, Corone 202, and on looking into the original, I am not led to suppose that he was aware of any such difference. After the passage cited by Hawkins, but in the same paragraph, he adds—but if trespass be committed on a termor, and his term *expires*, the trespass is punishable; because his interest *is expired*, but *not the law*; clearly, as I think, implying that in the former case, the reason why a conviction could not be had, was because the law was expired or out of existence. In order to ascertain whether there be any difference, as to this point, between repeal and expiration, let us examine why conviction, at least capital, should not be had under a repealed law. There are two reasons, both of them founded in justice sufficient, and I think conclusive. One of them is, that the principal and to use the language of Sir Matthew Hale, the *true* end of punishments, is to deter men from the commission of crimes. When a statute is repealed, or suffered to expire, the fair inference is, that it is no longer necessary to consider the acts thereby proscribed, as crimes,

at

at least of that danger and enormity, or to deter from their commission by such a force of punishment. Wherefore then, punish to deter from committing an act, when the necessity of deterring is past; it can be a matter of no great importance at what time the act which has ceased to be formidable, was done. The candid reader will perceive that I am now arguing on general principles, without any kind of particular allusion. The other reason is, that the power and commission of a judge, or of the king his master, extend only to administering justice according to the law; that is, if there be any accuracy in language, according to what *is* the law. Two things seem necessary as the foundation of judicial authority; the existence of the delegation, under which to act without an existence of the law, by which to decide. A judge might I think, as well act without an existing delegation; for it is laid down, 2 Hawk. p. 3. that at common law, "if one had been convicted of any offence before any such commissions," (of Oyer and Terminer, &c.) "and the king had died before judgment, and no judgment at all could have been given, because the king was dead for whom the judgment was to have been given, *and because the authority of the judges determined.*" The same, and to the same extent, is the rule in the case of a repeal, as appears from the passage I formerly cited out of first Hawkins, and also from first Hale, 291. "When an offence is made treason or felony by an act of parliament, and then those acts are repealed, the offences committed before such repeal, and cannot be proceeded upon after such repeal, unless a special clause in the act of repeal be made, enabling such proceedings after the repeal for offences committed before the repeal." Putting both those facts together, do I force my conclusion, when I generalise and say, that if either of the foundations of judicial authority to do any act, be annihilated, the authority itself must sink? If a judge have a power to punish under that which is *not* the law, but which *has been* the law, why not proceed only one step further, and give him the monstrous power of punishing under that which *is not* the law, but which *will be* the law. In either case,

I think

I think the accused might with legal accuracy answer to the charge—"where there IS no law, there IS no offence." The words of a temporary statute seem to me to imply that no conviction can be had under it, after it has expired. They are, that it shall be *in force* until a certain time, and *no longer*, that is, it shall *have no force* after that time, how then is a person to be convicted *by force* of a statute, *when it has no force*.

The arguments hitherto used, go to shew, that no conviction, whether for misdemeanor, felony or treason, can be had under a law, which has ceased to exist. This is indeed my opinion; but the quoted authorities mention only treason and felony, which are sufficient for my purpose; so that perhaps I might have acted more prudently by imitating the crafty wisdom of most lawyers and judges, who decline giving an opinion further than is necessary for the point in dispute. I shall therefore conclude this reasoning by adding an argument peculiarly applicable to capital punishments. The only objects of penal law are to revenge or to deter. I have already shewn that where a law has been repealed or suffered to expire, punishment for the purpose of deterring must be presumed to be unnecessary. Is it justifiable to punish with death, merely for the purpose of revenge? If not, there is no right whatsoever to punish with death, under a law that has ceased to exist. The only plausible reason, that was ever yet assigned for capital punishment, is necessity. If it be not necessary, it is not authorized. When a statute, which inflicted death on the commission of a certain act is repealed or suffered to enquire without being continued, the only rational inference is, that the necessity of inflicting death on the commission of that act has ceased. If it has ceased, a subsequent punishment by death, even for an act done before its cessation, would be *unnecessary, and merely vindictive*.

These, Sir, are, I think, the reasons why a capital conviction cannot be had under a repealed law and they
 F apply

apply equally well to one that is expired. Let me further add, that any objections which could be urged against the doctrine or any particular inconveniencies, which impossible contingencies might arise from it, as applied to the expiration would be equally strong in the case of the repeal of a statute. But it has probably appeared at first view, that there is a difference between a repealed and expired law; that when it is repealed, a kind of tacit censure is passed upon it, implying an intention on the part of the legislature, that nothing further should be done under it. Supposing this to be true, does it afford as strong, as liberal, as adequate, and may I presume to say, as scientific or philosophical a reason as those I have assigned? Is it contradictory to them or destructive of their force? It is not true, however, that a repeal is a kind of tacit censure. Acts indeed, that are censurable are often repealed; but the only legitimate inference is, that the existence of the law was no longer necessary. In the case of a repealed act, that want of necessity is for the first time, after experience had found to take place, which in the case of a temporary law suffered to expire, was anticipated at the making of it, and confirmed by experience. If this be the only legitimate inference from a repeal, where is the difference, as to the point in question, between it and the expiration of a temporary law? It is a distinction without a difference. Those who suppose a repeal to imply a tacit censure on the past, confound it, which is merely prospective, with an *annulment*, which is also retrospective. *Jenk. cent. 233, pl. 6.* says, if a statute be *repealed*, all acts done under it while it was in force, are good: but if it be *declared null*, all such acts are void. If the position then in *Hawkins and Hale* were, that no conviction can be had under an *annulled* statute, I freely confess it alone would not warrant the inference I made, though at present I think it does. If a tacit censure be a reason for not convicting under a statute after it has ceased to exist, does not that apply most forcibly to a temporary act. The legislature, by making it temporary, have confessed it to be of such a nature, as that it ought not to become a permanent

manent part of the code of laws; that it was only called for by temporary necessity. Is not this some part of a stigma, and is it not a strong reason why, and therefore a weighty proof of the intention of the legislature, that no punishment should be had under such an act, after the temporary necessity should have ceased?

Having thus Sir, I hope, shewn that the Infurrection act is expired, and that no conviction had under it, since its expiration, can be legal, I shall beg pardon for having intruded so much on your time and paper, and hope I shall never again have occasion to do it on so unpleasant and technical a subject.

A LAWYER.

F a

The

The following is the Petition from the County of Kildare, which was put into the King's hand at St. James's by Lord Henry Fitzgerald. It contained more than six thousand signatures. Every man who so signed, possessed more property in the soil of Ireland, than the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Camden, Mr. Pelham—Mr. Elliot—and Mr. Coake, put together, who are said to compose the Cabinet council of Ireland.

What the effects of this faithful picture of the Irish Administration, obtruded on the eye of Majesty, may be, we shall not pretend to anticipate. Every one knows what its effect ought to be, if not frustrated by an inscrutable providence. The Bible says "that the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh"—to oppress more cruelly the Israelites in bondage. May God in his mercy have more compassion for the King and people of this harassed nation.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

The Humble Petition of the Governor, Magistrates, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the County of Kildare.

SIRE,

DEBARRED by the rash and presumptuous threat of military force, denounced by your Majesty's minister in this country, from the exercise of our ancient and undoubted right of meeting to petition the King, a right so dear to the subject, so useful to the Sovereign, as to be asserted and confirmed at the period of that revolution which settled in your Majesty's family the crown of these realms; undismayed by the ill success of our last approach to your Majesty's throne, when, on the departure of Earl Fitzwilliam from the government of this country, we stated to your Majesty that we foresaw the return of a system of rapine, disunion and contempt of the people, and expressed to your Majesty our fears of its consequences—WE, the undersigned Magistrates, Freeholders and Inhabitants

habitants of the county of Kildare, impelled by the awful appearance of public affairs, by a sense of the highest respect and truest affection for your Majesty's person and illustrious house, of attachment, for the mixed forms of our constitution, of regard for ourselves, our children, our posterity, we venture once more to approach that throne—with zeal, but with respect—with warmth, but with temper—with freedom, but with allegiance, we will state our manifold grievances—to entreat justice is to ask redress.

SIRE, since that period, many events have passed on the theatre of Europe, not unnoticed by the Irish public. Momentous as they may appear by the changes they have wrought on the political existence of nations, of far more serious and durable consequence is the direction they have given to human enquiry, and the modification which they have given to the opinion of man on the subject of government. Information, ripened into knowledge, has taught that unanimity will correct abuses, and Ireland can no longer lie supine under the heap which ages have accumulated;—of these, the most flagitious are resorted to as precedents of government by your ministers here. To you, Sire, the common father of your people, in contradiction from those who carry on your government, we fly for redress.

SINCE that period a war of ambition has terminated on the continent of Europe, by the neutralization or subjugation of the greater part of it, and by a more extended diffusion of the opinions it was meant to destroy. Since that period we have been successively abandoned by every ally—our subsidies have been refused by the mercenaries who were wont to court them—the flower of our youth has been wasted in the conquest of dependencies which can but ill be held—our commerce has been trammelled by the enemy's privateers—our manufactures languish, shut out from their best market, Europe—our gold and silver, exported or buried, have disappeared; and that never-failing resource, built on the hitherto inviolate faith

faith and commercial constitution of our country, our credit, has been annihilated. Of these evils there are few which do not reach private life, and touch individual existence. Such have been the events of a war which, not yet ended, has cost the country millions; the Empire now groaning under the heavy pressure of that debt, contracted improvidently, expended with profligacy, is now left unfriended and unpitted to defend itself against a powerful foe; but still able, and still willing, if redressed and united, to meet and to repel his most daring effort. Since that period, under an administration the most inauspicious, and which never had for a moment the confidence of this country, the mischiefs which we foresaw and which we deprecated have come to pass. The system of public plunder has exceeded all former bounds; taxes of the most oppressive nature have been levied on your Majesty's people of Ireland; the naked and defenceless state of the country evinces their misapplication.—They have been squandered to encrease the influence of your Majesty's ministers, which, by a profligate corruption long openly practised and shamefully avowed, has been the great spring and acknowledged cause of all those grievances by which your Majesty's government in this country is shaken to its foundation. Yes, Sire, in December last, when the Generals of our powerful foe appeared on our coast, bearing in one hand the olive branch of peace in the other the scourge of war, Ireland, unprotected through the negligence and incapacity of those to whom the administration is confided, without an army, without a fleet, without artillery, without amunition, without soldiery to act, without talents to direct, without plan of defence, poured forth its treasure, its only treasure, its people. The men of Ireland, neither dreading threats, nor allured by promises, faithful and steady to a connection with Great-Britain which they prize, to their allegiance to your Majesty, and to the sentiment, that their fate and happiness are closely linked with that of your Majesty's government, advanced as a man, offering all the means of resistance possessed by a people systematically disarmed,

and,

and, had it been possible, systematically debased; Protestant, Catholic, Dissenter, claimed an equal right to die in defence of unequal liberty.

Then occurred the golden moment, when concession, not to be construed into fear or weakness, would have excited new gratitude, by the restoration of those rights which your Majesty's justice will not refuse. But your Majesty's Ministers, obstinate perverse and ignorant, seem to have yet to learn, that concessions wrung from their embarrassment, beget no affection, and only invite to the establishment of new claims; and having overlooked that favourable opportunity, seem now to wait the alternate of peace with France, or a continuation of the war, either to reform or emancipate, or to new rivet the chains of the Catholic, and build military despotism, or perhaps an union of legislatures, upon the subversion of the constitution and independence of Ireland.

Sire, in support of your Majesty's crown, of your dignity, of our laws and of our constitution, united Ireland wished to deserve and to earn its freedom. and with your present ministers the crime of Ireland is, that it is united;—yes, Sire, the men of Ireland are united, not by oaths, but in a common cause, and by a common interest,—not in a wish, much less an attempt to establish, as imputed, a republic—but in a determination to uphold and to correct the mixed form of our constitution; not in open rebellion to your Majesty, but in abhorrence of your ministers, and in a temperate resistance to measures which destroy, and abuses which corrupt all that is valuable in that constitution.—Yes, Sire, we are united to impeach at the foot of your Majesty's throne, the advisers and abettors of the present system of governing this country, who have tarnished the splendor of our peerage, and lessened its consequence by introducing into the House of Lords men without property in this country—the honesty of our Commons by filling their House with aliens, placemen and pensioners thus rendering more obvious the inadequacy of our representative

tentative system—who have laboured to debase the military spirit of your nobility and gentry by the most unwarrantable traffic in military promotions—who have, by the creation of new places, divided the bar from the people—who have attempted both in and out of Parliament, by promiscuous and desultory abuse, to villify your subjects of Ireland, asserting, they were in the upper orders corrupt—in the lower tame.

Yes, Sire, we are united to impeach those ministers for an indefatigable perseverance in a system of irritation which has been the parent of all those disorders which, unfortunately do exist, and which we lament, with more real sincerity than those, who spurning the yet untried means of conciliation, wish, and have expressed it, to resort to the sword. Yes, we are united to state to your Majesty, that your Majesty's Catholic subjects have experienced in the Northern parts of this kingdom a persecution unparalleled, and at which humanity shudders, though it could never induce the apathy of your ministers to enquire, or to redress. Yes, and we have for our authority the agents of those ministers: they did attempt and too fatally succeeded for a time, to light up again a religious animosity, which the wisdom and justice of your Majesty had nearly extinguished, by the wise and humane measure of gradually abolishing all political distinction grounded on religious opinion. But, the mischief has recoiled on its contrivers; when the law, ill administered, yielded no safety, men resorted to a bond of Union; the persecutors and the persecuted, ashamed of the outrages committed by both, have united to obtain Reform and Emancipation, in order to cure the vices of that system of disunion from which their division sprang, to which both were eventually to be a prey. If their views, Sire, go beyond the avowed purposes of Reform and Emancipation, we are not with them; but with them we consider those concessions as necessary to the salvation of the State. We wish to interfere between an administration which has driven the people to those measures, and the evil consequences which would follow a misdirection of their physical force. Yes, Sire, we are united
to

to state that the utmost contempt for your people, for their lives and for their rights, seems to be the only fixed principle of conduct in the mind of your Majesty's ministers here. For four years they have waged a war of law against justice—of statute against right—of persecution against opinion. We now taste the bitter fruits of moral re-action : a Convention bill has generated clandestine combination, instead of open petition : disarmed by statute of that which secured their property, men have invaded the property of others to arm themselves : an Insurrection bill has taught them to organize means of resistance to oppressions before unheard of ; deprived of every constitutional security for fair and open trial, the murder of informers has followed proclaimed rewards for approvers, and the penalty of transportation inflicted without confrontation, without trial, without conviction, a solemn but lamentable engagement to absolute secrecy has followed the arbitrary creation of new felonies, and the unconstitutional doctrines of constructive treason. In fine, the most unconstitutional dispensing power exercised by the magistracy, setting at once aside all the forms of law and justice, in the expectation and certainty of indemnity, has engendered a similar, but more extravagant and more dangerous contempt for those laws, in the minds of part of your Majesty's people.

Sire, we are united to state, that these evils, so obvious as to be denied by neither party, are not misrepresented or exaggerated. This systematic perseverance in a career of folly and mischief, must have been long ago arrested, but that the minister was certain of a majority in parliament, and thus points out too exactly to be mistaken the sources of the evil, which lie in the possibility of again dividing a people, among who still exists a difference of political rights, grounded on a difference of religious opinions, and in the unequal and inadequate representation of the people of Ireland in the parliament of the nation. Modelled upon forms belonging to another country, and never well adapted to this,—constructed for the purpose of upholding a Protestant monopoly of power, against national claims, and national population,—the interests are privileges of the
few

few, against the rights of the many, the Commons House of Ireland is ill calculated to speak the wish or share the confidence of this country. A people now united, and verging only in an effort to vivify by the ingenuity and exertions of every sect, a country long palsied by their divisions, and thus add new lustre to this the brightest gem in your majesty's diadem—requires and expects a more dignified representative.

To the ignorance in your majesty's English ministers of the dispositions and feelings of the inhabitants of this country, much mischief must be imputed. They are informed and deluded if they think, that to an administration which has alienated the Protestant, disgusted the Catholic enraged the dissenter—to a junto of delegated clerks, coupled with desperate adventurers in politics in this country,—Ireland will yield a constitution and an independence, which by zeal in the cause of the empire, and temperate steadiness in the support of national rights, our Volunteers deserved from your Majesty—and wrested from the grasp of the British Parliament. Sire, we value our connection with England as it secures—we should scorn it if it infringed on—our national independence.

We entreat, that your Majesty will maintain and uphold it, by the dismissal of your present ministers from your councils for ever, and by seriously recommending to your Parliament the claims of your people to Reform and Emancipation. We adjure your Majesty to prevent the rashness of those men who seem to provoke a contest, which after immense effusion of English and Irish blood, might terminate in an alienation of affection, and a separation of Empire; or, in its utmost success, could only leave your Majesty to reign over a dispoiled country, and an ill-conquered people.

Frustrate, Sire, we supplicate you, the views of the wicked, whether they lead to anarchy or to despotism.—May your Majesty's parental care restore to us peace abroad,

to ease our burdens and vivify our commerce, but the far more exalted benefit of peace at home, and by wise and timely attention to our grievances, prevent by reform the evils of Revolution.

FOR THE PRESS.

*Written representing a female infant with a Green Top-knot,
on her birth-day, 1797.*

SWEET were her infant smiles and sweet her mien,
As on her brow I bound the ribbon *green* ;
For Nature's child should Nature's liv'ry wear,
And *green's* the banner Erin's sons should bear ;
Her daughters too, should verdant fillets grace,
And next their hearts the mystic shamrock place,
Green are her fields—her waves, and *green* each grove,
And *green's* the badge of liberty and Love,
The myrtle-*green* is Venus's fav'rite tree,
First planted in a land of liberty.
O! favour'd Isle, by nature truly blest'd,
Tho' long insulted and tho' long oppress'd,
Tho' once the seat of arts and ancient lore,
Thy learning and thy arts seem now now no more ;
Tho' on thy soil no pois'nous reptile lives,
Its fruits to foreign slaves profuse it gives ;
A *venal* vermin servilely sustains,
Poor Erin long has felt fore-galling chains ;
And God who raised her high above the wave,
And made her daughters fair, their brothers brave ;
Her shores protected with the circling flood,
Blest'd the *green* isle, and saw that it was good.
May Heav'n propitious, hear my anxious vow,
And bless the charm that binds thy baby brow !
Make thee the mother of an hardy race !
Thy sons give freedom, and thy daughters grace !

* * * * *

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

WHEN such restraints are laid on the press, that the people are held in ignorance. and from that ignorance no neither their own duty as members of the state, nor yet the duty of those who are set over them, or to speak more properly, those who have set *themselves* over them; it may fairly be concluded, that the Government where this restraint prevails, is verging fast to its dissolution. When a man knows what his duty is he should be more apt to perform it than if that knowledge be withheld from him. But knowledge of it is a duty, and ignorance of course becomes a crime. The Legislature, therefore, which checks the communication of knowledge, makes itself an accessory in the guilt of him that sins from ignorance, or sins without a due and distinct knowledge of his duty, and even with the principle on which it was founded. It were better both in a moral, and in a political view, that men should act properly with a knowledge and a sense of duty, than not err by accident, or even act right without knowing what to do. In the one there is a virtue, in the other none, or at best a virtue of the negative kind, a virtue from which no praise flows, and for the practice of which no reward follows, there having been no motive to the action, no *known principle* to guide and govern it. On a truth so evident it is unnecessary to enlarge: I shall therefore proceed to its application, and by trying it as it affects this kingdom, endeavour to shew that an immediate and radical reform of the restrictions laid on the Irish Press, becomes absolutely necessary to the existence of the country as a free and *independent* state.

I have observed above, that to ensure the right of obedience of the people, they should be made acquainted with the principle on which their duty is founded. This, however, as Governments are constituted, it may not always be

be safe to do ; for it has sometimes happened, that those who make laws, having no principle of their own are very little anxious what may be the principle that enters into them, so the present convenience be answered. To tell the people therefore, that the principle of the Bayonet-bill was to secure the makers of it in power, and to keep the "Savinish multitude" in ignorance, lest they should assemble to acquire knowledge and exclaim against corruption, would be a dangerous experiment, and might defeat the purposes of the statute. But it proves another thing, that were the government virtuous, there had been no occasion for the bill ; or were the bill itself a good one, there could be no danger in disclosing its principle to the people, who would then *feel* its effects, because the virtue that framed it would explain its excellence, which so far from *destroying* the people, would be found to *preserve* them, and make them in love with its *influence*

When Governments become completely wicked, their first object is to screen their crimes ; the exposure of which would but shake their power and precipitate their downfall. Thus in all despotic states, the press, where it has found a footing, hath ever been an engine of terror formidable to tyrants. But if vice be the bane of every state, that which tends to enlighten the human mind, and make men honest, instead of been checked should be protected and freed from restraint. By laws states are preserved : that therefore which promulges and preserves the laws, should not be restrained. The will of Government is promulged by the Press ; but the will of the people, from whom all Governments proceed, and to whom they must return, shall not, as we are told, be promulged or made known ; for to publish the murders of a Colonel's sword, the extortion of a bishop, or the injustice of a Judge, is a wicked scandal ; and so it is according to modern interpretation, for the greater the truth the greater the offence in letting that truth be known ; since if truth be devulged and rendered familiar to the ignorant, the corrupt may fall into contempt, and lose their authority : which is to say, it were better mankind

kind should be governed by church tyranny confederated with blood and rapine, than that honest men should question the integrity, or even the talents, of those who would discipline them out of their feelings, and persuade them they have none. What demolished at a blow the throne of France, and erected on its ruins the most formidable government that ever "perplexed Monarchs?" Not the sudden fury of a mob, but the commanding power of the **Press**, before whose voice the Bastille fell, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet. Let those who by restraining the **Press**, would keep the multitude in ignorance, and then abuse them for their want of knowledge, say that the people of France have neither virtue nor understanding! Let them cast their eyes on their own unworthiness, and confess how limited is *their* virtue, how humble (*humbled*, I should say) *their* pride of talents and wisdom to govern! Her *Press* alone has made France what she is, it has made her free, it has made her great, while the despots of ignorance tremble at the roaring of its voice, and stoop in their littleness to its awful authority. It is not *France* that terrifies the nations; it is her *Press* whose sound has gone out into all lands, and shaken the thrones of darkness. No wonder that corruption stands appalled, and would stifle the expression of truth, when the detection of guilt would but lead to knowledge, and denude the impositions of tyranny. If men be honest, and pure of offence, what have they to dread? Well indeed may the wicked tremble for though they are seldom ashamed of their crimes, they yet have cause to deprecate the publication of their guilt. Louis, the fourteenth tyrant of the name, was used to say, he dreaded more the Amsterdam Gazette than the armies of England. For these reasons tyrants have always endeavoured to destroy the **Press**; and are sure to put it down when they prepare some new tyranny for the slaves of their rule. But if the **Press** be the herald of public virtue and the record of illustrious actions, then is the silencing of its voice the murder of freedom and glory; if it be the champion of innocence and the guardian of genius, its destruction is the abettor of crime, the nurse of night and ignorance.

ignorance. One maxim will be found universally true, that if laws be good, and the people happy under them, no excesses of the Press can make either the one bad, or the other discontented ; but it is observable, that when the people are unhappy under a vicious government, it is then only that the Press becomes licentious, if that may be termed licentious which but utters the miseries of mankind. Then it is, that the laws being violent, and the people clamorous, (for the one is the sure consequence of the other) the restraints of the Press become necessary to the safety of those who framed the oppression ; and in that case the Press will be free to those only who flatter the wicked and slander the good. What is the result ? The Liberty of the Press is put down, and the slavery of it set up. It is this slavery which, like mutes of the East, strangles complaint : but the groan will break forth from the dungeon, and when it shall, dreadful will be its voice, which like the sound of the torrent will be heard afar off, and like that torrent will sweep all before it.

Let us suppose a government free from all abuses, wise, virtuous, merciful, and ever attentive to the prayers of its people. What has such a government to apprehend ?—To attack it, would betray the impotence and malignity of the assailant ; but to display its numerous beauties to the world, the excellence of its laws, the justness of its equity, its lustre in arts and in arms, the extent of its conquests, its spreading reputation, its renown abroad, its respect at home, and above all, *the happiness of those who live under its influence*, would highly redound to the honour of the state, and render it more formidable than the bloodiest act of Parliament. The people would then be made acquainted with the full extent of its virtues, and from understanding them would learn to admire the Constitution that gave birth to such an assemblance of excellence. Thus the state could lose nothing, but gain every thing, by allowing to the Press the free exercise of its voice. No, says Bishop Horsley, “ What have the people to do with laws, but to obey them ? ” Shall the “ Swinish multitude ” dare to grunt ? Shall they presume to raise their voice, when the
knife

knife is at their throat ? Keep the herd in ignorance, says *Charles Sheridan*, and tyranny will “ neither be *known* or *felt* by them :” the people can have no feeling, for they can have no knowledge, and we will take care they *shall* have none ; thus will they have no cause to complain.

The liberty of the Press not only exposes what is rotten in a government, but will often prevent from taking effect some unsalutary law that may have been preparing. Thus had the Press been unrestrained, it might have stopped in their progress some of those pernicious bills, which by effecting the individual, have shaken the constitution to its centre. It is a truth which no man of sense will contradict, that it is impossible to frame a law whose principle, be it never so limited, may not come home to every member of the state, the highest not excepted ; and standing as precedent, lead to the most violent subversion of the best and wisest institution—Thus the late statute, affecting the life, the liberty, and the property of the subject by making it a law in certain cases, that an examination shall stand good evidence against the accused, provided the informant be subsequently murdered, is not only most hazardous and unconstitutional, but militates against all legal usage whatever, no precedent of the sort being to be found in any books, or any practice ancient or modern. Such statute, while it unhinges the very first principle of our laws, which suppose every man innocent, till he is *proved* to be guilty, overturns the common law of the land, which in the worst of dark and arbitrary times, had declared, that in *all* criminal cases the accuser shall give his testimony in open court, and *viva voce*, to the intent that being confronted with the accused, he may be cross-examined, and the truth got out of him ; for that should he be perjured, (and God knows we have lately seen but too many instances of the most horrid and bloody perjuries delivered in open court,) the accused may be acquitted, and his accuser be sent back to the gang that employed him, or take the place of him in the dock whom he had accused. A statute so destructive of all law and all justice, of all morality and all truth, I believe was
never

never before devised in any country on which the light of the Gospel had shined—The inquisition itself was freed from it : for this statute passed in the most enlightened days, not only affects the living, but strikes at unoffending posterity. Whereas the Court of Inquisition, created in times of the blindest ignorance and superstition, is every day *abating* its terrors, as the law calls it, and yielding to that light which the Press has darted upon it. This statute, which now stands at the head of our criminal code, was passed, we are told, to provide against the *undue death* of an accuser. But what death can be more undue than the death of the constitution ? Had the Press been free to speak, it might not only have exposed the danger and inadequacy of the bill, and its several stages through the two houses, but have spared the premature deaths of many unhappy men, whose families enquire in vain, and will for ever enquire in vain, whether they walk upon the earth, or sleep twelve feet under it.*

But the Press sometimes disturbs the public tranquility, and oversets governments. It may ; and better a bad government should fall than stand ; but a good government is its own protection. The waves break at its feet, and the madness of the storm passes over its head. Better the Press should agitate a state, than a cold apathy should freeze the human mind, and nations sleep away their wrongs : better

* *Whether any convictions have been had under this statute, I am not surprised to say, for I have not enquired ; but that it has been the cause of shedding much blood, the devisers of the statute will not deny, when I inform them, that in order to evade the penalty of wicked accusers, and at the same time to evade the law in this case which requires the undue death of the accuser to be proved, before his examination can be read as evidence, the friends of the accused, if they know the informant, and can find him, dig a pit, and bucking him up in the dead of night, carry him to his grave. There they dissect his jugulars, and spare his friends the trouble of burying him. Thus the innocent are sometimes saved by the death of the guilty, who literally dig a pit for others, and fall into the pit of it themselves.*

empires should be shaken, than millions should dream themselves into slaves, the slaves of their own baseness. The perpetual Sabbath of the soul is of more danger to a state, than the political struggle of a day.

The rule of right is a rule that in morals should never vary ; but in these kingdoms, to preach up royalism is the best rule, and the wisdom of government protects those who embrace this right side of the question ; while it punishes with equal rectitude those who maintain that a republic is the only right form of government. Here then is a rule that cannot err, for wisdom has sanctioned it, and our moral government pronounced it fit and proper. Let us apply this rule to the continent : France is not a nation of fools, and some amongst them have as much sense (God forgive them !) as **** But no matter ; the fools of France tell you, that monarchy is a coat of arms, whose supporters are the church and aristocracy, its crest the bloody hand, and its motto, *edi profanum vulgus* ; but that democracy not possessing these *rampant* evils, is the *ægis* of wisdom, whose *right rule* should govern the world. Now here are two *rules of right*, both operating on opposite principles, both pronounced to be the very best for the government of man, and each declared superior to the other in excellence ; yet a man shall be punished alternately for observing this or that, according to the air which he breaths. But laws should be made with a view to morals, and morals cannot fluctuate, or punish on two counter-acting principles. Before then the Liberty of the Press shall be restricted, or writers punished for entertaining political opinions in common with their neighbours, let some moral rule be established to guide the ignorant ; for law is a monster, uncontrouled by morality. To punish a man without convincing him that he has done wrong, may be the vengeance, but is not the wisdom of the law. Sure I am, it does no good, but rather brings the laws themselves into contempt, and sets them upon doubting whether laws were made for the good of the community, or for the pleasure which the makers of them take in having them executed.

Where

Where no wrong has been committed, there can be no *punishment*, though there may be pains and penalties inflicted on him who has done some thing which in itself was innocent, perhaps praise-worthy: and when the mind is not convinced that it has done wrong in delivering sentiments it has been taught to reverence, and believes not only inoffensive, but highly meritorious, and even beneficial to the state; it will be in vain by *punishment*, as it is called, to make that mind believe it has broke any moral duty. Thus my reason tells me I am free to *act*, but the law, which we are told in the perfection of reason, tells me I am not free to *speak*. Where is the morality of this? Shall I be allowed to have a *vote*, but not allowed to have a *voice*? Where is my freedom if I am abridged of half the Rights of Man? if they publicly send him a representative to the House, shall I not as publicly tell him the duties of a senator; If a pension, that he has sold me and if he betray me, shall I not tell him he is pertinacious? It is preposterous, it is worse, it is wicked to say, that I may *act a lie*, but not *speak the truth* I act a lie, if I suppress the truth, and spare the knave, then I offend the law! yet a higher law tells me that I have done no wrong, I have done no more than my duty. The same argument holds in regard to those who are entrusted with the government of the country. Let them by their talents and integrity, put it beyond the power of the Press to injure them. High in virtue as high in honour let them solicit public enquiry. let them court the severest scrutiny, invulnerably honest, they will have an opportunity not only of confounding their revilers, but of displaying their own great capacity and virtue, which no calumny can reach, no malevolence defame: and thus the people will be satisfied that the government is deposited in the *very best hands*, out of which they would be sorry it should be taken. On the other side, should the immaculate servants of the crown be unable to withstand the assaults of the Press, and feeling the truths that issue from it, acknowledge their *capacity*, (for their *sins* they will never be brought to confess) let them retire and yealding to public opinion, put the government into better hands: for the

G 2

people,

people, from whom as I said before, all governments proceed, and for whose benefit alone they should be administered, ought not to be held in ignorance. The lamb that laps the stream, is full as harmless as the wolf that swills at the source. But the silencing of the Press will neither make men think better of their governor, nor their governors a whit wiser or more virtuous : it will rather beget in them an indifference to the interests of the state, and by learning them unawed, arm them with new powers of injury : it will neither satisfy the public mind, nor strengthen the authority of the laws ; leave the people uninformed, and they will distrust the best actions of their rulers ; sure I am, their worst will not be applauded by them. The putting down of the Press, that best and surest organ of the public sentiment, creates a suspicion, that the servants of the crown dread to hear the popular opinion, that they *wink* at the crimes of office, and attending to their own voice only *cry out* against the truth, like a nest of Owls, that screech when the light breaks in upon them. Yet neither prisons nor ropes can stop public opinion, though one of them may stop the breath of him who shall presume to think : but man will think on to the end of the chapter : it is the nature of thought to be free ; and freedom of thought will assuredly lead to *freedom of another sort*. As well might governments hope to stop the course of nature by an act of parliament, as to stop men from thinking, or arrest the torrent of opinion. It is this restriction of the Press that is the danger of the present government, and would be the undoing of a better ; for it may be taken as a safe maxim, that that government is the strongest, which builds its security on public opinion, and whose virtue defies the censure of its enemies ; for virtue is its own defence, as well as its own reward.

I have been led, Sir, into these reflections from a due sense of the spirit you have shewn in establishing the only Press that has now either the courage or the virtue to speak truth. Your country, whose honour you defend, while you illustrate its interest ; will long acknowledge its obligation

tion

tions to you—and your own liberality I am sure will be ready to pay a tribute of applause to the memory of the great cynosure, or *Northern Star*, that for so long a time illumined the nation. Its beams have been extinguished; but to you, Sir, it belongs to renew its lustre, by instructing the age, and teaching it this lesson, that the night of imposture is at an end, and the sun of truth rising fast upon it.

I am, Sir, yours,

MARCUS.

II. LETTER

OF WILLIAM CAXON.

TO THE RULERS, MAGISTRATES, AND MEN OF POWER
IN IRELAND.

At tu vir rex Provincia ploras.

JUVENAL.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me, an anonymous writer, to offer myself to your notice; believe me, nothing but an awful consciousness of the impending crisis could have induced me to demand your most serious attention. Wishing, while I address you, to divest myself of every bad and selfish passion my sole and anxious object is to call forth the noble energies of Irishmen, by presenting to their view important and imperious truths, whose immediate adoption can alone secure the salvation of Ireland.

In your hands, Gentlemen, is deposited every thing that is dear and valuable to man. The happiness or misery of Ireland, its future dignity, importance, nay its very existence are at your disposal, and the deliberations of this moment involve
the

the future fate of ages. If you yourselves are not conscious of the truth of this, if you are not aware of your own importance, alas, poor Ireland, miserable indeed is your prospect! May the Ruler of the Storm direct your councils, and may you live to enjoy the future prosperity and free grandeur of imperial Ireland.

Gentlemen, I do not mean to flatter you, your present lethargic security and somniferous indolence, are disgraceful and destructive to our country; they would almost incline the philosopher to believe in the blind system of fatality, to nothing else can he attribute that deceitful, treacherous calm, which precedes the storm that will confound the elements.—*Gentlemen our country is in danger*—It becomes a first and irresistible duty to consider the cause and with every celerity prevent or remove the effect—From the beginning of the 18th century a new system of religion and politics, of government in church and state, has proceeded in a rapid uninterrupted career, a *nova rerum ordo* has arose; whether right or wrong, whether founded in the eternal fitness of things, concerns not the present object of my letter, I leave the discussion of this point to the Burkes, the Thackums and the Squares—it is sufficient for me to mark its progress and success; no power of the earth has resisted it; it has levelled the powers, principalities, and dominations of Europe, it has marched from America to Africa and Asia, as a “God who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.” Kings, Emperors, and Princes, have crumbled into dust before it, and the strong arm of power has withered at its touch. “*Ob sacra libertatis fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis*”—the powers of the earth met it with force of arm, and the returned with dismay, defeat and destruction, now, alas! their only remaining allies.

This *grand truth* impress carefully, my fellowcountrymen on your minds—if you cannot resist with success, meet it with resignation. Our country has been since the year 82, in that difficult critical situation, which required in its rulers

ralers the highest abilities, and greatest integrity. Immersing from ignorance and slavery, no longer were they to be satisfied with the government of the English taskmaster. Independant in right, it was cruel, bigotted impolicy to keep them dependant in power—while the honourable sister of a great power that great power did not bestow the usage of step-daughters; injuries and insults were mere trifling amusements with the shopkeepers of England—and while an Hibernian felt an equality, if not superiority, over the full-fed Englishman, his heart most assuredly must *warm at the connexion*, while he received only abuse and ill treatment. Yet believe me, most high and mighty Englishmen, “the poor beetle that you tread upon, in corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies.” Whatever may be the separate interest of two great rivals, it surely behoves them to consider their mutual advantage, and guard with the strictest delicacy and honor any infringement of the same. I appeal to you, my friends and fellow-countrymen, has this been the case.

I feel the delicacy, and cannot see the necessity of dwelling longer on this subject—I mention it only to shew that an English Governor, ignorant of our manners and customs, is at best but a bad judge of the interest, honor, and happiness of the Irish nation. From these circumstances, Ireland found it extremely difficult to assert its rank in the scale of nations—and nothing but its own energies, and the bounty of Nature, could raise it from insignificance to its present importance—and *this* is the very crisis to “raise it to the summit of renown, or sink it to the earth a breathless corpse.” An English Minister, with blind devotion to the partial interest of his own country, with deep laid, though crooked policy seizes every means of aggrandizement, at the expence of devoted Ireland. How he considers it better than as a province, let his best friends tell—with the money of the nation he buys *his* representatives, who again, with *unparalleled generosity* vote away money not their own to swell the budget of ways and means to enable this state tinker to cry “any Cornwall
ware

ware to fell.*—Thus does corruption spread its gangrene through the land, venality become the order of the day, and every senator have his price.

How different is this, thou *spurious* *folk* of an illustrious father, from his wife and glorious administration; *he* imagined, that the only art to gain the love, respect and veneration, of a grateful world, consisted in being the faithful, firm friend of the people, and the undaunted monitor of his King; *he* preferred the applause of the nation, and his conscience, to the smiles of a sovereign, and knew too well, the contaminating air of a court, to honour it often with his presence. How worthy of his life was his death, grasping the hand of the great father of your *little* friend, he exclaimed! “my dear Camden, save my country. Such was his death, and such will not be yours. His life like a late general, was long enough for glory, but too short for his country. Had he lived, he would not have lost America. Had he lived, he would have saved Ireland. Would I could say, go and do thou likewise—but here that I may not appear ungrateful, let me enumerate *some* of the *blessings* you have bestowed on Ireland. When by Englishmen’s grateful predilection for the name of William Pitt, and your own hypocritical professions of popular patriotism you succeeded an execrable North, as prime Minister of England. Your first bounty to Ireland consisted of a Temple—with a greater degree of sagacity, than liberality, you concluded that a clerk or a scrivener, knew sufficient political arithmetic, to conduct the *accounts* of a *dependant*, and that one so conversant in back stairs, would never want a hole to creep out—when he had sufficiently gained your admiration and applause by saving for the *nation* the pence and the fire of the poor worn-out veteran soldier, converted their just asylum into lodgings for his family, caused a reform in the state, by causing a few miserable clerks, to hang, drown or cut their throats, laid a palace for revenue officers, created places pensions

* *Note.* Cornwall is as notorious for selling boroughs as tin.
and

and sinecures, to the amount of hundred thousand pounds. You recalled him attended with the *shouts* and *exclamations* of a *grateful* people to enjoy *otium cum dignitate* and delight the leisure hours of his gracious Sovereign, by the *refinement* of his *taste*, *depth* of his *learning*, *profound genius*, and *universal knowledge of the belles lettres*.

For so great a man you would find no successors so fit as a Northington, a Rutland, an old Archbishop, an old Chancellor, and a young Speaker—after this triumvirate, you again blessed our eyes, with this before named *Paragon of perfection*. But as if unwilling to give in the fruits of so much virtue; you replaced it with the *gallant, gay Lothario*, that pattern of domestic virtue, and public happiness, the friend of a Plunket, and a S*****, the bold rewarder of private services, and who even in the private circles of female society, omitted not to handle the affairs of the country. As I must despair of being able to bestow higher encomiums on so *great a man*. I will pass on to Lord Fitzwilliam, and here indeed I must pause—so extraordinary a contrast between his Lordship, and former Viceroy, excited our admiration, and gave pleasure for its novelty—a nobleman of tried integrity, and ability, the heir of the virtues and honors of a revered Rockingham, no needy adventurer, or political swindler, a man who would serve our country, *even* to serve himself, such a man was indeed a Phenomenon, and we in the streets with mutual curiosity and astonishment, asked each other, what miracle could unite the North and the South, a Pitt and a Fitzwilliam—but this strange hocus pocus of legerdemain, soon explained itself. The generous unsuspecting noble nature of a Fitzwilliam, was over-reached, (like most noble natures,) by the artifices of despicable fraud. He was clearly given to understand that a new system of government would take place in Ireland, that conciliation and emancipation would go hand in hand—that all sects and parties should enjoy the same rights, and unite to make Ireland as free, prosperous, and happy as England.

Such

Such unfortunate prospects made every friend to human nature hope for better-days, it dilated the heart, and in the intoxication of joy we voted a supply hitherto unknown. We declared we would stand or fall with that sister, who at last displayed tokens of kindness and of justice. Noble generosity of Irishmen are you always to be abused!

As soon as this object was attained, the *Premier* threw off the mask—no concession, no liberty, no happiness for Ireland. Not content with insulting, he attempted to injure the victim of his duplicity; but as long as honor is preferable to fraud, so long will your efforts be fruitless, and you yourself be the grand victim of your own machinations, fated “*perire sua arte fraude.*”—The next in the political race was Lord Camden; “*proximus sed longo intervallo.*” As he is but the passive tool of Mr. Pitt’s government, for the sake of his father, I would not wish to be severe. But the man who could force himself on the inclinations of a whole nation, possesses a hardihood incomparable with the modest laws of honesty and of honor; but I am willing to judge him by his works, he was proposed Draco for his “*exemplar et imitabile vitus*”—like him he has written his laws in blood. Treason and sedition were the bugbears of the state—the tender, the gaol, the gallows, were made the instruments to govern a great nation—every profligate, idle, ignorant and stupid upstart becomes a legislator, and the genius of Ireland may go weep.

Can common feeling common justice or common honesty, bear the situation of the peasant of Ireland? See every county in the kingdom—see Young’s or Twiss’s tour through Ireland—they have no lodging but with the pigs—no food but potatoes—no volume to consult but that of nature, the Sky—are the sick, what’s their remedy? they may go to that home from whose bourn no traveller returns—“take physic pomp, shake off the superflux to feel what wretches feel when the have no
fire

fire to warm the naked side, no coat to cover or no nourishment to feed exhausted nature." Go prate ye bigbellied corporation of gluttons, extol the protestant ascendancy, get drunk with Claret, and belch God save the King, damn all reformers, and curse the weaver who humbly begs relief—*thus will ye support the constitution in Church and State.* Ye magistrates, gentlemen and justices of Ireland, be cautioned before it is too late—ameliorate the condition of your cottagers, raise up these hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rank of men—look not on the peasant as a wild beast of prey, and let him not look on you as a destroying Angel, armed with fire and sword; imitate the wise policy of England; when you renew your leases make many small farms, and thus constitute an independant enlightened yeomanry,—by so doing you will secure and exalt yourselves.

In what history of human actions, have you found that punishments, menaces, or degradations, secured your power, or conciliated your dependants?

Believe me you may break, but you cannot bind the human mind—you may reduce man to brute, but you can never make him a tame brute, chain him as you will, he will seize the opportunity to turn on his keeper, he will assert the wild independance of nature. Try the difference between a slave and a free man, between an obliged and grateful friend, and a cringing, greedy, treacherous slave; make but the experiment, and then farewell the miseries of imperial Ireland. I need not tell you of the threatened invasion of our country; will you be able to resist less effectually for having the people your friends, your obliged and grateful friends; or do you think that the peasantry of Ireland would less boldly resist an invader, for having liberty, property, a country or rights to defend I do, if not for the sake of your country, at least for your own sakes, make the experiment. If I thought you incapable of profiting by advice, I would with mixed indignation and pity, leave you to your fate; but

but I know you. I know you will avenge the injuries of your country ; and as Brutus the *fool* so shall Ireland the low, start into greatness.

In my next letter, my fellow countrymen, I shall presume to address you on the projected *Union*.

WM. CAXON.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NCESSITY is called the tyrant's plea—it must be worse than tyranny, that cannot plead even necessity. Can the present managers of our theatre of calamity plead necessity as a justification of the horrors into which they have plunged us ?—No ; three measures—concession to the Catholics—even the shadow of a Parliamentary Reform—some amelioration in the condition of the peasantry. These would have fully pacified the country, without impairing the just prerogatives of the Crown, or destroying that vigour of government, of which some among us are such admirers. The Irish people were not prone to insurrection. The peasantry, in general, are an indolent, much-enduring race, submissive to their superiors, even to an excess of servility. The extremity of oppression and misery alone could destroy the implicit veneration and terror, with which they had been taught to view rank and property—and to rouse them to violation of law, and to outrage on their task-masters, who, when they asked for bread, gave them a stone. We shall be apt to think that the complaints of the people have some good foundation, when we consider the parts of the kingdom which have been pointed out, and punished, as the chief seats of sedition, the fountain head of disaffection, Are they not the most siber,

sober, industrious, and enlightened parts of the island? What are the descriptions of people who have been marked out for proscription and persecution?—Not a *Casiline*, nor a *Cethegus*—not the libertine populace of luxurious capitals; but the humble peasant, the plain farmer, the frugal manufacturer, the sober rational merchant, and the pious teacher of the Christian faith. These are not the materials, let me tell the world, of which wanton rebellion is composed—they are great and crying grievances alone, that can call from their retirements the sons of sobriety, industry and peace, and lead them to join the bands of disaffection. From these premises, I conclude that the occasions of severity, the pretences for superceding the laws were courted by our present rulers.

Terror and coercion being introduced, as the principles of government, every part of society is filled with danger and suspicion—the circulation of thought is destroyed; the intercourse of life is poisoned; all expressions of the public wish, the surest guarantee against secret conspiracy, is unwisely prohibited. In one county, the gentry and freeholders, legally convened by the Sheriff to exercise the constitutional right of petitioning their Sovereign, were actually dispersed by an armed force. Meetings for a similar purpose were prevented in other counties, and in the second city of this country, by menaces of military execution. Government has adopted an arbitrary imprisonment of the most peaceable and respectable individuals, for indefinite times, and without knowledge of their accuser, intimation of their offence, or hope of trial. If there can be any plausible reasons alledged, for dispensing with some of the formalities of law, in the arrestment of persons who are supposed to be disaffected—none can, surely, be offered for any wanton delay in the examination, according to course of law, of their guilt or innocence. It is to be feared that such a conduct may terminate in the rendering of many persons disaffected, who were loyal previous to their commitment. An imprisonment for nine or ten months, on a charge unspecified and unfounded

unfounded, through the suggestion of a perjured and villainous accuser, fished up from the very sink of the community; with all his impurities reeking on his head, will not improve the loyalty and good temper of the sufferer. Can we wonder if men of warm tempers and strong resentment, who in themselves or their near connexions, are marked out as the objects of severe persecution, should be guilty of some rash and unguarded expressions? Is it not to be feared that a continuance of rigour may suppress the outward form and expression of discontent, by the present influence of terror, but will have a deep rooted disaffection secretly rankling in the mind?

We were led to hope that the system of espionage and proscription would have been relaxed and mitigated, on a view of the dreadful and detested harvest of perjury it has produced. It has been proved, not in one, or two, or a small number of instances; but with a strange uniformity through every part of the country, at the last and the preceding assizes, that an infamous traffic in blood prevailed. How many innocent and respectable persons, who had been torn from their homes, their honest industry, and their dearest connexions, and languished in dungeons for many months, have been acquitted on the clearest and most satisfactory evidence—and resigned their places in the dock to the very witnesses against them, who have been convicted of wilful and corrupt perjury—perjury of the blackest die—to destroy the lives and characters of guiltless men, for hire! What disgraceful scenes have been disclosed! what foul conspiracy! what intemperate thirst of blood! what evidence extorted by the extremity of torture! Ought not the sight of all this to have produced some consideration and compunction? Ought it not to have produced some cessation of that rigour above law, displaying itself in preventive persecution and cautionary cruelty? Should not the bearers of the iron rod have enquired whether the freight of information and informers, which they had bought or manufactured, with no small pains to themselves, and cost to the public, was not a base
and

and unprofitable kind of merchandize? Ought they not to have supposed it not only possible, but highly probable, that those respectable and virtuous persons who have been singled out as martyrs in the cause of freedom, and pined weary months in severe captivity, may have been torn from their homes and families, from the enjoyment of domestic comfort and the pursuit of useful and laudable occupations, on the venal deposition of a forsworn informer, or the vague suggestion of weak credulity? The recorded examples of artificial alarm and cruel folly which were exhibited in England when a whole nation was the dupe, and so many innocent people were the victims of the infamous Oates and his vile accomplices;—shall these be forgotten as if they were erased from the page of history? Who that recollects how many perished by their monstrous fictions, equally gross, improbable and circumstantial, could suppose it possible that such tragedies could be repeated in a humane enlightened age? Yet, houses have been forced open in the dead hour of the night, their owners have been hurried away with circumstances of uncommon outrage; they have not been allowed even the poor consolation of bidding farewell to their weeping families; they have been kept in filthy guard-rooms, amidst the noise and ribaldry of common soldiers. Some of the objects of these severities, after many days of suffering, have been wholly discharged, or suffered to depart on their parole—others have been detained whole months, and then reluctantly liberated, though their innocence was apparent. As the imprisonments were without mercy, so the releases were without clemency; and new arrests so closely followed them, that one might suppose the former captives had been discharged only through want of house-room in the *Bastile* of the country.

I cannot pass unnoticed a singular kind of recognizance, which was lately introduced, in some instances by which persons were obliged, as the condition of obtaining freedom, to bind themselves in a penal form to quit a certain district or county. The only instance which I can find parallel,

parallel, or in any degree similar to this curious device, is what was practiced in *Scotland* by the wicked and tyrannical *Lauderdale*.—To engage the gentry on the side of the persecutors, a *bond* or *contract* was, by order of the *Privy Council*, tendered to the land-holders of the West, by which they were to engage for the good behaviour of their tenants. But it was ridiculous (as *Hume* * justly remarks) to give sanction to laws by voluntary obligations.

The reign of *Charles II.* inglorious abroad, and oppressive at home, bears a striking analogy in many particulars, to the present times. Much of the history of what passed in Scotland at that period in particular, would appear with the mere variation of names, to be a faithful picture of what is now passing in Ireland. The Scottish *Covenanters* resembled the *United Irishmen* of the present day, in their union, and their perseverance; and they were, like them, decried, vilified and persecuted. Take (for instance) this extract: "As it was found difficult to get evidence against these conventicles, however numerous; it was enacted, that whoever, being required by the council, refused to give evidence on oath, should be punished by arbitrary fines, by imprisonment, or by banishment to the plantations. Thus as persecution naturally, or rather necessarily adorns the iniquities as well as the rigours of the inquisition. What a considerable part of the society consider as their duty and their honour, and that others are apt to regard with compassion and indulgence, can by no other expedient be subjected to such severe penakies, as the natural sentiments of mankind appropriate only to the greatest crimes."† Here the inquisitorial power of sending for persons, and compelling them to give information under pain of arbitrary imprisonment, is bestowed in a much more dangerous latitude, on the single magistrate.

To what real cause or motive are we to ascribe the present system of severity? To the over-bearing insolence of

* *Vol. 8. Page 41.*

† *Ibidem.*

conscious

conscious strength, exulting over the feelings of the people, and despising their resentment, or to the influence of secret terror? certain it is, that no passion is more cruel and sanguinary, than panic fear: be that as it may, the history of what past in Scotland furnishes an example of military coercion, perfectly similar to that which prevails in Ireland at this day. "Military force (says Hume*) was let loose by the council. Wherever the people had generally forsaken the churches, the guards were quartered throughout the country. Sir James Turner commanded them, a man whose natural ferocity of temper, was often inflamed by the use of strong liquors. He went about and received from the clergy, lists of those who absented themselves from church, or were supposed to frequent conventicles. Without proof or legal conviction, he demanded a fine from them, and quartered soldiers on the supposed delinquents, till he received payment." (Now, indeed, instead of the supposed delinquents paying a fine, he is committed to prison, or sent on board a tender. What do I say? this is mercy—his house is burned, and he is shot) Again—"A multitude not accustomed to discipline, averse to the restraint of laws, trained up in rapine and violence, were let loose amidst a people, whom they were taught to regard as enemies to their prince and to their religion. Nothing escaped their ravenous hands. By hardships, and sometimes by *tortures*, men were obliged to discover their concealed wealth. Neither age, nor sex, nor innocence, afforded protection."† What was the end of all this in Scotland? the long suffering and firmness of the people prevailed. Just so it is in Ireland, the soldiery are let loose on the people. What will be the event? ***—it is said that the *United Irishmen*, though they pretend only to a Reform in parliament, are the secret friends of anarchy, and wish to make this country the seat of war. What is the remedy? I will not compare the military with the *United Irishmen*—I will not say, that they outrage the persons of his majesty's liege subjects; that they plun-

der and destroy their dwellings. Far be it from me to say, that some of the Yeomanry assume with the garb and functions of the common soldier, a spirit of unprincipled ferocity, and breath out rage that would disgrace a Crete or a Tartan. Yet certainly though we may give government all possible credit for good intentions, the country is in a state of uncommon misery. Every hour brings forward some tale of rapine, murder, and every hostile aggression; sometimes perhaps against the disaffected, too often against the peaceable and unoffending.

The military having now superseded the civil authority, and being invested with the whole preservation of internal order and care of the police, in most parts of Ireland, they have thought fit to shew themselves worthy of the important charge, by loyal addresses from the *non-commissioned officers* and *privates* of the different regiments. I will not intimate that government may possibly be deceived by those solicited, or even extorted addresses, that fill the public prints, at the expence of the public, and are, no doubt, accounted for among the army extraordinaries. I will not even hint that the addresses in question may, in many instances, have been obtained by a certain mixture of menace and blandishment—I will suppose them the spontaneous, untutored declaration of the men themselves. Yet still I am of opinion, that to the obtaining of this loyalty on paper, much of the solid discipline of the army has been sacrificed. I hold it unwise to accustom large bodies of illiterate mercenaries, to debate on political affairs in arms. Britain rich, ambitious, and luxurious, grasping at conquests beyond her means and population, and at the same time seeking to overawe the discontents of the people, by a military force at home, is obliged to maintain a numerous host of mercenaries. The history of mankind tells us, that every government, every country, that wholly depends on a mercenary force, falls the victim of that which was hired to support it. The navy of England has given an alarming intimation of the dangers of her situation, and I will venture to predict that the storms in that quarter are not fully overblown.

It is not by outrageous penalties, and sanguinary laws, of a new constitutional form, that these perils may be averted. It is by securing the affections of the people, by attention to their wants and complaints, by obtaining peace abroad, and rendering a numerous military force unnecessary, that these perils are to be averted. Believe me if the military are set above law—are invested with the whole civil authority, ~~and police of the law~~—if they are, at the same time, freed from the restraints of discipline, and turned at large to scourge the people, they need no corrupters—they corrupt themselves—they are already corrupted;—they will soon turn the power and license, which were given them for the oppression of the people, against their employers, and tyrannise over those, who hoped, by their means, to tyrannise over the multitude.

The mention of military force naturally leads me to the *Yeomanry* of Ireland, which I still wish to consider as distinguished from mere mercenaries. This institution was a favourite of the Viceroy, and the right hon. Secretary. Part of the Irish Cabinet, if I am truly informed, apprehended it to be a dangerous experiment, and opposed it in its first concoction; but superior authority prevailed, and it went forward. What advantages (you will ask me,) did the patrons of this measure, in their own private thoughts, propose to themselves? Their secret aim, as I apprehend, was twofold. In the first place, they meant to establish a smothered war, originating in a system of coercion, between the opulent and the poor of this country. In the next place, they wished to lay down a line of demarcation, on plausible grounds, to introduce badges and ensigns of party, to raise a standard round which the adherents of the present Administration might rally—may more to attach a degree of disgrace on all those who should refuse to crowd around this standard, by exhibiting them as persons disaffected or cowardly, who were wanting to the defence of their country. There was much cunning and stability in the plan, and in some measure it has succeeded, and contributed, more than any other cause,

to strengthen the hands of government, and to embolden it for the terrible aggressions against the people, and the grievous, intolerably grievous system of coercion which has been adopted. I shall pursue this subject in a future letter—meanwhile believe your sincere friend,

MONTANUS.

FOR THE PRESS.

SIR,

WHOWER has paid the least attention to the history of the human mind, must have observed how easily false propositions pass current in the world, through the ignorance, the indolence, the prejudices, and the passions of mankind; and did not every day's experience, afford melancholy proof of the powerful effect of these causes, in debasing the understanding, and corrupting the heart, every day's experience must excite new astonishment at the confidence with which the grossest errors, essentially affecting the dearest concerns of life, are propagated by men whose interest it is to deceive. This reflection is naturally suggested by the present state of this deeply injured and much calumniated country. When the friend of humanity deplores the dreadful oppressions of a furious and sanguinary government, his feelings are not unfrequently wounded by the observation, that the people have brought all their sufferings on themselves. This monstrous assertion has been imprudently advanced, and industriously circulated by our oppressors—and it is every day received without examination, and repeated without remorse, by the thoughtless, the indolent, the weak, and the timid. Knavery invents what credulity believes and propagates. But even credulity must be fed with specious falsehood. And therefore in support of this calumny against a nation, an appeal is confidently made to recent and partial combinations, and to recent and partial excesses.

cesses. Thus the very effect of oppression is audaciously assigned as a cause for reiterated persecution. This is cruelty torturing its wretched victims to madness, and then justifying the repetition of torment by the phrensy, which it has produced.

While despotism is thus active in diffusing its deceptions, the advocate of liberty and of truth, cannot too frequently insist on the real state of facts. Whence have arisen the miseries of Ireland? They have arisen from the perfidy of those, who ought to have been the guardians of her happiness. From the perfidy of men, who betray the most sacred of all trusts, the deposit of a people's rights—exhibiting the most barefaced contradiction, ever displayed in the page of history—a representative assembly professing to derive all its power from the will of the people, and yet evincing a marked contempt for the most unequivocal expressions of that will. This was a refinement in treachery, which formed a new epoch in the annals of deception. The government of imperial Rome openly declared, “*quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem.*” Here was tyranny, but no hypocrisy. The Romans were then slaves, and they were told so. But the men of Ireland were mocked while they were betrayed. Laws said to be made with their consent, were in fact enacted by an authority, which sacrificed their interests, and despised their sentiments. This was not only an outrage to their rights, but an insult to their understandings. A people said to be represented in a popular assembly, which laughed at the public voice, was a fraud too gross to be endured. The fallacy required only to be stated in order to be exposed.

The people saw at once the disease and the remedy. They wished (the wish was not an unnatural one) to save themselves, and their posterity from the greatest curse, which can afflict the human race—slavery. They ventured to explain the nature of the malady, and humbly to suggest

suggest the means of life. Their remonstrances were treated with contempt, and their right to apply, the law of self-preservation denied; the right not merely of exercising the prerogative of reason, but of following the instincts of nature. What followed? A system of legislative coercion silencing the voice of truth, and torturing agonized nature into excess—accompanied and supported by a secret hell-bred policy of subtle and malignant influence, poisoning the fountain of benevolence, by whose pure and salutary waters the wounds of religious bigotry were healed: but even laws the most penal were found inadequate to chastise the presumption of men, who felt that they were slaves, and who wished to be free. What followed next? A system of arbitrary extirpation, of summary proscription, of military execution. A system which its inventors, for once laying aside the language of dissimulation, have boldly characterised as a vigour beyond law. It is indeed a system which mocks all laws human and divine. A system, which banishes all the charities of life, and dissolves all the sympathies of nature. Which bursts the ties of society asunder, by giving a licence to power to prey upon weakness. It is a system, which has made the rich man's palace the mansion of distrust, and the poor man's hovel the habitation of despair. It is a system, which has confounded all the distinctions of morals, in so much that the mere absence of cruelty is now celebrated as virtue, and the gratitude of a persecuted people bestows on the want of malignity the praise of beneficence. The definition of humanity has become negative, and the description of a merciful man, that he is not a monster. The barbarities of a soldiery excite not our surprise. Blood is their trade; they live by it. But have we not also seen the shepherds of the flock of Christ transformed into ravenous wolves, spreading terror and desolation. Indeed, we can never sufficiently deplore the effects which the policy of our rulers has produced on certain discriptions of men in the community. It has addressed itself to some of the worst passions of the human breast, to pride, avarice and fear. The proud man has
been

been taught to tremble for his titles, the avaricious man for his wealth, and the timid man for his life. And thus the most ignoble and relentless passions have been engaged in support of a system of murderous persecution. It is astonishing to think how numbers by this artifice have been abused into the belief that profligate men in supporting their own aggrandizement, and silencing the justice of a nation, have been only consulting the preservation of social order, and public peace.—The plain truth is this: A reform in the representation of the people would be to these men a complete revolution. By reform they must lose the privilege of sacrificing the interests of Ireland to the interests of Britain, and the emoluments annexed to that privilege. By reform, the British minister must lose the privilege of governing as a subject province a country, on the face of which nature with a bold hand has traced the outlines of independence. By reform, Ireland must become free, powerful, and happy.

But the freedom, the power, and the happiness of Ireland demand the sacrifice of the interest of a few, who have risen by her abasement, and who have fattened by her impoverishment. This sacrifice would be to these men a complete Revolution—and to repel this Revolution from themselves they have regarded a Revolution in a kingdom. They have convulsed a people, and they have shaken a throne—There is no animal so savage as the man, who having been long accustomed to indulge bad passions without restraint, feels himself in danger of losing the means of administering to their gratifications. As long as his vices are pampered without resistance, or reproof, he is gross, but he is tame. But when indignant nature rises against the monster, he becomes furious and consuming, he would annihilate a nation, rather relinquish an indulgence. Such are the men, who in this country abuse their Prince, and persecute his people. Too long has this Prince been deluded by their artifices, too long have the people been victims of their vengeance, will not the prince and the people unite in punishing their crimes?

RUEGGES.

CELESTIAL maid, in snowy vest,
 With tearful eye, and throbbing breast,
 O friend of man, indulgent pow'r,
 Conduct me to thy sacred bow'r—
 Where the pure Loves thy influence share,
 Ambrosial sweets perfume the air.
 And melting strains of music wild,
 Thro' the deep stillness gliding mild,
 On the ear enraptur'd steal,
 And nameless ecstasies reveal;
 Waking the harmonies of mind,
 Which man to man so sweetly bind;
 Those fine accords, mysterious ties,
 The feeling heart's blest sympathies—
 Tell me the place, enchanters tell,
 Where chief thou tak'st delight to dwell.
 In vain I search the dark retreat,
 Where superstition rears her seat;
 Sunk in the Convent's dismal cell,
 Where ascetics sluggish dwell—
 Amid whose damp and cheerless glooms,
 Its victims ruthless pride entombs,
 With breaking heart and streaming eyes,
 Where each sad night some vestal sighs,
 Torn from the youth her soul held dear,
 Can Nature's God condemn the tear.
 In vain I search the lonely shade,
 Where Anchorite his cave hath made;
 And solitude, in cypress vest,
 Consumes the hours in selfish rest.
 Thou, O! social Nymph, I ween,
 In busy life are oft'nest seen;
 And yet in vain on thee I call,
 In giddy pleasure's festive hall.
 More vainly still I hail thy name.
 Thro' the crouded courts of fame;

Where

Where Ambition's fiery eye
 Ne'er drops a tear on misery ;
 But tyranny, in blood-stained vest,
 While fiercer torments rack his breast,
 Than those his wretched victims feel,
 Stretch'd on the tort'ring bed of steel,
 Proclaims aloud the horrid war.
 See, how the monster snuffs afar
 The smoking blood of slaughtered heaps,
 And as the frantic widow weeps,
 With savage joy he drinks her tears—
 Her cries are music in his ears.
 Where war his bloody standard rears,
 In vain thy gentle form appears.
 Then from the palace let me hie,
 And swift with thee, sweet virgin, fly
 To some lone cot, where poverty
 Despairing sits with hopeless eye.
 O! Goddess, haste to Erin's land,
 There deign to take thy hallow'd stand.
 O! let thy soothing spirit heal
 The mis'ries which her people feel.
 Lo! from his helpless children torn,
 Their sole support, their father borne
 Far, far from his native land ;
 Forced by oppression's iron hand,
 To wander on the wintry wave
 His crime?—He would not be a slave.
 Hold, O! hold that ruffian hand!
 See, it prepares the horrid brand!
 Alas! the flames already spread,
 And, O! consume the humble shed—
 Where misery alone could find
 A shelter from the piercing wind ;
 And he, whose labour fed that pride,
 Which now his sufferings can deride ;
 Forlorn, and destitute must roam,
 Without a friend, without a home—
 His all destroyed! what! nothing save!

O! no

O! no!—He could not be a slave.
 Ha! whence comes that dying moan;
 O! whence that agonizing groan!
 'Tis Nature's parting pang—he dies—
 A mangled, lifeless corse he lies—
 An aged parent's fostering hope,
 An aged parent's only prop.
 Naked, defenceless, he was slain
 By armed soldiers! O! foul stain!
 Oppression mark'd him for the grave—
 His crime?—He could not be a slave.
 O! Goddess haste to Erin's land,
 There deign to take thy hallow'd stand,
 O! let thy soothing spirit heal
 The mis'ries which her people feel.

Z.

TO HIS *EXCELLENCY* THE *LORD LIEUTENANT*.

MY LORD

I ADDRESS your Excellency on a subject as awful and interesting as any that hath engaged the feelings of this suffering country. The oppression of an individual leads to the oppression of every member in the State, as his death, however speciously palliated by forms, may lead to the death of the constitution. Your Lordship already anticipates me; and your conscience has told you, that I allude to the circumstance of Mr. Orr, whose case every man has now made his own, by discovering the principle on which Mr. Pitt sent you to *execute* his orders in Ireland.

The death of Mr. Orr, the nation has pronounced one of the most sanguinary and savage acts that had disgraced the laws. In perjury, did you not hear, my Lord, the verdict was given?—Perjury accompanied with terror, as terror has marked every step of your Government. Vengeance

geance and desolation were to fall on those who would not plunge themselves in blood. These were not strong enough : against the express law of the land, not only was drink introduced to the Jury, but drunkenness itself, beastly and criminal drunkenness, was employed to procure the murder of a better man than any that now surrounds you. But well may Juries think themselves justified in their drunken verdicts, if debauched and drunken Judges, swilling spirits on the seat of Justice itself, shall set the country so *excellent* an example.

Repentance, which is a slow virtue, has tended however to declare the innocence of the victim. The mischief which perjury had done, truth now stepped forward to repair; neither was she too late, had humanity formed any part of your counsels. Stung with remorse, on the return of reason, part of his Jury solemnly and soberly made oath, that their verdict had been given under the unhappy influence of intimidation and drink; and in the most serious affidavit that ever was made, by acknowledging their crime, endeavoured to atone to God and to their Country for the sin into which they had been seduced.

The informer too, a man it must be owned not much famed for veracity, but stung with the like remorse, deposed that all he had formerly sworn was malicious and untrue, and that from compunction alone he was induced to make a full disclosure of his great and enormous guilt. In this confession the wicked man had no temptation to perjury; he was not to be paid for *that*; he had not in view like another Judas, the "*thirty pieces of silver*"; if he was to receive his reward, he knew he must not look for it in *this* world.

These testimonies were followed by the solemn declaration of the dying man himself; and the approach of death is not a moment when men are given to deceive both themselves and the world. Good and religious men are not apt, by perjury on their death beds, to close the gates of
of

of Heaven against themselves, like those who have no hope. But if these solemn declarations do not deserve regard, then is there no truth in justice; and though the innocence of the accused had even remained doubtful, it was your duty, my Lord, and you had no exemption from that duty, to have interposed your arm, and saved him from the death that perjury, drunkenness, and reward had prepared for him.

Let not the nation be told that you are a passive instrument in the hands of others—if passive you be, then is your office a shadow indeed—if an active instrument, as you ought to be, you did not perform the duty which the laws required of you—you did not exercise the prerogative of mercy; that mercy which the constitution had entrusted to you for the safety of the subject, by guarding him from the oppression of wicked men. Innocent it appears he was; his blood has been shed; and the precedent indeed is awful.

Had Frazier and Ross been found guilty of the murder committed on a harmless and industrious peasant—lay your hand to your heart, my Lord, and answer without advisers, would you not have pardoned those ruffians? after the proof you have given of your mercy, I must suppose your clemency unbounded. Have no Orange-men, convicted on the purest evidence, been at any time pardoned? Is not their oath of blood connived at? was not that oath manufactured at the command of power? and does not power itself discipline those brigands? But suppose the evidence of Wheatley had been true, what was the offence of Mr. Orr? not that he had taken an oath of blood and extermination—for then he had not suffered—but that he had taken an oath of charity and of union, of humanity and of peace. He has suffered: shall we then be told, that *your* government will conciliate public opinion, or that the people will not continue to look for a better?

Was

Was the unhappy man respired but to torture him, to insult both justice and the nation, to carry the persecution into the bosom of his wife and children? Is this the prerogative of mercy? What would your father have said unto you, had he lived to witness this falling off? "Son," he would have said, "I am a father; I have a *daughter*; I have known misfortune; the world has pitied me, and I am not ungrateful."

Let us explore the causes of this sanguinary destruction of the people. Is it that you are determined to revenge the regret expressed by them at the recall of your predecessor; and well knowing they will not shed tears at the departure of his successor, that you are resolved to make them weep during your stay? Yes, my Lord, I repeat *during your stay*, for it may not be necessary that a Royal Yacht, manned and decorated for the purpose, should waft you from the shores of an angered and insulted country.

Another cause—Is it to be wondered that a successor of Lord Fitzwilliam should sign the death-warrant of Mr. Orr? Mr. Pitt had learned that a merciful Lord Lieutenant was unsuited to a government of violence. It was no compliment to the native clemency of a CAMDEN, that he sent you into Ireland: and what has been our portion under the change, but massacre and rape, military murders, desolation and terror?

Had you spared Mr. Orr, you thought perhaps the numerous families of those whom your Administration had devoted, might accuse you of partiality: and thus to prove your consistency, you are content to be suspected of wanting the only quality *this* Country wishes you to exercise.

But, my Lord, it will not do—though your guards and your soldiers, and your thousands and your tens of thousands, should conduct innocence to death—it will not do—a voice has cried in the wilderness; and let the deserted streets of Carrickfergus, proclaim to all the world, that
good

good men will not be intimidated, and that they are yet more numerous than your soldiers.

We are not Domitian's people; we are not lopped at a blow, but it looks as if some fate had doomed us to be destroyed one by one, as the Persian tyrant ordered the hairs to be plucked from the tail of his beast. Beasts we have been, the vile carriers of the vilest burthens that the vilest masters could lay upon us. But the yoke is shaken: persecution has provoked to love, and *United* Ireland against foreign despotism.

Feasting in your Castle, in the midst of your mirmidons and bishops, you have little concerned yourself about the expelled and miserable cottager, whose dwelling at the moment of your mirth was in flames, his wife and his daughters then under the violation of some commissioned ravager, his son agonizing on the bayonet, and his helpless infants crying in vain for mercy. These are lamentations that stain not the hour of carousal. Under intoxicated counsels the constitution has reeled to its centre: justice herself is not only blind drunk, but deaf, like Festus, to "the words of soberness and truth."

My Lord, the people of Ireland did hope that mercy would not have been denied to a most worthy and innocent man, when they understood, that one of the worst advisers and most imperious members of your Cabinet, had abandoned the kingdom. Had he been of your late counsels, the odium might have been divided; at present you have the best claim to it. Let, however, the awful execution of Mr. Orr, be a lesson to all unthinking juries; and let them cease to flatter themselves that the soberest recommendation of theirs and of the presiding Judge, can stop the course of carnage which sanguinary, and I do not fear to say *unconstitutional laws* have ordered to be loosed: let them remember that, like Macbeth, the servants of the Crown have waded so far in blood, that they find it easier to go on than to go back.

I am, my Lord,

your Excellency's humble servant.

MARCUS.

ON A CERTAIN MUSICAL PERFORMER.

Tempora mutantur & Nos mutamur in illis.

JACK SAVAGE was once a gay good-humour'd thing
 Rather shallow, 'tis true,—but at all in the ring;
 With a shake of the head, and a shake of the hand,
 He made way with his brethren, a sociable band;
 Rather fond, it was said, of the *duellist's* name,
 But with *Irishmen*, that is no subject of blame;
 With a catch, and a glee, and a pun, and a song,
 He trifled, and laugh'd with the mirth-loving throng.
 —Fortune's frolic advanc'd him, and quickly behold
 This monkey the claws of the tiger unfold!
 When plac'd on the judge's tribunal was he,
 His *catch* was a halter, and murder his *gles*;
 With a smile the deep groan of affliction he hears,
 The sharp burst of distraction accords with his ears,
 With some frigid conceit, or some metaphor bald,
 He sports, while the victims of death stand appal'd.
 But justice ere long may lay hold on his throat;
 And again our musician must alter his note.

OLD TOWLER.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

PARENT of the sacred fire,
 The ardent thought, the high desire;
 Which erst in earliest Greece could raise
 Her sons to deeds of deathless praise.
 Deign, though late, on Erin's isle
 O! deign, celestial maid, to smile.
 Nature, with a lib'ral hand,
 For independence form'd the land:
 Open'd wide her Western shores
 To the Atlantic's various stores.
 Gave the river, broad and deep,

Which

Which with bold majestic sweep,
 Urges on his stately course,
 And seems to scorn his humble source,
 Gave the Mine's exhaustless ore,
 And yellow Ceres golden store.
 A climate from whose temp'rate breath;
 The poisonous reptile draws in death;
 And then all other gifts combin'd,
 In the deep riches of the mind;
 A people hardy, gen'rous, brave,
 Could Nature thus disguise the slave!
 She, with a bold and lib'ral hand,
 For Independence form'd the land.
 But, O!—a sister's jealous eye
 Soon marked her rising destiny.
 Mark'd with an envious, sister's pain,
 A younger sister's rival reign,
 In dark design and covert hill,
 To long has Erin mourn'd her skill,
 Her power too long has Erin known,
 O! when shall Erin claim her own,
 Assert her rights, and rise confess,
 The future mistress of the West?
 Deign, tho' late, on Erin's isle
 O! deign, celestial maid, to smile;
 And her long lost sons inspire
 With thy heart-enobling fire.
 High, O! high, with sudden heat,
 Bid, each kindling bosom beat;
 Quick thro' all the trilling frame,
 Let the sacred, mystic flame,
 With pervading influence fly,
 And light the magic of the eye;
 Whence, more swift than glancing thought,
 The glowing, hallow'd zeal is caught;
 Which, with impulse strong, yet fine,
 Enkindles energies divine,
 Refines the sense, exalts the soul
 Beyond self-interest's base controul.

Thro

Thro' heated millions swift it flies,
 Each tyrant's heart within him dies.
 Nature now vindicates her own,
 And despotism's ebon throne,
 Smote by the powerful spell,
 Sinks to the lowest depths of Hell ;
 Whence cloath'd in night, it er'st had risen :
 Lo ! white-rob'd Peace descends from heaven ;
 On earth she comes, to dwell with thee,
 O ! friend of man, sweet Liberty.
 Hark ! I hear a rapturous strain,
 I see, I see her Angel train ;
 The virtues which exalt the mind,
 And the mild charities, which bind
 Man to man in Union sweet ;
 In blest harmony they meet ;
 No more the deadly war to wage,
 Kindled by Tyrant's wanton rage ;
 No more by bigot fury torn,
 That demon dire, of Hell first born,
 Which stains Religion's garb with blood,
 And murders man to honor God.
 Too long alas ! in Erin's land,
 Does the fell monster take his stand ;
 And brother against brother arm,
 O ! Liberty, put forth thy charm ;
 Make his impious acts to cease,
 Dread enemy of Erin's peace !
 O ! teach her children to be wise,
 Their strength alone in *UNION* lies.

Z.

WILLIAM GAXON'S III. LETTER
TO THE MEN of IRELAND.
ON AN UNION.

Nati imperio, servitutem toleratis.

SALEUT.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

TO apologize for addressing you, I leave to those who feel apology necessary. I would be a traitor to my country, and an enemy to myself, if I did not endeavour to rouse your attention, when your dearest interests are at stake, and every thing valuable to man in danger of being wrested from you. I do not flatter myself with being able to point out all your danger. I cannot detect ALL the plots, or unmask ALL the batteries of the enemy. It will be sufficient if I convince you there is danger, and induce you to examine where it lies. I invoke you, by the names of Swift, who once saved your country from the machinations of an English Minister—I beseech you by the beloved name of a Lucas, whose memory the gratitude of his fellow citizens has eternized in the hearts of his country—I call on you, in the sacred name of God, to imitate the conduct of a Swift and a Lucas, and boldly resist the oppression that would grind you to the stone—shew but your will; the cause of the people is the cause of God—exert but your power, and you must prevail. The persecution of a Swift and a Lucas, did not prevent their attaining those rights for which they so nobly contended; and shall an English Minister, and he too the weakest and wickedest who ever cursed a country by his rule—shall he rob you of your liberties—render you Helots to a Spartan rod of iron—strip you of your imperial independant crown, and make you the poor pillaged province of a Carthage, or a Rome. Forbid it the genius of Ireland, the generous nature of this insulted island.

Ye Yeomen of the land, ye protecting guardians of your country, never forget you are Irishmen, never forget the illustrious Volunteers, who made Ireland a *Country*—while we have life, let us swear on the altar of our country, to hand down to our children Ireland an independant imperial kingdom. *I denounce an Union.* I need not tell you it is the darling object of an English Government—I need not tell you it was by them attempted in 1787, and that they had a despicable majority of purchased slaves. They durst not, they dared not, with all their power and their wealth, force it on a brave and unbought people. It still continues the *chef d'œuvre* of Pitt's machievellian policy; and if he obtains it, he thinks it the saving clause. He believes it will atone in the eyes of his countrymen, for the millions he has wasted; the thousands he has murdered. I believe he will not dare attempt it till a peace; he knows the attempt during the war, would be holding out a bounty for an invasion. The conclusion of the peace would be the instant moment for the execution of his plan. A horde of foreign troops swarm through the country—the people are disarmed—and what impediment it will meet from the Parliament, let those say who think this Parliament less obsequious than the last. To the two houses of Parliament, it holds out the strong temptation of enjoying the honors and pleasures of legislation in a more opulent, civilized, and luxurious country; the pleasures of a Court, and the first capital of the world, what men of fortune will resist. We are not ignorant that many of our nobles prefer being members of the Commons of England, to being Lords of Parliament in Ireland. What then is to prevent an Union, so beneficial to England? The Houses of Parliament will agree to it, for their *own sakes*—an *armed* people *must* agree to it, unless they prefer death! What then is to prevent it? That eternal God of Liberty and Justice, who never suffers villainy finally to triumph over honour, and who, by his inscrutable providence, is rapidly working the salvation of all.

The land-holders of the kingdom have by that bugbear alarm, by the fear of Presbyterian, Catholic or Jacobin plots, fallen into such a panic that they will sacrifice any or every thing, provided they retain their estates, never in any danger; they will believe or pretend to believe the plot of a pop-gun or a warming pan. I happened last winter to be in Maryborough, when the troops there were ordered away—upon which a neighbouring magistrate and lieutenant of yeomen, more famous for hounds than politics, rides post haste to Dublin Castle, declares that defenders (never before or since heard of in that County) were rising up near the town—now what was the real case?—a journeyman baker and his friend were drinking, the latter when drunk, dropt some words of defenders, on which the baker was immediately clapt into gaol, and remained till next day, when upon a true state of the case he was liberated, and nothing more heard of defenders. For the truth of this, I appeal to every inhabitant of Maryborough, and I appeal to every gentleman and magistrate of the County, if there is a quiter or happier County in the Kingdom. Of late it has been too common with magistrates to startle at their shadow; to hang an Horne Tooke, an O'Connor, or a Drenan, would be a *trifle* in comparison to losing a Borough or a Bishoprick for *Young Master*.

From the circumstances it is less necessary to enter into minute detail, of the consequences of an Union; but however that the feeling of your hearts may be strengthened by the resolves of your heads, let us consider the certain consequences of an Union, first inquiring why the English Minister so unceasingly attempts to procure it—no doubt it proceeds from his unbounded affection for Ireland; tho' some very ungrateful disaffected men, pretend to assign other causes—namely, his hatred to rising Liberty, his better recollection of the contempt with which the Irish Parliament treated his usurpation of the rights of the lawful heir of the crown in 1789, and his firm determination to crush at all events, that Irish
energy

energy he finds so *inconvenient* in a Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Courtney, and ~~once~~ in a Burke—he knows too, that Irish Liberty once destroyed, he could bestow his undivided attention to that of England, and what an ally in the execution of his plans, would be the 100 additional Irish votes. He knows well, that an Irish vote would justly obtain the character of an Irish evidence; what would then prevent his triumphant majorities, annually suspending the Habeas Corpus act, continuing a Mutiny Bill, a Convention Bill and any other Bill, till Englishmen should forget that they ever had a Magna Charta, a Habeas Corpus, or a FREE PRESS. Here I will be told Englishmen will never resign their Liberties—alas! we behold a melancholy reverse, we see their ablest writers persecuted for their opinions, the lives of their wisest, greatest and best men attempted on a charge of treason, and any man the minister pleases, he may imprison, without bringing him to trial, though every County almost in the kingdom declared the Commons House not the representatives of the nation, yet do they continue to misrepresent every thing in it.

Once on a time Ability, Eloquence and Patriotism could exalt to the highest ranks in the state, they raised a Cornet Pitt to govern I may say, Europe, an Atheist Philosopher; Wilkes, to make even Majesty tremble on its throne; they exalted a gallant man of the world, Fox, over the Monarchs of Europe—even that Catholic Scholastic from Doway, or the Player's son Brinsly Sheridan; and many thousand instances I could name. They advanced Junius in the rank of the first writers of the age:—tell me Mr Pitt the *very*, what would now be his reward? the gallows or the tender, though perhaps you have sufficiently felt the effects of sending scholars and politicians to man his Majesty's Fleet.

If the miserable destiny of ill-fated Ireland, aided by the fraud of that prince of cheats, the machiavelian minister the second Wentworth, (nick-named Stafford) to
Ireland

Ireland, should unfortunately for the repose of the world, prevail, what would be the result? every man, great by virtue, talents, rank or fortune, would resort to the capital of the Empire, they would fly an enslaved, ignorant, starving, desolated land, they would quit a second Scotland, where every man of genius and merit deserts the land of poverty and scorn, and asserts in every other quarter of the globe, that superiority of genius which the bigot Johnson could not but own when spleen and hatred made him say, and say truly, "the best prospect from Edinburgh was the road to London,"—great consolation forsooth to a generous native, who sees his beloved Country depopulated and laid waste; great comfort to his misery to feel the natural superiority of his countrymen.—When Virgil, the greatest genius of Italy, and in its first noble (I mean nature's noble) was driven from his paternal land *Augustus the Roman king's* military cut-throat, he might go sing *Te Deum*, because he could console himself with virtue, being its own reward; but better might he say with the banished Scotch or Irish, *virtus laudatur & alget*.

Having then given a little vent to the irritated state of my feelings, I will try coolly to consider the consequences of an Union—and first, as to the black list of absentees, for every one now, there would then be one hundred; the men of greatest fortune would of consequence represent us in the English house and there reside; men of independant fortune would prefer the pleasures of the capital, who then would remain here? What man of learning and talents, except the very few who could not pay their passage, to seek their fortunes in a happier land, and even them indignation and grief would soon send to a better world.—What would become of Dublin and its University, which now sends the choicest youths in the kingdom to the capital, it would become a barrack for some future king *James's* soldiers—who would spend twelve the best years of life in labour and study? when the highest summit of his hopes would be a paltry curacy or a petty clerkship in a deserted law court,—perhaps even
a curacy

a curacy would be reserved by the English-man of God, for his butler or his pimp—all our beautiful squares and streets would become an untenanted waste, or the *temporary* residence of a few English traders—our law-courts, instead, of resounding the manly eloquence of a Curran, Ponsonby, Duquerry, Emmet, Fletcher or a Smyth, would serve for Newgate solicitors to howl in. What causes of importance would there be, to induce a scholar or a man of genius to enter a profession that would not produce greater emoluments than that of their wig-maker? a lawyer might then better transport himself, like Juvenal's temporaries to Africa than remain like lawyer Scout in a bad habit—along with our students, divines, college of physicians and lawyers, would perish the liberal education of the officer—no gentleman of property or education would stay on this establishment, where he could meet neither the fashionable nor the rich to associate with—the army would then be officered by corporals and sergeants, who, no doubt, would practice politeness in the fire-works, and *des fetes champetres* of the United Irishmen, whom they would hang, burn, shoot or drown. We all know how *amusing* it is to these *gemmen* of the army to *bust* white-boys, hearts of oak, colliers, defenders, United Irishmen, and certainly one gets keener in the *pleasures* of the chace.

What would become of the trade of Dublin which supplies the pleasures and artificial wants of polished life? along with polished life it would seek another region, or go along with Burke to the family vault of the Capulets, when Dublin was gone, where would the farmer or artist find a mart for their commodities? what would become of the country gentleman? would he stay in a country where he could get no education, or enjoy the pleasures of social life, or what would be the value of land? when the only produce requisite would be food for the peasant and grafs for horses, sheep, cows; look at the counties acknowledged to have most absentees; are they not acknowledged to be most miserable?—the tenants pay more than the value of the land,

land, to supply the extravagant riot of their landlord in a foreign land, they are at rack rents, and there are several divisions of under tenants till the actual land-holder or under tenant, is nothing but a miserable cottager working with the beasts of the field, with a pig-stye to cover him, a potatoe to feed him, and perhaps not a brouge to refresh the sole of his feet—will any one say this is exaggeration? will even the petulant, pensioned, and pragmatical Sheridan *dare* to deny it? whoever disbelieves it, let him travel through the counties Meath, Westmeath, Cavan, and the other absentee counties of Ireland, where there are few resident gentlemen, and if he does not then account for misery and irregularities of those called defenders, I will not envy his feelings “let him to supper with what appetite he may” let the same man ask why the counties Cork, Kerry, Tipperary, Limerick, Carlow, Queen’s County, Wicklow, &c. &c. are more peaceable than the rest? the answer is clear, there are some resident gentlemen, and they diffuse some of their comforts and happiness around them.

It were devoutly to be wished that some honest man, in the confidence of his sovereign, would acquaint him with the real state of his kingdom of Ireland—what a change would it produce in the Administration of this country? His Majesty knowing that the complaints of his people arise from poverty and the internal state of the country, and not from the smallest intention of dethroning his Majesty, or introducing French principles, would instantly redress their grievances, and no longer suffer himself to be surrounded by a herd of lying sycophants, and artful traitors, who deceive him with false accounts, in order to maintain themselves in their odious and unpopular authority. The faction who rule Ireland by a rod of iron, have long been execrated by the whole people. They monopolize all the civil, military, ecclesiastical authorities, and emoluments, they have enriched their own beggarly families, and beggar’d a rich nation; they have converted the whole representation of Ireland into a family borough,
and

and when the people unite to obtain a reform, they cry out they are traitors who want to overturn the government, and introduce a republic by such insinuations and artful misrepresentations, they have alienated the affections of our royal sovereign, and made him look on a loyal nation, as a nest of traitors who are only to be kept in awe by an immense army, by hanging, transportation, and imprisonment—not content with this, they at immense cost, suborned spies, and perjured informers, for prosecuting innocent men, in order to establish the truth of the existence of a treasonable plot.

Their sole object since the first dawn of liberty in eighty-two, has been to stifle it in its birth, and keep the people in ignorance and disunion. They with all their might and soul conspired to alienate and estrange the different religious sects; first by holding out the Catholics as objects of danger and aversion, as inimical and subversive of a Protestant government, but when the liberal spirit of the Northern Protestants, frustrated this hellish attempt, and united all such in fraternal union, the North was not to be forgiven, but punished for thwarting the machinations of a junto. Since the Catholics were found worthy of protection from the state, the Northern dissenters were the next object of attack—"they were Deists, Jacobins, and dangerous men," in fact they had too much sense and information, too much liberality and love of liberty—Oho, "they correspond with the Jacobin club, and with Robertspierre and the Directory, and General Clarke, and with God knows who else"—out bounces a report of the *secret committee*—"the North is in arms, they have got Cannon and vast quantities of Ammunition and regular armies, and constitutions, and they are marching to Dublin, to roast and eat the Lord lieutenant, and the Privy Council, and Paddy Daignan, and the two Houses of Parliament, and all his Majesty's liege and loyal subjects."

What a dreadful consternation ensued. The whole city was terrified out of its wits. *It must be true*—the two Houses
of

of Parliament and their Committees *said* it—every man of property believed it, and implicitly threw himself into the *protecting* arms of government. They were entrusted with a *vigour* beyond the law, to burn houses, take away arms, transport without a trial, and hang without a trial, by *removing a perjured evidence, and giving out that he was murdered*.—Troops were poured in as if the land was in open war—a whole province was declared out of the protection of the law, and that the richest, best informed, most sober, and industrious province in the kingdom; opulent and industrious men were sent by thousands aboard the tender; thousands filled all the jails in the kingdom, and the virtuous, chaste military hero of this tragedy, took shelter behind an act of indemnity; an act of indemnity! *ob tempora, ob! mores!* Oh! humanity thou art fled to brutish beasts!—who can doubt, cries the *honest unbribed* Mr. C. F. Sheridan, the existence of treason, when so many are hanged for it—oh! no doubt of it—no doubt Mr. Orr is a traitor, a *military murderer* swears it, and a *drunken jury* declares it.

It is by such arts as these, that our best countrymen are to be murdered—our liberties trampled—our land laid waste—our passions raised—or fears excited—our reason so disordered, that we will be glad to embrace any project that promises the smallest repose; *thus* is the well meaning, or wealthy man to be driven to the desperate extremity of an union, and glad would he be to do any thing for peace and quietness.

With the approach of the session come new alarms, and new danger. “General Clarke brother in law to that terrible fellow Buonaparte, and an Irish renegade, has come post from Italy, in a *balloon* or a *row-boat*, he has concerted the plan of an invasion, with the United Irishmen, he has escaped the vigilance of our two reconnoitering armies, got back to Italy, and we will be all murdered or burned in our beds—Giffard! Giffard! Giffard! old Croaker was nothing to thee—you outdo him quite—*be* really

really believed in danger, *he* received dreadful anonymous letters—you do not believe in danger, *you compose* dreadful anonymous letters. You are an industrious labourer in the vineyard—the labourer is worth his hire; but all this would only excite my merriment, or a smile of contempt, if the comment in the *Dublin Journal*, on this forged news of Clark's arrival, did not very seriously attract my attention, and alarm my suspicions. I beseech you, my countrymen, attend to it particularly—it deserves your utmost attention.

[FROM THE DUBLIN JOURNAL OF SATURDAY OCT. 7.]

"For the last two days the citizens of Dublin have been occupied by a very extraordinary report, which upon enquiry we believe to be fully supported by the fact; the substance of this report we now give :

"That a General in the French service, named Clarke, the brother-in-law and coadjutor of Buonaparte, and by birth an Irishman, had been for forty hours in the last week in this city; had held conferences with the leaders of the United Irishmen, and having obtained his information, and given his directions had embarked in a fishing smack from Killiny-bay, on Sunday morning last."

A short time however, will serve to baffle and counteract the projects of treason, and to exhibit to the citizens of Dublin facts which might now be as incredible as they are horrible, &c. &c."

What is this but preparing us for new terrors—we are to expect new arrests, fresh prosecutions, new penal statutes—when will all this end? I should not be surprised, if the printer, or conductor of the *PRESS*, was implicated in some charge—"this paper is dangerous, we must stop it if possible, it may enlighten the people, we cannot stop it by a military banditti, as we did the *Northern Star*—what other means shall we take?—can we implicate them in treason or sedition?" no, mild and merciful-governor, it would much perplex, even the practiced ingenuity of
Crown

Crown lawyers to effect this—no—the real traitors are those who libel a loyal and generous people, who call an attempt at reform, an attempt at revolution, and punish it accordingly. I will my countrymen, trespass no longer on your patience—I will in a future letter, pursue this subject, satisfied with believing, what all nature fully and loudly proclaims—that there is a God—and that God will never suffer the *Emerald of the world*, to be devoured by swine,

WM. CAXON.

MARTIAL LAW.

We have already seen many instances of the blessings of *Scotch* Military progress, in breaking the spirit of Ireland—the following is an instance of *Welsh* gallantry for the same purpose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

HAVING been confined as a prisoner for two nights in the guard house in the town of Newry. I think it incumbent on me to avoid any misrepresentation taking place, which might injure my character, and likewise to shew, how the inhabitants of that town are abused, to state for what and by whom I was confined.

On Tuesday night last, at five minutes past eleven, I was sitting in my mother's house, with a few friends, ladies and gentlemen, after supper, when we were alarmed with the breaking of windows, and instantly on my opening the hall door, to see who the ruffians were, a common informer of the name of Frederick Dutton, with a party of the ancient British Fencible Cavalry, armed with pistols and swords, entered the house and Dutton desired one of his party to take hold of me, and I was taken with a pistol pointed close to my breast, with

Mr.

Mr. Robert Wallace of Newry, (who was one of our party,) to the guard house, and left there, with orders from Dutton, that if either Mr. Wallace or I spoke a word, to send for him and he would settle us; he returned to my mother's, and brought with him two of my brothers and Mr. Patrick Mc. Cawly of Newry, who was likewise one of our party, and whom he had left behind the time before; I enquired from an officer of the regiment, who came to the guard house a short time afterwards, to know if he could discharge us, but his answer was, that he had not any thing to do with Mr. Dutton's prisoners, that Mr. Dutton had a guard of his own. Shortly afterwards, W. Beath, Esq. a magistrate for the Co. Down, came and was willing to discharge Mr. Mc. Cawly, (the rest of us did not apply to him,) but the corporal dare not obey him. Two officers of the same regiment, likewise said, they could not do any thing without the Lieutenant Colonel's or Mr. Dutton's directions. We remained there until the following day between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were discharged by an Officer, saying, the Lieutenant Colonel had not any farther business with us.

On Wednesday the news of the Defeat of the Dutch Fleet having arrived, a bellman went through the streets, ordering the inhabitants, by the directions of Acheson Thompson, Esq. Seneschal, to illuminate their windows that evening, and indeed the town was very well lighted not a house to be seen without candles burning.

About fifteen minutes past nine o'Clock, I was surprized at seeing three of the officers of the regiment of ancient British Fencible Cavalry, breaking the windows of Mr. Joseph Wright's house opposite mine; and seeing them advancing to break my windows, I began to tell them that I had just had my lights put out, when one of them of the name of Bargainy drew his sword and swore if I spoke another word he would cut off my head. Finding I could not speak to them with safety I returned into the house,

house, which I had scarcely done, when on watching from the window what they were doing, saw them speaking with George Anderson, Esq. a justice of the peace, and thinking that by his speaking to them they would not attempt to break my windows I went out to him, and immediately Mr. Bargainy damned me, saying are you come again to affront an officer by speaking to him, and on my telling him that if he or any other officer thought I had affronted them they knew where I lived and would be at home in the morning. They took me prisoner and one of them of the name of Jones sent for the guard, and notwithstanding Mr. Anderson politely told them he would be answerable for me in the morning I was taken to the guard-house by Mr. Jones, and on the way, when I told him he need not take me to the guard-house as I would give him any satisfaction he wanted in the morning. He answered that the only satisfaction he wanted was to kick me. I was confined till the next day between one and two o'clock, and then discharged by an officer saying, Major Wardle had not any farther business with me.

About fifteen minutes after I was in the guard-house, Major Wardle and Mr. Bargainy came and Major Wardle enquired what prisoners were there, and on being told that I had been left there by Mr. Jones; Mr. Bargainy told me, I might be very thankful, he had not cut off my head, which he certainly would have done for my speaking to him; had it not been in cold blood, and for the future at my peril not to dare to speak to one of them—and that officer of his regiment would give or ask from me any satisfaction. Major Wardle then told me, he had just come from leaving Mr. Jones in confinement, for being drunk but that he would go and enquire from him what charge was against me, and return shortly, which he did about half an hour afterwards, and then told me I had been confined for insulting an officer, by speaking to him—but, that I was not to consider myself any longer confined by Mr. Jones, but by him, that I sat there with great audacity because I knew I had saved my neck from
the

the gallows, by taking the oath of allegiance under the proclamation, and on my telling him he was mistaken, as I had not taken any such oath, said he was glad of it—for that there he had me, that I was one of the greatest United villains in the town, and that my father (although he has been dead these sixteen years) was a leader of them and that all my name with many others, (mentioning the names of the most respectable families in the town were so)—but that I was the worst of all, and on my attempting to speak to him, told me, if I spoke another word he would twist my neck, and that he would take me the following morning to his guard house (alluding to a dungeon which is preparing in an under ground floor of an house in the low ground) and that as the Lieutenant Colonel was going away in a few days, he would have the entire command ; and if I should attempt to get out by any of my ATTORNEY'S TRICKS, or that I or any friend for me should attempt to take any proceedings against him, he would keep me in the dungeon on bread and water till I should rot, and would bring me some of my friends to keep me company, and work us every morning. That he did not care about any law, nor would he know any but his own will, that he would make the inhabitants of the town obey him and put out their lights when he pleased—and any house a light was in after his orders for putting them out, should not come off so easy as my mother's had done. And if my person was found in the street after eleven o'clock, without the counter sign, the troopers should not take him prisoner, but dispose of him in a shorter manner—he then desired the corporal of the guard not to allow me any thing but bread and water, nor pen, ink, or paper, nor any person to speak to me, not even a magistrate.

Finding I could not get any personal satisfaction from these officers, on Saturday I applied to three magistrates in Newry to swear examinations against them for an assault and false imprisonment, and likewise against Dutton for breaking the windows and assaulting and falsely imprisoning me, but they would not receive them ; I shall therefore

fore take another mode of proceeding, and hope the court of King's-bench will teach these Magistrates their duty; and having now, Sir, done my duty, so far as concerns me individually, shall inform you of a few of the acts of this Mr. Dutton, which came within my knowledge—the first night I was confined, about half past eleven, he brought in two men, who had just come with a car from Newtown-Hamilton; and unfortunately for them were rather late coming into town, owing to the car having broken on the road, and who I believe still remain in a place adjoining the guard-room, quite open to wind and rain, without fire or candle, or even a wisp of straw to lie down on; and about three o'clock in the morning of which I was first confined, he broke the windows of the house of Mr. Munroe of Canal-street, and took him out of his bed and brought him to the guard-house; the night the town was illuminated, he broke all the windows, and cut the sashes in the under part of the house of Mr. Patrick M'Cawley of Newry, notwithstanding it was one of the best lighted houses in the town, and had the insolence to tell me in the guard-house, if I spoke he would put me in irons, but these are only a few of his wicked doings, which I am sorry to say he seems sanctioned in, by being allowed a guard, and not any person daring to take any proceedings against him for fear of being worse treated.

A number of the most respectable inhabitants have left, and are now preparing to leave that unhappy town, one of the largest and most respectable in the kingdom, and I assure you if government does not interfere and put a stop to such acts, no one will remain there that can possibly remove.

Before I take leave of you, I beg leave to mention the case of an unfortunate man who has been confined these fifteen days, and was in the guard-house while I was there; his crime mentioned in the report handed by one officer to another when they relieved guard, is being suspected of being tried, and committed by Savage Hall, Esq. a Magistrate

gistrate for the county of Down. I should think if there is any charge against any person, that the Magistrate should send him to the county gaol, and not to a dungeon. Hoping to see better times, and that people will get leave to follow their business, and live quietly at home, without being in danger every moment of losing their lives, and that such acts will not go unpunished, I remain

Sir,

Your humble servant,

GEO. OGLE.

J. B.—This infamous Dutton, who has now the command of a guard, and does as he pleases—lived servant to some families in Newry, and was discharged for various mal-practices.

GENERAL HOCHÉ.

pronounced by General Jourdan, in the Constitutional Circle, on the Death of General HOCHÉ.

In a despotic government, the man of war is a dangerous and terrible instrument employed by the tyrant to profligate the people: a warrior is but the obedient slave of the tyrant, a slave who rules over other slaves. In a free country, the citizen who devotes himself to the defence of his country, is a supporter of the state—a protector of Liberty. The first receives, in recompence of what he has rendered his master, titles and decorations, in the eye of a philosopher, are but the livid marks of blood: he is feared and detested by the people, and to him nothing else than the agent of tyranny.

On the contrary, is recompensed for the services he has rendered the state by the esteem and admiration of his fellow-citizens: it is chiefly when he falls in the cause of Liberty, that the people honour him, and with regrets that are sincere, and that emanate

K

nate

nate from a sentiment of gratitude. It is to perform this doleful duty, citizens, that we are now assembled. Hoche is no more ! This young hero, who had not yet arrived at the age of thirty years, and who, nevertheless, ranked amongst the first Captains of Europe, has terminated his career. His ashes repose at Coblenz, beside those of the intrepid Marceau. Without doubt, they will one day repose in the French Pantheon, as their memory will live in history for ever.

Lazarus Hoche was brought up in the *ci-devant* regiment of gens-d'armes, which first declared in favour of the Revolution: his conduct, his morals, his strict attention to duty, his military talents, acquired him the esteem of his superiors. On the 14th of July, 1789, the tocsin of Liberty sounded. At this terrible signal, the French people started from their sleep, rose in a mass, and demanded what right an individual had to keep them in slavery. From that moment the Throne began to totter. The representatives of the nation proclaimed the Rights of Man, and abrogated those distinctions of birth which excluded from the first military stations those who did not belong to the class of the nobility. Then every Frenchman was a citizen, and had a right to pretend to those places which he was worthy of occupying from his virtues and his talents.

In the mean time those French cavaliers who thought it an honour to be the supporters of the Throne, and who were accustomed to regard regiments as herds which they were exclusively to lead, considered themselves outraged ; and, too cowardly to rally round their master in order to defend their pretended privileges, they fled at the approach of the dawn of Liberty, and took refuge with the neighbouring Powers, which they excited to come in order to avenge their quarrel. They had the folly to believe, that by their retreat, they would not leave our troops in a condition to combat: they had the vanity to think, that it was necessary to be noble, and that it was sufficient to be
noble

to make a man a great General, and lead men in the army. But the Genius of Liberty inslating the courage of the French, we saw on every part of the frontiers, battalions hastily forming: we saw starting from the ranks of all the regiments, Chiefs who, animated with the desire of serving the cause of the people, proved to all Europe, that courage, merit, talents, and virtue, are the attributes of every Freeman.

Hube was one of those whose genius soon attracted the attention of the Government. Already was he Adjutant General at the battle of Honschoot, where he distinguished himself in such a manner as to deserve the confidence of the Committee of Public Safety, who gave him the command of the Army of the Moselle. It was then that the great talents of that General were seen developed.

Hube arrived at the army of the Moselle, in the end of 1793. That Army was spread in platoons behind the Sarre and the Moselle: the enemy maintained a threatening attitude: the season was far advanced, and his army in a state of complete deprivation. All these circumstances united, would have shaken the courage of an ordinary General, and induced him to remain on the defensive—to entrench himself—to take winter quarters, and give some repose to an army in a ruinous condition, and not accustomed to conquer. But those difficulties were not sufficient to deter the genius of *Hube*. He knew the patriotism of the Defenders of the Country, which always produces astonishing effects when it is well directed: he knew the national character, which renders a French Soldier fitter for an offensive than a defensive war; and he knew how to derive advantageous effects both from the one and the other. He forthwith represented to the army, that the enemy occupied a portion of the territory of the Republic; that it lived at discretion: that French Citizens groaned under the tyranny of Foreign Soldiers: he told them that Landau was blockaded, and that important place would fall into the hands of the enemy & not speedily relieved. The Officer and Soldier resumed
K 2
their

their courage at the voice of a Chief who knew how to reanimate their patriotism. All were desirous to march—all were burning for the combat. *Hoche* ably profited of that enthusiasm; the army was collected, and he soon led it to battle and to victory.

I shall not here retrace those skilful manœuvres which obliged the enemy to abandon his positions which were thought impregnable: I shall not lay before you relations of fourteen days of fighting, and of marches in a difficult country, and over mountains covered with snow: Already has a pen more capable than mine sketched out the picture which is left to history to finish—I shall content myself with observing, that *Hoche*, after surmounting all those obstacles, formed a junction with the army of the Rhine; that the command of both armies was entrusted to him; and that, on the 2d of Nivose, 2d year, he beat the enemy in the lines of Weissenbourg. The result of that memorable day was the raising of the blockade of Landau, the expulsion of the enemy from Alsace, and the recapture of Fort Vauban.

The services which *Hoche* rendered his country entitled him to the national gratitude, and certainly every good Frenchman expected to see thanks voted him by the government; but envy, the never-dying worm of the reputation of great men, attacked that of general *Hoche*. He was removed by the manœuvres of an ambitious man, a traitor—and deprived of his Liberty. Imprisoned in a hideous dungeon of the Conciergerie, that great man waited with equal resignation and courage, the moment when, in reward of his services, he should augment the number of those unfortunate victims whose blood every day flowed upon the scaffolds. Already was announced his act of accusation, or rather his decree of death. The 9th Thermidor came: *Hoche* was set at liberty, and sent to take the command in La Vendee.

That

That General, who knew how to reconcile military firmness with sentiments of humanity, was soon sensible, that to recal to the bosom of the Republic, Frenchmen led astray by seditious priests, it was not so necessary to fight, as to enlighten them. It was on such wise bases that he established the rules of his conduct. He disdained the laurels which he could not gather but by spilling French blood, and, able to repress the fire of his ardent youth, he preferred the title of pacificator to that of conquerer. He distributed his troops conveniently; he suppressed the scandalous disorders which armed a part of the inhabitants of of those unhappy countries; he pursued, without intermission, the Royal and Catholic armies; he prevented them from uniting in any great numbers; he caused the laws to be executed with firmness and wisdom: In fine, he restored peace in those unfortunate countries, where the French, for so long a time, had been massacring each other. What gratitude do we not owe him for a conduct so prudent! We admire the military Chiefs who gain battles but the blood they will spill draws tears from our eyes; here we have only to bless the pacificator, who calmed the anguish of so many unfortunate families.

Nevertheless, an opportunity presented itself for the acquisition of glory. England vomited on our shores a crowd of Emigrants, unnatural children, who, after abandoning their mother country, returned to bring into it the torch of discord, and cover it with mourning and with blood. Hoche collected his troops, and made dispositions equally bold and skilful; he attacked them, and obtained at Quiberon a most signal victory. Illustrious Hero! the glory is all yours. You have removed civil war, no doubt for ever, from these countries too long miserable.

Hoche was appointed by government to encounter new dangers, and acquire fresh glory. He embarked in order to carry Liberty to the people of Ireland, and terror to the Cabinet of James's. Insurmountable obstacles opposed themselves to this design; and Hoche was obliged to return to France, after having been exposed to the most imminent perils.

Proud

Proud Albion! you have smiled at that unexpected reverse—but TREMBLE!—a time *will* come, and that time perhaps not far distant, when we shall overcome all difficulties—you shall be better acquainted with French valour; we will plant the tri-coloured Flag upon your Coasts; we will conquer a peace in the midst of your Capital.

Victory, which seemed for a moment to have forsaken the three-coloured Standard on the borders of the Rhine, waited only for General Hoche to take his station again in the ranks of the Republicans. He arrives, and with the quickness of lightning passes the Rhine, overthrows the enemy, kills five thousand men, makes nine thousand prisoners, and in the space of three days, presents himself at the gates of Frankfort.

The signing of the Preliminaries of Peace arrested the progress of that hero, whom victory conducted from one triumph to another,

It would be superfluous, Citizens, to speak to you of the civism of General Hoche, or of his attachment to the Republic! You know his firm and courageous conduct, when the conspirators, not giving themselves the trouble to disguise their projects, were drawing us on by large strides to royalty, while the Republican Constitution was for ever in their mouths. He applauded, as well as all good Citizens, and all the armies, the memorable day of the eighteenth Fructidor (fourth September); but he did not long enjoy the triumph of the Republicans. He is now inclosed in his tombs, and he was not thirty years of age! May the example of his conduct elevate the souls of all military men, and excite them to an imitation of it!—Let us dry up our tears, Citizens! our regrets cannot restore to us a hero, whom death has snatched away from us. Let us seek consolation in the reflection that many others remain to us. Already is Hoche replaced by one of the conquerors of Italy, to whom victory has been ever faithful. Our divisions are commanded by Generals whose illustrious names

names, renowned delights to mention. In all the stations, in every rank, we see magnanimous warriors covered with immortal glory:—And thou, extraordinary man, who hast acquired more glory, and reaped more laurels in one campaign, than any general, ancient or modern, has done in the course of his life! Conqueror of Austria, Liberator of Italy! accept our homage. May the genius of Liberty watch over thy precious days, and may the honor of adorning thy tomb be reserved for our posterity! And all you, children of the country, who form those invincible armies which have astonished Europe, and conquered its *Kings*!—you, to whom the French people are indebted for their Liberty—accept these testimonies of our admiration and our gratitude: we are burning with the desire of embracing you, of pressing you to our bosoms, and of hearing you recount your exploits,

When we have to deplore the death of a hero, our attention is naturally directed towards peace. We the more ardently desire it, because we still fear to have more tears to shed. And we lament to see people not sufficiently enlightened to know, that they sacrifice their blood to the ambition of the masters that govern them, when they should only take up arms to conquer or to defend their Liberty.

Oh! you, who oblige us to fight, from the wish of replunging us in slavery! you, who have always been conquered! you who could not otherwise stop the course of our victories, but by talking to us of peace! dread to abuse our generosity. You refuse that peace which the French people consents to grant you, because it is as generous as puissant. If you force us to sound the charge once more, you shall once more be conquered; and shall place on the ruins of your thrones, that liberty which marches in the train of our victorious armies!

WILLIAM,

WILLIAM,
AN ELEGY,

BY THE MINSTREL.

Are your springs, Oh! ye Muses run dry,
Has horror suspended their source!
That yet nor a tear nor a sigh,
Oh! William has hallow'd thy corse.

And didst thou not mercy believe,
What fate did disclose to thine ear,
That if William no longer must live,
Thou too wert to find the same bier.

But tho' thou didst find the same tomb,
Ere William some moments you died,
Ah! you else had averted his doom—
To save the pale victim had tried.

Ah! to save the pale victim you tried,
But your suit was put by with disdain!
From that moment your head did you hide,
Till your heart it was broken in twain.

Then, Oh! William how pale was thy cheek.
Where beauty so peerless did dwell,
As the breast of thy love thou didst seek,
To bid her a dismal farewell.

Ah! clay cold was her breast with despair,
And clos'd were her eyes from thy view,
While all sense had abandoned her ear,
As abhorring to her thy adieu.

And the pledge of thy love that she bore,
Grew instinctively cold in her womb;
One sigh did it breathe and no more,
A tribute to William's hard doom.

Oh!

Oh ! the beauty that bloomed on his cheek,
 The truth has gave light to his eye—
 And, ah ! cou'd they not favor bespeak.
 Or forbid thee, Oh ! William, to die ?—

But now, Hope ! thy delusions are o'er !—
 Thy visions with William are fled,
 Thou didst promise my love to restore,
 I believ'd thee—until he was dead.

Then be wither'd the barbarous hand,
 Did execute such a decree !
 And the heart that did give the command,
 A stranger to rest may it be.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IDWELL at some length on the present administration, because like the fifth act of a drama (a tragic drama) it brings with it, the denouncement or unravelling of the plot, which had been prepared and ripened by preceding governments. The action may be said to commence, with the proconsulate of the Marquis of Buckingham, it was carried on under the Duke of Rutland and Lord Westmorland, whose continuance in Office may be called the second and third acts of the piece ; the fourth act shews us Lord Fitzwilliam invested with power, changing the maxims of government, exciting the hopes of all good men, and producing one of those transient changes of fortune in which tragedy delights, and which expand a short-lived gleam of sunshine, only to render by contrast the gloomy catastrophe the more deplorable and surprising

When

When the establishment of a *Yeomanry* (as it has been called, by a gross abuse of terms) was first brought forward, as a touch-stone of the court propensities, or as it was emphatically called, of the *loyalty* of the people, for no small pains have been taken, to confound loyalty, with a blind devotion to the present administration; the patriotism and the penetration of the Irish nation perceived the treacherous purpose, and recoiled from the snare; it remained for a profession, which requires, and indeed produces or cultivates professional effrontery in its individuals; it remained for a society considerable in this country, and which ought to be independent from its wealth, to come forward on this occasion, when meaner descriptions of men prudently or honestly held back, yet their's was only a seeming interference to furnish an example, which afterwards became very prevalent. I use the word *seeming*, for the measure originated in the absence of a great part of the learned body to which I allude. A few gentlemen of whose secret motives I have no right to judge, whose characters as individuals, may be highly respectable, but whose rank among their brethren, with regard to talents and ability, or whose situation in life, did not entitle them to dictate or propound an example to the rest of the community, took upon themselves to answer for the rest of the body, and officiously sent an embassy to the Castle. The gentlemen Projectors found themselves, for some time, in an awkward predicament, till by their own uncommon activity in the recruiting service, and the strenuous interference of government, applying Hope to one, Fear to another, actual Emolument to a third, according to the temper and circumstances of the patient, the generality of the profession, were either driven or led into the armed ranks.

The first avowed motive of association was commendable, the maintenance of good order, and the preservation of private property, while the more effective and regular troops are engaged, in opposing the progress of an invader. Had the *Yeomanry*, without warlike pomp, associated fairly
for

for this avowed purpose, and this alone; had they been permitted to embody themselves without the formality of commissioning their officers; it had been well for the country; but this would not have promoted the secret aims of the Cabinet. A military institution, on the principle of the true volunteers of *Ireland* would have checked, instead of forwarding the schemes of a vindictive and encroaching government. The expence to the country in the prosecution of this hopeful plan has been enormous — the unavoidable charge, for arms, accoutrements, cloathing, and pay for these satellities of ministry has been enhanced, I fear, in many instances, by various forms of speculation particularly by a system of false musters, which I am told has too frequently crept into practice among the exercising officers of the *Yeomanry*. What might be the force and utility of this body of men in case of invasion is problematical; I fear they would not be answerable to their cost; if the practice of false musters has prevailed to any considerable extent, their numbers and discipline have been much exaggerated; certain it is however, that they are sufficiently dreadful to the peasantry of Ireland, and certain it is, that to the *Yeomanry* we may attribute the loss of Catholic Emancipation, of Parliamentary Reform, and of Temper and Moderation in the government of the country; to them we are indebted for the reign of terror, for ferocities that might draw tears of pity from a Roberespierre. How these gentlemen may protect us from foreign enemies, I know not, but we are bound to thank them, in the next instance after the *British* Cabinet for the state of intestine warfare that subsists in this country, for the appearance of hostile invasion, and more than savage devastation, which appalls the traveller and traverses the country in every direction from sea to sea, at the same time, I am ready to acquit the Majority of any foresight or intention, that such should be the effect of their association; they have been mere instruments in the hands of designing men.

I am

I am sorry to see, that some of the *Yeomanry* are rapidly sinking into a character, that will not contribute to render them more estimable in the eyes of their fellow-citizens. From a mistaken idea, of maintaining the peace of their respective districts, of arresting suspected persons, and of punishing the idle and disorderly—they have been led to oppress the poor, on slight grounds, and sometimes, without any grounds whatsoever, they have also, been betrayed into very injurious conduct in some, instances, towards individuals in the respectable walks of life. I would conjure those gentlemen, to avoid such acts of indiscreet zeal; to reflect, that they may bring disgrace and odium on the character of a *Yeoman*; and that they do not essentially serve the cause of government; but, on the contrary, alienate the minds of many loyal and well-disposed persons; and that such conduct must have a fatal influence on society, by diffusing a secret inveteracy and rancour, between man and man; and disposing the sufferers, their adherents and connections to a fatal retaliation, should matters in this Country be fatally brought to the last extremity.

The gentlemen of the *Yeomanry* corps have strong ideas of a kind of military spirit or military honour, which, as they think, implicitly binds the armed man to obey, without reserve, the orders of his commander. Such gentlemen, wholly lose sight of the first aim and institution of *Yeomanry* associations; and while they vainly fancy them to be *soldiers*, forget that they are *citizens*. I would entreat them, in the moment of interference, on actual duty, to put themselves in the place of the persons, whom, they may be urged by others, or inclined of themselves to maltreat; let them not trespass on the forbearance of a much-enduring people—let them leave to the foreign mercenaries, that breath imprisonment, death and desolation, the task of coercion, and let them not seek to be recorded in history, among the founders of military despotism in their native Country.

It is much to be lamented, that the patrons of the *Yemeny* institution, in their rage for making the adoption of the cockade, and the uniform general, had not been led to intrude, with profane step and sacrilegious hand, into the sanctuary of learning. His Majesty, who represents the founders of that venerable institution, had he been timely apprised, would have interfered in the fullness of his paternal care, to preserve the only University of the Country, from a measure so ruinous, so incompatible with literary pursuits and academic discipline. It is not surprising, that generous and fiery spirits of warm and inexperienced youth, should catch, with eagerness at the idea of arraying themselves in arms to defend their Country. It is natural, that the neighing steed and the shrill trumpet the royal banner, and all *the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war*, should make a strong impression on juvenile fancies, and lead the student for the moment, to forget that the most important and essential service he can render the public, is to form his mind while he has an opportunity to catch the pure spirit of freedom, from the immortal writings and the glorious models of *Greece* and *Rome*, to learn, to know and value his own rights, and to respect the rights of other men; in fine, by a due attention to the attainment of elementary knowledge, to prepare himself for learning and discharging with integrity and ability, the mighty duties of the citizen and the man. It is indeed surprising and deplorable, that the rulers and preceptors of the learned seminary in question; men, who ought to consider themselves as trustees for the parents and guardians of the students under their care, that they whether possessed with the demon of *alarm*, or smitten with desire of preferment, and eager to conciliate the favour of a court, should sink the literary preceptor in the drill serjeant and exchange the sober cap and gown of the college fellow for the light-infantry jacket and the helmet of the common soldier; the drum and fife resound incessantly through the peaceful and retired *pomaria* of the college, and lectures and examinations are postponed to field days and ~~flam~~ battles. The fellows of the college, if I mistake not, take

take a solemn oath, that they will both observe the statutes themselves, and to the best of their power, enforce the observance of them in others: how then could they bring themselves to take up arms, and to put weapons into the hands of the students; in direct and open violation of a positive prohibition in the statutes *? If the obligation of an oath is a slight thing with those gentlemen, ought they not to have reflected seriously on the consequence of such a measure? how destructive of subordination—how unfriendly to study—how introductory of dissipation and intemperance—how apt to throw young men into the military profession, in opposition to the wishes of their parents!!

I have dwelt even to satiety, on the conduct and views of our *Governors*; let us now transfer our attention to the *governed*, and enquire into the temper and disposition of the people. It cannot be denied or concealed, that deep and general discontent prevails. The people have been ill advised, and intemperate, in some instances; and furnished a pretext for the making this country an example of severe chastisement, a lesson of intimidation to the rest of the *British* empire, to quell the movements towards reform, and stifle the mutinous aspirations after freedom. It has been the craft of Government to connect with the *French* revolution those efforts and movements which have been made towards renovating the constitution, and bringing it back to its first principles. The liberal sentiment, the wish for freedom, the censure of the present order of regulated corruption, all are reprobated, and ascribed to the fatal and alarming progress of French principles. I will not presume to deny, that a great

* *Porro statuimus & ordinamus, ut nullus predictorum (studentum) armis, aut telis, veluti gladiis, sicis aut pugionibus, in Collegio aut in urbe utatur, sub penâ, primò commensus duarum hebdomadarum, secundò menstrui, tertio perpetuæ amationis a nostro Collegio. Cap. 2. p. 81.*

nation triumphantly contending for freedom furnishes an apt subject of criminalizing comparison, and contumelious reference. I will not venture to insinuate, that the atrocities which disgraced the revolution in France may all be traced, to their true source, in the wicked and perfidious interference of the coalesced powers. But why resort to France and French principles? Are example and precept necessary to teach men to feel the law which nature has engraven on their hearts? Must the faint and bleeding bondman travel to France to learn that he is oppressed when the burthen actually galls his shoulder, and the scorpion lash of his tormentor descends on his back? that there is room—room did I say? An urgent and imperious necessity for a reform in our corrupted constitution, and an amendment in the condition of the miserable people is a truth, written in *the blood of the Irish peasant*; and he that runs may read it by *the light of the flames that consume his cottage*.

✓ There are two parties in this country that like profess themselves friends of the constitution; the adherents of the one profess an enthusiastic admiration of our inestimable constitution, not only in its substance, but in all its present forms; and think an attachment to the British constitution may be best manifested by vehement expressions of loyalty to the British Sovereign. The other party would willingly concede something to the changes which efflux of time has wrought in the sentiments and the circumstances of men, since various parts of the British constitution were first framed and settled as they now exist. According to the opinions of those men, a true regard to the spirit and substance of the constitution, not by a blind devotion to mere forms, but by a temperate pursuit, through legal means, of the emancipation of the oppressed Catholics of Ireland; and of a solid and effectual, not an aristocratic and illusory reform in parliament—each of these parties accuses its rival of secret aims, dissembled with cautious art, and far more extensive and alarming than the avowed ostensible objects. The friends of reform suspect their
opponents

opponents of conspiring to extend the prerogative of the crown, and even of harbouring a covert wish to effectuate an union between Ireland and Britain, as the only sure method of rendering permanent the connection of the two countries. The opposite party charge the friends of reform with what they deem an heinous crime, a secret predilection for a Republican form of Government, and a design to to attain this darling object, under the specious pretext of a Parliamentary Reform.

I hold it fair, to judge of men from their professions, as long as their actions are conformable. The secret intentions of the heart, can be known only to the great searcher of hearts; but I believe, in fact that each of the parties I have mentioned, might be subdivided into two classes. The first into constitutional royalists, or honest alarmists, and the minions of power, the creatures and adherents without discrimination or free will of every administration, who thrive on the abuses and corruptions of government:—the latter into constitutional royalist reformers, and secret republicans. The ministerial royalist abhors all reformers alike, as his natural enemies; for all reformation tends to cut off a gainful traffic in abuses, to remove the disorders, in the state, to which these vermin owe their existence and magnitude. On the other hand, the friends of reform are apt to consider the persons who dignify themselves, exclusively, with the appellation of the supporters of government, as enemies of the country, in general, and of the reformers in particular; as persons, who thirst for their destruction, and wish to extinguish all free enquiry and public spirit.

Impartiality obliges me to say, that from my observation (and I converse much with people of both descriptions) the reformers, though violent perhaps in their politics, are moderate in their demeanor, compared with their opponents; and controversy on their parts, (with a few exceptions among the lower order) is free from personal outrage, and has not degenerated into savage ferocity and
thirst

thirst of blood ; what change the conduct of their adversaries may produce is not easy to conjecture ; the other party are actuated by a rage more than human ; their teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.— They brand those who differ from them in politics, with the most approbrious epithets—incendiaries—anarchists—traitors and rebels *—no professions of loyalty or zeal for the *British* constitution can appease their fury ; every man who wishes for a Reform in Parliament, or even with the utmost diffidence, intimates a doubt of the immaculate purity of Government, both in theory and practice, is a traitor in his heart, and should be cut off from the face of society. They would prefer, as they scruple not to declare, the open rebellion of the reformers to their concealed hostility—they seek to light the torch of civil discord—the sabre thirsts in their hands—they long to immolate thousands, and tens of thousands at the *Moloch-like* shrine of a Minister, to whom myriads of Hecatombs have been already offered.

Such are the parties, into which the people of this country seem to be divided at present, The voice of the moderate and wholly unprejudiced few, is too faint to be heard between them, much less to restrain their rage. The number of the moderate diminishes daily ; they are like an Isthmus, on which the tide perpetually gains—they will soon disappear, in the tumultuous swelling of the parties that surrounded them.

Let us analyse the parties into which the people of Ireland are divided, and resolve them into their component elements—and first let us see, which are the classes of men that devote themselves without reserve, to the government party. The most striking and the most vehement are the clergy of the established church ; nor can it excite our wonder—their numbers in this country are unnecessarily great, in proportion to the numbers of people who are of the same persuasion—and the possessions of the established church in Ireland, are unreasonably, enor-

* see the *Government Prints.*

mously great, whether considered with respect to the numbers of the clergy, or to the aggregate property of the country. The established clergy, therefore, view the subject of Revolution with eyes of anxious fear and abhorrence. They are sore, and tremblingly alive, at every thing that tends to innovation.—They see that the property of the church was sacrificed to the genius of Revolution in France; and their experience of this renders them inimical to all *reformation*, lest it should indispensably lead on to *revolution*. The majority of the professors and retainers of the law, are of the same party. This I attribute to the extensive influence of the patronage of the Crown, on a profession, which I fear is too apt to cherish sentiments of selfish venality. There are unnecessary and necessary places under government to an incalculable amount in number and value in this kingdom; the collection of the Revenue, in particular, is profuse and expensive in a most culpable degree. By these means, the country is overspread with a host of placemen and expectants. To this we may add the military patronage—and we shall find a third class implicitly devoted to the party of government, and loud and violent in the defence of its very abuses. It is not surprising that in a corrupt state of society, the sets of men in question, should blindly devote themselves to the court party. They are influenced by a sense of present interest; but it is somewhat extraordinary to find the great body of the aristocracy of the country ranged under the same standard.

To what shall we ascribe this oblivion of their proper character and functions, this dereliction of their situation and influence in the community, this base political suicide?—To three causes—a corrupt and neglected education in the higher ranks of the community; a degree of luxury and expence vastly beyond their means, rendering them at once proud, unfeeling, necessitous, and dependant; but above all—to the provincial situation of the country. It is now time that we should consider the elements of which the other party is composed.

Two very different sects of Christians have concurred in ranging themselves under the ensigns of reform : the Catholics of Ireland, and the Protestant Dissenters—of these in their order, the Catholics of this country are not what they were in the preceding centuries. We must not judge of them from the violent pastoral letters breathing the spirit of ancient bigotry and un-Christian disunion, of one or two indiscreet and meddling Monks, who have happened to obtain high situations, in the Romish Church of Ireland. These unhappy Priests, if they are sincere in what they profess, do indeed, deserve our pity, and perhaps the aid of DOCTOR WILLIS;—if they write from a desire of fishing in troubled waters, and at the impulse of men more important than themselves, to instil, with malice propense, the poison of religious and civil discord ; they deserve the severest reprobation ; and even—as to the great body of the Catholics of Ireland, the beams of philosophy have not dawned on them in vain ; they have revealed to them their true interests, and animated them with the warmth of benevolence and liberality. They are actuated, I am persuaded, with a true love of freedom ; they plainly perceive that religious distinctions have been too long employed for the base purpose of rendering human creatures the dupes of artful and wicked men, and the blind instruments of their own oppression. They stretch forth their arms with an amity truly fraternal to embrace their Protestant brethren of all descriptions. They are ready to concur with them, sincerely and vigorously, in the great work of reformation.

The Protestant Dissenters have been at all times disposed to maintain the cause of freedom ; but it is a gross error and an high injustice, to conclude, that, because their habits and manner of life are, comparatively speaking, simple, and their ecclesiastical government, has a republican form, that they are of course, champions for democracy, in temporal establishments. Many of the Dissenters, are persons of large fortune, deeply interested in the continuance of public credit ; we cannot rationally suppose, that

such persons would be the friends of anarchy, or the ring-leaders of innovation; the forms of their religion, it is true, exhibit an example of rational equality—and the precepts of their religion, lead them, in common with other christians, who attend to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, to a temperate fire of freedom, this is all that can fairly be inferred from the religion of the Dissenters with respect to their political sentiments. The Dissenters, in common with their Catholic brethren, have learned, by a tedious lesson in the school of adversity, to be friends to civil and religious liberty, even on a principle of selfishness, as requisite to their own perfect emancipation, and full enjoyment of civil rights.

To the two great bodies of Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, I will add certain philosophical and speculative minds; that filled with abstract notions of freedom, and smit with the charms of theoretical perfection in government, aim at a general participation of the Rights of Man, on the broad principle of the French Revolution. Such are estimable men, but I apprehend that their number in Ireland is not very great; I believe they abound more in England. There are also some ambitious, disappointed, oppressed and injured men, particularly in the army, and in the learned professions, who are disgusted with the impenetrable routine of aristocratic influence, the sweeping vortex of court favour, and seek for the gratification of their cupidity, their vanity or their vengeance, in a new order of things. These two last descriptions of men, do not avow their aims, they conceal themselves among the Royalist Reformers, and concur in their measures, as an intermediate step to the object of their wishes. An argument has been drawn from the republican views of some persons, against any concession to the friends of Reform. The answer is obvious, and has been often given, that temperate concessions, perfectly consistent with the continuance of royalty, nay, tending to its permanent establishment, would satisfy the major part of the reformers, and detach them effectually and immediately from their more violent associates and
fellow

fellow labourers. What shall we say of the government that deliberately prefers the state of civil outrage, and a government by military force, to the trial of this mild expedient? I conclude this long seroll, with assuring you through all changes and chances of this mortal state, of the sincere friendship of

MONTANUS.

THE LONDON PRIDE AND SHAMROCK

A FABLE.

FULL many a year, close side by side,
 A Shamrock grew and London Pride,
 Together how they came to grow,
 I do not care, nor do I know ;
 But this I know, that over head
 A Laurel cast a wholesome shade.
 The Shamrock was of lovely green,
 In early days, as e'er was seen ;
 And she had many a hardy son
 In days of old ; but they are gone—
 For soon the other's creeping shoots,
 Did steal themselves round Shamrock's roots.
 Then thief-like fasten'd in her soil,
 And suck'd the sap of poor Trefoil.
 Until in time pert London Pride
 Got up so high, as quite to hide
 Poor shamrock, who could seldom see
 The Sun's bright face, nor seen was she,
 Save when an adverse blast did blow,
 And laid her neighbour's honor's low.
 Then in the angry lady's spite,
 She drank the show'r, she saw the light,
 See bath'd her sicklied charms in dew,
 And gather'd health and strength anew.
 She saw those joys had come from Heaven,
 And ne'er were by her neighbour given ;

Yet

Yet her good-nature aye to prove,
 She paid her jealous hate with love ;
 But when once more kind Zephyrs came,
 And rais'd the o'er-grown storm-bent dame,
 The ingrate strove her all to take,
 And forced poor shamrock thus to speak :
 " Neighbour we'r born with equal right,
 " To feel yon sun and see his light,
 " T'enjoy the blessings of this earth,
 " Or if right follows, prior birth
 " In this still stronger is my claim,
 " Long was I known, and great my fame,
 " Before the world e'er heard thy name.
 " But letting all those strong claims lie,
 " Pray tell me is it policy,
 " To thwart my offspring as they rise,
 " To break my heart, to blind their eyes ?
 " Sure if they spread the earth along,
 " Grow handsome healthy, stout and strong ;
 " They will as usual happy be,
 " To lend that useful strength to thee ;
 " Thus would we keep each other warm,
 " And guard us from all coming harm ;
 " We'd steady stand when wild winds blow
 " And laugh in spite of frost or snow,
 " And guard the root of our loved laurel,
 " Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel.
 " No more"—the vex'd virago cries,
 Wild fury flashing from her eyes ;
 " I'll hear no more—your bounds I'll mark,
 " And keep you ever in the dark ;
 " Here is a circle look you here,
 " One step beyond it if you dare,
 " And if I hear you more complain,
 " I'll tear thy rising heart in twain ;
 " I've made thy sons kill one another,
 " And soon they shall destroy their mother."
 I'll thus—a flash of heavenly fire,
 Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire,

Scatter'd

Scatter'd the London-pride around ;
 The black clouds roar'd with horrid sound ;
 The vivid lightning flash'd again
 And laid the laurel on the plain ;
 But soon succeeds a heavenly calm,
 Soft dews descend and shours of balm ;
 The sun shoots forth his kindest ray
 And shamrock strenthens every day,
 And rais'd by heaven's assistance bland,
 Bids fair to spread o'er all the land ;
 The guards the blasted laurel's roots,
 The nurtured laurel upward shoots,
 And gratefull wreaths its dark green bows
 To grace great Shamrock's aged brows.

M O R A L.

Take heed, learn wisdom, hence weak man,
 And keep a good friend while you can ;
 If to your friend you are unkind,
 E'en Jove will be against you join'd ;
 Reflect that every act you do
 To strengthen him, doth strenghten you ;
 To serve you he is—willing—able—
 Two twists will make the strongest cable
 To bind a friend and keep him steady,
 To have him e'er in reach and ready.

T H E M O R.

We have in a former paper mentioned, that attempts were made by persons too high in rank and office in this country to form societies in this kingdom, under the appellation of orangemen, the members of which were bound to each other by an atrocious oath. In this we were contradicted, and the silence of presses which were once patriotic, gives us up for the assertion. In the cause of our country and truth, we are not ashamed to stand alone. That such societies do exist, we have indubitable proof. The following is a copy of the obligation by which this base brotherhood is joined together :

ORANGE MAN'S OATH.

I, A. B. do hereby swear, that I will be true to the king and government, and that I will EXTERMINATE *as far as I am able, the CATHOLICS of IRELAND,*

QUESTIONS, &c.

Q. Where are you ? A. At the house of bondage.—Q. Where are you going ? A. To the Promised Land.—Q. Stand fast yourself ! A. Through the Red sea.—Q. What is your haste ? A. I am afraid.—dont be afraid, for the man Who fought your life is dead.—Q. Will you hold it or have it ? A. I will hold it.

Signs of the Orange-man.

Take your right hand, and put it to your right hunch, turn round, saying, great is the man that sent me ; then take your left hand and say, welcome brother Prince of Orange.

Let this be contrasted with the United Irishman's oath as taken from the report of the secret committee, and the people of England will easily see, who are the real traitors to their country, although there are no Orangemen hanged, or sent to gaol :

TEST

T E S T,

In the awful presence of God, I, A. B. do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among *Irishmen* of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full and adequate representation of ALL the people of Ireland in Parliament.

I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly to inform or give evidence, against any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individual, "in or out of the society—in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation."

From the candid reading of this oath, it will appear that no man who takes it, is thereby precluded from bringing his brother United Irishman to justice, if guilty of any real crime—for every misdemeanor checks that brotherhood of affection, by which alone the desirable object of reform can be obtained.

To the PRINTER of the PRESS.

S I R,

BEFORE I proceed, let me call the attention of the public to a report industriously, though, I hope, falsely disseminated, that your Press, like the Northern Star, if it cannot be bought, must be suppressed by prosecutions, or torn down by military force:—This is a serious object to the ministers of the crown—but on them I do not call—they have read the law, and heard the prophets—they have despised both—but in the words of as great a man as ever stood forth the advocate of society, of peace and of National liberty, I call upon those who compose the Juries of this Country "to guard the liberty of the Press, that great "Centinel of the state, that grand detector of "public Imposture."—I call upon them to guard it because, "when it sinks, there sinks "with it, in one common

common grave, the liberty " of the subject, and the security of the " Crown."—I say the Press being extinguished the people will become enslaved, and the slavery of the people is the inevitable ruin of the Prince.—

Now to my subject—

Two things I shall proceed to point out —

First. Having shewn in my former letter, the corrupt, base, and cruel conduct of Judges, while they were dependent on the Crown, and subject to its influence, I will now point out the means applied by parliament to remedy these evils, and

Secondly, I will make known a subterfuge by which those who exercise the powers of government in Ireland have, on many occasions, superceded that remedy.

As the first point—in the thirteenth year of King William the Third, the legislature of England taking into consideration the persecutions and cruelties by which many innocent persons had been afflicted, during the tyrannic reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, and in order to give efficacy to the *bill of rights*, by which unusual and severe punishments are prohibited, resolved upon remedying, as far as possible, such evils, by raising the Judges to a state of independence, that would enable them, without apprehension of dismissal from office, to spurn at any insidious or unconstitutional attack which the monarch or his dependents might attempt against their honour and integrity. For this purpose it was enacted that the Commissions of the Judges should be made, not as formerly, *durante bene placito* but *quamdiu bene ses gesuerint*, that their salaries should be ascertained and established, and that they should not be removed, except on addresses to the King from both houses of parliament.

His present majesty, in the second year of his reign, with an apparent zeal for the freedom of the people, which,

as

as it held forth a generous regard for their properties, their liberties and their lives, justly obtained for him a *novel* title paramount to all others he, or any of his predecessors, ever held — *A PATRIOT King!* sent a message to the English house of Commons, that breathed the pure spirit of his then youthful heart, and which surprized all who recollected that his Majesty had been educated under a Scotch tutor, the Earl of Bute, and had received his nursery instruction and cabinet admonitions from a German mother the late princess dowager of Wales—In that message the King's minister informed the representatives of the people of England in the name of their sovereign, “ that his majesty looked upon the *independence and uprightness of the Judges as essential* and as one of the best *securities of the rights and liberties of his subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the Crown.*

This message, as it ought, was received with gratitude. —It was considered a royal harbinger to future happiness and in consequence thereof a bill passed both houses of parliament, and was, of course, assented to by the Crown, whereby it is enacted, that Judges are to be continued in their office during good behaviour, notwithstanding any demise of the crown (which was formerly held to vacate their seats) and their full salaries are absolutely secured to them during the continuance of their commissions.

Thus has the statute of William the Third considerably improved the administration of justice, as far as law could create assurance, secured to the PEOPLE of—ENGLAND.

I say secured to the people of *England*; for many years elapsed before the PEOPLE of IRELAND could obtain from her parliament such a security for the impartial administration of Justice, even though his Majesty, as by his royal message to the English Commons considered the independence of the English Judges most conducive to the honour of the English Crown.

The

This gross and manifest neglect of securing an impartial administration of justice in the *Irish* Courts of law, this contempt of the honour of the *Irish* crown, shew that those Englishmen, who come over to Ireland deputized by English ministers to rule this ill-treated and oppressed nation, never considered the *People of Ireland* as entitled to those rights and privileges which the people of England enjoy.—A conquered Country—a colonized Country—a canted Country, as Ireland has been called, and as Ireland has been governed, or rather tyrannized over, by English sojourners—birds of passage—could in their opinion have no claim to the possession of primary rights, one of which is the *Impartial administration of Justice in the Courts of Law*.

Every legal privilege exercised by Ireland—Every immunity demanded by America, were estimated heretofore, by English ministers, and subjugated English parliaments as concessions and benevolence from England—that affectionate sister, that indulgent mother Country!—But Ireland and America were denied all claim to original rights.—The Americans, after having been anathematized and interdicted by proclamations as traitors and rebels; after having been put out of the King's peace—justified her demands and vindicated her wrongs, by establishing freedom and commerce, upon those fundamental and inherent rights with which God invested man, when he breathed into him an immortal soul, rights which cannot be exclusively possessed by any nation—(the axiom is as old as society) for by whatever title any one nation possesses liberty, by the same title every other nation may claim, urge, pursue, and obtain it.—

Pardon this digression, an indignant and full heart must overflow, or burst.

One word more extraneous of the subject—To this monopolizing and oppressive conduct of *Anglo-British* ministers is to be imputed the long withholding of the *Habeas Corpus Act* from the people of Ireland—By this Act all persons, from the judge to the goaler, protracting the benefit of the

the Common-law writ of Habeas Corpus, are liable to punishment. The English Jurists describe this act as a second Magna Charta, as the great bulwark of liberty—The present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, on a recent occasion, called it “an hallowed act.”—Yet the people of Ireland were not indulged with this second *Magna Charta* this bulwark, this hallowed act, until the Twenty-second year of the present King, though it was enacted in England in the twelfth year of Charles the second, and on the instant that its salutary purposes became necessary to the liberty of the people, it was suspended.

To whom, it may be enquired, are the people of England obliged for these acts—Must it not be to English ministers who advised the royal assent?—No neither the independence of Irish Judges, nor the security of personal liberty, by statute, originated with an English or an Irish administration, they sprung from the resolutions entered into by that dignified, free, and independent convention who so nobly congregated to save their Country at Dungannon.

From what I have stated it may be observed at this day the independence of the Judges, and the liberty of the people, are as strongly secured in Ireland from the influence of the crown or its ministers as in England. Should the long confinement of Arthur O'Connor, of Nelson, of Doctor Masgrave, or the other persons from the Northern counties be mentioned—the close imprisonment of Horn Tooke, Thelwell, and others, in England, may be set off against it; for they, too, were confined and denied bail, or a mainprize, and in both countries the dures was sanctioned by a parliamentary suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*. But observe the difference of proceeding—In England, the prisoners were brought to Trial, and grand juries having found bills of indictment against them, it appears that, though they were acquitted, there was sufficient ground to put them on their country for deliverance; whereas in Ireland, no grand inquest has been impannelled, no trial has

has taken place, and the unhappy men of the North remain incarcerated, by authority of the secretary's warrant, from which arises a strong presumption, that there is no information upon Oath, no grounds whatever to bring these men before a jury.

I come now to the principle point. The means adopted by ministers in repeated instances, to supercede, what the statutes cited, were enacted to preserve; that is, "the impartial administration of Justice in the Courts of law," by appointing as Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer and general goal delivery; any officers of the Crown, such as prime serjeant, a Solicitor General, or a King's Counsel.

I say that such men, who hold their offices merely at the arbitrary will of the Prince, are not qualified within the letter, or intention of the statute, of the Twenty second year of the King, to preside as Judges on the trial of mens' lives, liberties, or properties, I say that the appointment of such men to try capital offences, or even questions of meum and tuum, is unconstitutional, they not being members of that separate body who only ought to exercise the judicial power, and in whose separation, from the legislative and executive authority "consists" says the learned commentator on the laws of England, "one mean preservation of the public liberty—for" says the same writer, "were it not separated the administration of common justice could not subsist: where it joined with the legislative the life, the liberty, and the property of the subject would be in the hands of *arbitrary judges*, whose decisions would be then regulated by their *own opinions*, and not by any fundamental principles of law, which, though Legislators may depart from, Judges are bound to observe—were it joined with the executive this union might soon be an over-balance for the legislative—For which reason, by statute, sixteen Charles second. chap. tenth. which abolished the court of Star-chamber—(of *infamous* and *detested memory*)—care is taken to remove all judicial power out of the King's Privy Council, who, as then was evident from recent instances, might

might soon be inclined to pronounce that for law, which was most agreeable to the prince and his officers; nothing therefore is more to be avoided in a free constitution than uniting the province of a Judge with a Minister of state."— Let me add, that the danger to the constitution of such a state is even greater, where a judge is candidate for promotion into offices of that state. Satisfied ambition may lie at rest, having no motive to stimulate its exertions—but the unsatisfied mind, when called upon by that passion or by avarice, will pursue, with vigour and atrocity, every end proposed by a wicked and corrupt administration will overleap the barriers of justice, and from counsel for the prisoner, which he is by law, become his public accuser and blend the office of prosecutor with that of the judge.

In order perfectly to view the impropriety, if not the illegality of such appointments, let us turn the mind's eye retrospectively to the injustice, oppressions, and cruelties of Judges; while they were dependent on the Crown.— Let us recollect the animadversions of Foster of Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke, the Commentary of Sir William Blackstone, on the statute of William the Third the message of his present Majesty to the Commons of England, and the statute of Charles the First, abolishing the star-chamber and juridical power of the Privy Council—all of which have been slightly touched on, and then let us ask is it consistent with the intent of the Legislature, and does not militate with those principles on which the Judges were rendered independent of the Crown, for a Viceroy of Ireland, with or without the advice of the Privy Council, to vest a Prime Serjeant, a Solicitor General or any other of his Majesty's specially appointed Counsel, whether learned or unlearned in the law, with authority to sit in the Judgement seat, to swear and determine on charges affecting the properties, the liberties, and lives of the people.

Has mankind so improved in morals and in virtue ; that the conscience of the King's Counsel, of the eighteenth century, will be found more impregnable to the assaults of corruption, of ambition, and of undue influence, than the conscience of a King's Counsel of the fifteenth or sixteenth century ? I apprehend not—I am inclined to think that the characters of these great law officers will be found of similar features in every age.

Should a Solicitor General preside as a Judge ; Let us look to the nature of his office. It is a principle part of his duty that he shall prosecute for the King, and without special license he cannot defend the subject. In all cases of disability in the Attorney General, by absence from the realm, by sickness or other events, the whole business and authority of the Attorney General devolve on the Solicitor—and in criminal causes, he is co-adjutor and constant assistant to the Attorney. From the nature of the Attorney General's office, it has always been held odious by the people. In some very old books, he is on that account stiled *diabolus regis*. Is it proper that a secondary King's *Devil* should sit as a Judge ?

A Solicitor General is a servant of implicit obedience to the King and his Ministers—his mere creature, created and annihilated by his breath. Of course if an Irish Solicitor General accepts a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and general goal delivery, and on Circuit should hesitate to obey the order sent him by a Lord Lieutenant, his Secretary, or even under secretary, respecting the trials of persons indicted at the special instance of the Crown, or its confidential servants, he may experience a message as laconic and pointed as that sent by Queen Elizabeth to a Bishop—" If you disobey my orders, I will unfrock you by G—d."

From what has been said it must appear that a Solicitor General, or any other King's counsel, though sanctioned by the Kings commission to hear and determine on prosecutions, is not a Judge with the statute of Twentysecond
George

George the Third—for like Judges, previous to the passing of that statute, he doth not hold his office *quodam bene se gesserit*, but *durante beneplacito*, and therefore when sent upon circuit to try, as the King's commission directs him, all treasons, misprisions, seditions, &c. he does not preside as a Judge independent of the Crown. "*whose salary is absolutely secured to him*"—nor is he such a Judge as his gracious Majesty had in contemplation when by his Minister he told the English Commons "*that he looked upon the INDEPENDENCE and UPRIGHTNESS of the Judges as ESSENTIAL to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the RIGHTS and LIBERTIES of his subjects, and most conducive to the honour of his Crown.*"

But on the contrary, a Solicitor General, or any other King's Counsel raised by his appointment to the Justice Seat while he continues there, unites the judicial with the executive power making the commission under which he acts a temporary itinerant star-chamber—and during the continuance of his appointments, previous in the King's Privy Council, under whose influence he is influenced, that unconstitutional power which Blackstone observes, "*might pronounce for law, what was most agreeable to the Prince and his officers.*"

PORTER.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

It is impossible not to feel a certain kind of pity, a sort of contemptuous compassion at the low, querulous, plaintive style of the late declaration. Were it indeed the genuine language of the person in whose name it is uttered the sentiments excited by it would be of a very different nature. Were we assured that he was real, instead of the nominal author of that performance, we should look upon it with respect and with reverence; not because he is a King—a King we know may be contemptible as well as odious—he may be weak as well as wicked; but because

M

we

we know the personal character of our King to be gracious mild, benevolent and humane—his intentions pure, his morals blameless, his disposition merciful, his affections kind and charitable. If this composition was the spontaneous effusion of his own honest and benign nature, we should read it with the partiality that would naturally be inspired by the conviction that the piety and the humanity it professes were sincere; and whilst we lamented with the deepest regret, that so good a man, bound by the principles of our Constitution to act by the advice of others, should have been so fatally advised to his own and his people's humiliation, we should hail with a fond and grateful acknowledgment the dictates of his own better reason, and feel with a kindred sympathy, in his solicitude for peace, the pangs that must have torn his bosom during the five years that he has been persuaded or compelled to the prosecution of the most cruel and destructive war that ever disgraced the human character, and desolated the works of God; but knowing, as every one knows, that this miserable composition, exhibited to the public under the ostentatious title of a State Paper, is nothing more than the formal homily of a proud, cold, unfeeling, hypocritical Ministry, to whose accursed counsels, we owe the slaughter of our countrymen, and the despair of the empire—whose infamous policy it has been to beggar, to corrupt and to enslave us and who are now only temporizing for their places, till that system shall be completed. When we compare the dwindled and puny language of the present day, with the swathing, hectoring bravadoes of the beginning of the war, and see the former empty and tumid phrase now burst and sunk into placidity, we know not how to restrain the expression of that scorn which is ever provoked by the contemplation of debased arrogance. We look not into Court manifestoes for information—the flimsy artifice of their fallacy is too well understood now to impose a fact upon the simplest understanding. One thing however, and perhaps one thing only, is always to be learned from them, and that is the state of the spirits of the Court from whence they issue—if then we are judge from them the lowness of this barometer,

meter, God knows the weather at St. James's is bad indeed. Where now do we find the haughty pretension the contumelious scoff, the insolent menace, the vain and pompous prediction? Where now is the demand of indemnity for the past, and security for the future? Where now the condescension to treat with an half-formed, instable, unacknowledged Government? All melted into ignominious intimation, that if our Ambassador had not been kicked out of France; if the Directory would have deigned to allow the Court of London the decorum of hesitation, their demands, however injurious to the honour, and fatal to the power, and ruinous to the trade of Britain, might have been acceded to as the price of peace; all former boast of vigour and of progress changed in the piteous complaint that nothing will satisfy the resentment of the enemies of England, but an alteration in the form of its Government—and the proud defiance of an Irish Patriot to an English menace, echoed in a tone of supplication from the enfeebled Monarchy of Britain to the imperious Republic of France, “Petishour commerce, but let our Constitution live.” Foolish men! Do those at the head of that Republic care about the form of your Government think you, or about what is infinitely more dear to you, the inveterate abuses of that form of Government? When they have reduced you to utter insignificance, they will leave you your King, never fear, as they have left Sardinia hers, but they will leave him a King with a kingdom not worth his having; or if elated with the possession of unexampled success, of incalculable resources, and invincible strength, they have devoted to destruction a Constitution under which, but for your frantic folly and heady pride, you and your children might have lived happy; and peaceful, and powerful, know that the abuses you cherish are their best auxiliaries, they are in the very heart of your country and of your court, secretly but rapidly proceeding to sap and undermine those bulwarks, which your foreign enemy may afterwards, if he pleases, have the glory, without the danger of carrying by storm. But what shall we say to appeal to Europe? What to the invocation of the antient valour and renown of the English

'nation? To what part of Europe, in the name of God is this appeal directed? Is it to republican Europe? Or is it to that shadow of an emperor, the better half of whose Empire has been the price of his dear-bought alliance with Britain, and who is now suffered, by the clemency or the policy of his enemy, to strut, a crowned head, upon the portion of earth allotted him by Buonaparte, and to exhibit in the imbecility of Despotism, a striking and a useful contrast to the vigour of Freedom, or hopeless from any thing that is or that was great in Europe? Is our Monarch now made to appeal to those minor powers who must owe whatever consequence they can expect from Europe, to the ruin of Great Britain: To Spain forced for its alliance, or to Portugal just escaped from it? To the tried fidelity of Prussia, the wise neutrality of Denmark, or the fullen contempt of Russia? And what is expected, or what is sought by this appeal? New alliances for England? Alliance with the weak after the strong have been discomfited under her banners! Or is it commiseration that she is appealing for in a Manifesto addressed to all Europe; her moderation in prosperity doubtless entitles her to the compassion of their neighbours in her adversity; her former allies, however, have food enough for their regret in their own calamity and their own disgrace; and those who have wisely shunned the conflict are in too good humour with themselves to be very melancholy at her distress; yet if a little charitable bemoaning is all the comfort she asks, she may perhaps be gratified by the sympathy and the prayers of the Pope; but effectual relief it seems (and so she is now told) she is only to look for in the magnanimity of her bosom, and in the providential interposition of heaven. Rouse yourselves. Englishmen, think of your ancestors, your gallant ancestors! so said the Stadtholder to the Dutch, just before he ran away from Holland; so said the Emperor to the Germans just before he capitulated with his conqueror: yes, Englishmen, think of your ancestors; they fought and they bled for freedom; for ages they were at war with their own, or with foreign monarchs; they killed one tyrant, and they discarded another; and having
without

without a view to conquest or dominion, raised a spirit of liberty in their land, they gained by it a power which enabled them to shake the enslaved world to its center: but you, what have you fought for, and what have you achieved? You fought for the subjugation of the Americans; you sent an army to plunder and to butcher them, and a navy to blockade them; your army and your navy, gained battles, but you were conquered; the spirit of liberty conquered you.

Your next attempt has been to re-establish the fallen throne of France; for this purpose you rejected, with disdain, the alliance that was offered you, and you haughtily refused to grant the peace that was sued from you; you insulted the ambassador that was sent to sue for it, and you drove him, with contumely and with contempt, from your shores; you, in your turn have sued for peace in vain; the scorn, and the contumely, and the contempt, have all been visited back upon yourselves. To conquer the spirit of liberty in France, you confederated the forces of all the warlike World; you blockaded her ports, you infested her trade, you insulted her coasts, you descended into the little war of famishing and of forging; those confederated forces, the military pride and security of all the royalty in Europe, the *decus et tutamen* of Emperors and Kings, where are they scattered, and dispersed, and dissipated, by the whirlwind of republican energy. Your trade too has been infested, your coasts insulted; even in your little war of famishing and forging you have been foiled, and while you were rejoicing in the famine of France, and predicting her bankruptcy, you heard the clamours of your own poor for bread, and your own bank stopped payment. Your Navies have gained battles, but you have ben conquered; the spirit of liberty has again conquered you. What are you now fighting for, and who are you now fighting with? For the support of a vile system of corruption that has been the ruin of yourselves. You have sent a part of your army into our country, to fight the battles of a few petty peculating clerks and jobbers,

bers, to besiege poor mens houses, to burn defenceless villages, and to triumph over disarmed cottagers, in order to subdue our people to the will of a junto among yourselves and of a junto among us, to reduce us to the terms of your own degradation; to make us the slaves of your own slavery you are now madly spilling the best blood (for the blood of the peasant is the best blood) of a nation, whose affection, whose population, and whose fertility could alone succour and sustain you; yet in this abominable warfare you will be conquered, the spirit of liberty will again conquer you. Yes, Englishmen, confide in your strength when you have dared to be free, and expect the favor of heaven when you have learned to be just.

SIDNEY.

THE CONTRAST,

OR

ANTIENT VALOUR and MODERN PRUDENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Ere yet the Muse's soaring wing,
 Was clipp'd by Edward, ruthless King;
 For courage Cambria's sons were known,
 And bright in antient story shone.
 Their deeds, which erst with noble fire,
 Great Talieffin to his lyre
 Or well-tung harp, 'tis all the same,
 Rehears'd in strains of deathless fame.
 But when the bloody tyrant dread,
 Cut off the fam'd Cadwallo's head,
 And when no more Plinlimmon rung,
 With sacred Urien's tuneful tongue;
 When vocal Modred's magic art,
 Had ceased to warm the Cambrian heart:
 Courage became a useless thing,
 As man could well to market bring;
 Courage might hap to stop the breath,

And

And distant times ne'er hear the death.
 Well knew old Edward, wily king,
 That few would fight, when none could sing.
 But, tho' the warrior's deeds, no more
 Shall sound on Arvon's winding shore,
 And tho' proud Snowden's craggy height,
 No more shall bless the wond'ring sight,
 While some rapt barb, with hoary hair,
 And beard loose floating in the air,
 Wakes the deep sorrows of the lyre,
 Some hero worthy of his fire,
 To mourn; who for his country bled,
 And rests among the honour'd dead.
 Yet even in these latter days,
 Old Cambrian's sons shall merit praise,
 The praise of prudence, virtue mild,
 Celestial wisdom's sober child,
 Who ponders well her cautious steps,
 And always looks before she leaps,
 Who danger at a distance knows,
 And ne'er weighs anchor when it blows.
 And yet, this matron so sedate,
 Is sometimes seen to take a heat;
 With true Amazonian swagger,
 Her ladyship becomes a bragger,
 Like any termagant will tear,
 And dam and sink and curse and swear,
 And if you are not instant dumb,
 Will twist your neck, and kick your b—m;
 With Bilingsgate can well bespatter,
 And windows break with dreadful clatter;
 Can draw a sword, and eke 'tis said,
 At one back stroke cut off a head;
 But then she is so wond'rous good,
 She would not do this in cold blood;
 But if you speak—you go to pot,
 And food for crows you're left to rot—
 Now here I doubt not, some will cry,
 Prudence act so! O fie! Sir, fie!

Such

Such conduct sure, can ill beseem,
 A lady in such high esteem,
 And by yourself we've just been told,
 When danger comes she's never bold,
 The contest rashly thus to meet,
 But rather loves a safe retreat,
 I say so still. But did I say,
 That when she storms and swears away,
 And threatens to cut off a head,
 She has another sword to dread ;
 Were that the case no burn she'd kick.
 Much sooner saith the burn she'd lick.
 Prudence is then the consistent shewn,
 From circumstance she takes her tone ;
 From thence new form she still assumes
 And when she's mild, and when the fumes,
 Whether she blusters, or is tame,
 Her nature ever is the same —
 When dastard ruffians we behold,
 Because they know their safety, bold,
 Vilely the soldiers guard disgrace,
 And dress the bully in his place.
 When this we see——

Cetera Desunt.

Z.

Courage is always gentle and humane ;
 Speaks little of itself, is never vain—
 Slowly provok'd and easily appeas'd,
 And by increasing danger higher rais'd.
 Tho' mild, yet firm, not violent, yet warm,
 The strength of passion, but without the storm ;
 Tis nerve of body and of soul combin'd
 The lion's heart by honour's sense confin'd
 Now, here's the cap ; but whom pray will it fit on ?
 Not on your swagg'ring, modern-Ancient Briton.

CLODPOLE.

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have not yet adverted to those, who form the great mass and majority of the friends of reform; I mean the lower classes of the people; the artizans and peasants. They are interested more deeply in the success of parliamentary reform, than the higher classes of the community, because, there is no part of the world, where the persons of the poor are held in greater contempt, or where their interests are more frequently or more grossly neglected, and even sacrificed by the legislature. We have been told, that the doctrine of parliamentary reform is obstruse and metaphysical; that the multitude cannot understand it, and are, in fact, little interested in the attainment of the measure. Without entering into the subtleties of religious dispute, or the nice distinctions of party; without entering into abstract reasonings on the inequality of representation; even the rude, the thoughtless and illiterate, must perceive, that should a system of legislation prevail, contradictory to the clearest principles of natural law, destructive of every right and enjoyment that men has been taught to value, and repugnant to every feeling that God has implanted in his heart; some change is necessary.—That if the possessions and the lives of the people are voted away, with unfeeling profusion; while corruption, public prodigality, and peculation are screened from enquiry; some change is necessary.—That if the complaints of the people engender other coercion; and the tears of the peasant, that moisten the soil, return to him no other crop, than a plentiful increase of pains and penalties; some change is necessary.—The truth is, that every day's miserable experience impresses on the aching hearts of our peasantry, the necessity of a reform in parliament. To the want of parliamentary reform the people attribute the commencement and continuance of the present portentous war, which has overwhelmed the land with wretchedness beyond example;

ample;—the perpetuated abuse; the prescriptive grievance; and the code written in blood, dictated by the exterminating spirit of an avenging demon.

The lower classes of people in this country have long groaned under well-founded causes peculiar of heavy complaint; and these were such as pointed out the necessity of parliamentary reform; because they were such, that it was the especial province of parliament to remove them. They were oppressive laws, pernicious customs or unwise regulations.—Tithes exacted to an uncommon extent, and unusual rigour, operate as a tax on industry, and discourage all improvement of the soil. The custom of casting lands, and setting them at the highest penny, without any regard to the antient possessors, generally prevails. A most pernicious class of people, land-jobbers or middle-men as they are called, contribute to the depression of the poor, and the encrease of idleness, Luxury, and vice. Half a million yearly is paid to absentees, who commit the management of their estates, and with it the fates and very existence of their tenantry to mercenary and often merciless agents; and far from studying the welfare of the land, that supports them in pride and luxury, they consider it as a foreign or even a hostile country; or scorn to remember, that it has any civil or political existence; except when the stated return of the day, when they may drain it of its wealth and substance, renews their recollection of *Ireland*. Add to this—overgrown establishments ecclesiastical, civil, and military, and, with them, an enormous overplus of unproductive consumers, in proportion to the means of the country; and you will find sufficient causes to which you may refer the discontents of the people; without resorting to the prevalence of *French opinions*. You will easily comprehend, why the peasantry of *Ireland* should have no great confidence in the legislature of the country, as it is now constituted and elected, which has, for ages, been a passive but not an ignorant spectator of these gigantic evils, and the misery they occasioned may, on many occasions, an active cause of their continuance and encrease.

The

The causes I have enumerated have for centuries, wrought like the covered materials of the volcano, the desire of redress, and the desire of obtaining it have fermented, in the minds of the lower classes. During the last forty years they have become impatient of oppression. The encrease of information and improvement of intellect among the poor, not been accompanied by a proportionable amendment of their condition, they have become fully sensible of the wretchedness of their state. They have long and loudly complained, to no purpose; goaded by misery, and irritated by contempt, they have proceeded to tumultuary risings, and local out-rage; from time to time, under the various denominations of *white boys*, *right-boys*, *oak boys*, *hearts-of-steel*, and *defenders*. The high price of lands—the low price of labour—the exactions of tithe-farmers stood foremost in their catalogue of grievances. I am not an advocate for disorder and popular commotions but, surely, it ought to have occurred to the legislature, and the government of *Ireland*, that an uniform, inextinguishable spirit of Discontent, smouldring in all people's minds, and Perpetually breaking out into acts of insurrection, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, and the vigilance of government, could not exist, and continue to work, without some powerful cause. Short and temporary risings may be excited on slight surmises, but such a permanent spirit of tumult and insurrection, perpetually reviving, and appearing in one place, when they are suppressed in another, could not exist and operate under persecution and restraint, without an efficient cause equally permanent.

What has been the conduct of the Government and the Legislature, during the period I have mentioned? Have they endeavoured to cure the disorders of the people, by the only rational and effectual mode of cure—the removal of their cause? Have they even deigned to enquire into the grounds of their complaints, or to consider whether those complaints are well or ill founded? No; they have endeavoured to silence, them, by sanguinary laws. The people asked for bread, and they have given them a stone.

Oppression

Oppression it is said; *makes a wise man mad*—how much more the simple and ignorant vulgar? What mode of treatment have the rulers of this country applied to this frenzy of the poor? The straight-waistcoat, the whip, spare diet, the bed of straw, the influence of terror and the dungeon. They could not altogether shut their eyes to the sufferings of the poor, they could not deny the existence of grievances, or say that the complaints of the poor are unfounded; but they entrench themselves in expediency; this, they tell us, is not a time. They object to the tone and conduct of men whom famine and misery have maddened. Their tone is disrespectful, their conduct turbulent, and relief is to be suspended, till the starving peasant shall be taught by penal laws, and military magistrates, the mildness of a martyr, and urbanity of a courier. *Rusticus expectas dum defluat annis, at ille labitur, et laborat, in omne volubilis ævum.*

There is in this a marked uniformity of acting, a proceeding on principle. It is perfectly consistent, to negative all enquiry into the state of the peasantry, in that assembly that negated a tax on absentees, that negated a fleet for the defence of our coasts, that negated a moderate tax on the manufactures of *Britain*, while they taxed salt and leather, while benevolence, strained and tortured to the utmost, was unable to prevent the poor manufacturers of the country from perishing by myriads, a nonimportation agreement, for a limited period, with respect to the productions of foreign looms, was proposed; not as a measure of hostility, but as some palliation of his sufferings if not radical assistance to the manufacturer, in this his hour of unexampled distress. It is much to be deplored, that his excellency earl Camden's opinions, respecting the interests of *British* commerce, made him think it his duty, to discountenance this salutary measure; as the expression of disapprobation, must fall with great weight into the minds of the people, from an authority so high. Such is the condition of the lower classes in *Ireland*.—And now, I think, I have laid before you a description of the persons that compose the phalanx of reformers.

For

For a justification of the motives of the friends to reform I would refer you to the statute book. See the commerce of the country sacrificed—read the illiberal restrictions, the penalties reproachful to humanity, recount the multitude of sanguinary laws that stain the pages of a voluminous code. I would refer you to the administration of the public revenues and resources of the country; behold an authorised and systematic peculation amidst national poverty; a gross and uncontrolled prodigality, amidst the decline of trade, the ruin of manufactures, and the universal and unutterable distress and calamity of a dispiriting people. I would then direct your glance to the administration of the executive power. I will not say that you shall behold a glaring perversion of the forms of justice; a flagrant violation of every legal and constitutional principle; and a total privation of every legal defence for property, freedom, and life; all sanctioned by the co-operation of the legislature.—No—I will charge you (whatever you may chance to see) to lay your finger on your lips, to discipline your countenance, and marshal your features lest some sound or look of discontent should expose you to danger. To complete your knowledge of this subject travel thro' the country;—you will find the gibbets loaded with victims, the fields drenched in blood, and strewed with slain; the flames of rural habitations dispelling the night, or their smoke obscuring the day. See the wretched famishing remnant of a family, the widow and the orphans, assembled near the unextinguished ruins of their demolished cottage, exposed to all the inclemency of heaven, shivering at once with cold and terror, lamenting over the lifeless body of him, whose labour used to supply their scanty meal, and fearful, in the midst of their anguish, lest their sorrow for the dead should be treason, their cries and groans the signal for butchery. Having viewed all this, and considered, that no part of it has wanted a legislative sanction, you will readily allow, that it is necessary to shorten the period of time, during which a venal, corrupt, or foolish legislator shall have it in his power to surrender the rights, and to betray the interests of his constituents;

constituents; that it is necessary to give more weight and influence, in the community, to the peasant and the artizan; by an extension of the elective franchise, as the sure means of giving force to public opinion in the elections, and of producing in the representative, a greater deference to the judgement, and attention to the interests of the people. It is easy to see, that *the poor and ignorant Irish peasant, and the equally poor and ignorant country artisan*, may understand this, without understanding the constitution, as well as a venal pensioner, a court pamphleteer, whose pen and conscience are at war, and may desire a reform, without being *actuated by the daring spirit of innovation; or excited by the insidious pains taken by the votaries of France.**

The Reformers, tho' differing widely, as I have shewn you in their views and sentiments, are all confounded together, by the ministerial writers and talkers; and stigmatised, in common, with the name of UNITED IRISHMEN: a name which, according to them, denotes sowers of sedition, preachers of anarchy, and foes of social order. I am not an *United Irishman*, But this much I will venture to assert, that however the obligation of an *United Irishman* may have been abused, and perverted by weak and ill-advised, or wicked people yet if it be conceived in the terms stated by the report of the secret committee, it cannot fairly be inferred, from the words of this test, that the views of those, who associated as *United Irishmen*, extend beyond the attainment of a reform in parliament by peaceable and constitutional means.

It is said, violent disturbances have existed, and many acts of outrage been committed by persons calling themselves *United Irishmen*. The account of these transactions has been grossly exaggerated, by ministerial writers, and talkers, for the purpose of casting obloquy and odium, on the cause of reform; and as a pretext for introducing the

reign of terror. But supposing those tales true in their utmost latitude, two observations naturally occur on this subject;—first, it has appeared at the trial of *Watt*, who suffered in *Scotland*, at the trials of *Hardy* and others, who were acquitted of high treason, by the good sense and virtue of *English Juries*; and in the course of innumerable trials of persons, who have been condemned or absolved, since the commencement of the present persecutions in *Ireland*, that it is the uniform practice of Government, to send spies and emissaries, who try to insinuate themselves into all the meetings of the Reformers. These miscreants endeavour to avert suspicion, and even to win the confidence of those among whom they intrude, by a boisterous affectation of superior zeal and energy. Not satisfied with performing the character of mere spies and informers, they have acted the part of *Satan*, and first tempted, in order to destroy. In fact, either to render the perdition of their victims more certain, or to secure to themselves a greater reward, by producing a plan, of mischief, worth the sums which they expect to draw from the treasury, and fit to countenance the fictions of the alarmists they declaim with heat; they rouse the passions of the unguarded men who consort with them; they instigate them to acts of violence, absurdity and outrage, disgraceful to their cause, and destructive to themselves. It should ever be remembered, that the man of true principle is calm, cautious, patient, and determined; The spy and the informer is loud, clamorous, and boastive; he breaths fire and sword; he suggests the most criminal, rash, and dangerous measures.—Secondly, If a perturbed spirit, an agitated demon, stalks abroad thro' the land, how has he been raised?—By the spells and incantations of *United Irishmen*?—No—the mistaken measures of the cabinet, increasing the disorders, which they profess to eradicate and concurring with the dreadful consequences of an ill-omened war would have provoked the fatal visitation; had the name and obligation of an *United Irishman* been unknown; if the *United Irishmen* are as numerous as they are stated to be, in the report of the Secret Committee,

it is manifest, that a perseverance in the present violent measures of persecution will consolidate the mass, by oppression; and render the association more and more formidable daily, by the numbers the zeal, and union of its adherents.

It has been asserted, that a system of insurrection is organized, and already in much forwardness. Whom then are we to thank, if there has been a revolution in the minds of men since last winter, when a foreign armament appeared on our coasts? If many among the people should be disposed to welcome those, whom they before regarded as objects of terror; the change must be ascribed to the ill-judged and unhappy exertions of administration.

The people have not sought insurrection—they will not seek it, but it may be forced upon them. Should they reluctantly be driven into this awful situation, the government, which shall have urged on the momentous crisis, will have hoarded for itself a most dreadful responsibility against the day of reckoning, which assuredly must arrive.

The present state of this country is not a natural one. It is under the reign of terror. The tree is warped from its natural growth, and heaven-ward tendency, and bowed to the earth by the application of immense force and irresistible pressure; remove the force and pressure, it will return, with a tremendous elasticity; it will resume the bias which God and nature connected with its first germ, and spread its branches to the sky. An immense military force, too seldom restrained by discipline or law, overspreads the country; and is entrusted to officers frequently deficient in prudence and experience, and studiously exasperated against the people. Under the auspices of a military government, the digging of potatoes has become high treason, the reaping of corn a felony of death. An inquisition has been established in the country, with all its host of spies and familiars, scrutinizing not only the avowed actions, but the domestic life, the private confidence, the
secret

secret sentiments, the very looks of men. Domiciliary visits are frequent, as they were in *France* under the terrific rule of *Robespierre*, and equally fatal to the objects of them. An arbitrary caprice, on the slightest surmise, inflicts imprisonment or exile, and calls it wise precaution. The greatest part of *Ireland* groans under military execution. *Rapine, conflagration, and butchery*, rage without compassion or controul.

We are told, by the apologists of terror, "that the turbulence of the people has provoked a mild and long-suffering government, to raise the strong arm of coercion; that blood-letting was the sole cure for the fever of the times; a strong military force the only corrective of the rage for innovation. Even the excesses and outrages of an ungovernable soldiery, are to be invited and encouraged, as the sure means of breaking down and taming rebellious people. It is said, that free employment of severity, by way of punishment for the past, or prevention of the future, has produced the most salutary effects. The public prints have been filled, with resolutions of non-commissioned officers and privates composed in strains of eloquence, which would not disgrace our senate and breathing such sentiments, as are supposed to actuate the majority of the virtuous body; the people have been charmed with example, or overpowered by the arguments, of the military spoliés of good order. They see that half the cabbins in their neighbourhoods, have been burned, and their owners shot, beheaded, cut in pieces, or secluded from light and air, in floating dungeons. They see the folly of their past conduct. They press in crowds to take the oath of allegiance, they deprecate, in the most submissive terms, the vengeance of the aristocracy, and the wrath of the soldiery; and, to shew a compleat change in the sentiments of *Irishmen*, the partizans of government, with very few exceptions, indeed, have been returned throughout the country, to *serve* in parliament."

The foregoing is, no doubt, a delightful picture of the calm and happy state of blessed peace and security which has been the offspring of martial law. It is improbable, that, should the impressions of the present plan of wise intimidation prove lasting, an attempt may be made to realize the secret, inveterate wish of the *British* cabinet and perpetrate an Union of this country with *Britain*. I shall not question the humanity of the armed conservators of the peace, who have superseded all legal and constitutional authorities; I must suppose the common soldier burns houses, and shoots the inhabitants in cold blood, from honest motives—the love of good order, or obedience to the commands of his superior. A *Scotch* or an *English* peasant, dressed in a red uniform, can feel no natural antipathy to an *Irish* peasant, merely, because the latter is clad in grey frieze. The common soldier is as much a machine, as the musket with which he kills the peasant, or the torch which he employs to fire his habitation. I will say, however, to our governors, who have found or created the necessity of restoring peace by extermination; of marking their steps with blood and desolation; and of lighting themselves, by the flames of houses, to the destruction of the people;—PAUSE.

The people must bend under the pressure of the times, and submit to the will of their masters, with a passive fortitude. Government has preserved its dignity. It has prostrated the multitude at its feet. It might now be wise and expedient to consider, is there no alternative, no mitigation of the prevailing horrors? Recollect, that the Christian religion was an innovation; that it was persecuted with a strong hand, and spread and grew under persecution, its growth was nurtured with blood, its triumph sealed with the sufferings of martyrs: but the progress of Christianity was aided by miracles—well then—let the managers of strong measures turn to the history of the United Provinces: they will see that in a small extent of territory, and out of a population, less than that of *Ireland* eighteen thousand persons perished, by the hands of the
common

common executioner alone, in the course of the struggle, for freedom, many of them in exquisite tortures. What was the event? many sovereigns may emulate the obstinacy of a *Philip*; many viceroys may reach, perhaps surpass the gloomy and deliberate barbarity of an *Alva*; but remember, that it is not easy to find an heroic Prince of *Parma* whose valour and ability may defer the fall of my tyranny.

Farewell, my friend; preserve your courage and your hope in the worst of times, and believe me,

Your's, sincerely,

MONTANUS.

The expedient of transporting without Judge or Jury—the refractory Irish who would not pull quietly in the trammels of British thralldom, or prostrate their necks under the feet of tyranny, is not new in this Country—for that *British worthy* OLIVER CROMWELL, after having killed them by thousands in cold blood, and hunted them with his British blood hounds, into rocks and caverns, where they sought to hide from his fury—transported no less than FORTY THOUSAND of them to the West-Indies.

The laconic sentence of banishment lately put in force against them by the *Orange-men*, in the North, viz.

“*To Hell, or Connaught.*”

Was a copy after the same *worthy hero's* example, after driving from their estates and possessions, all the remaining Catholic gentry of Ireland—he banished them into a barren corner of Connaught; and made them to live by their own labour, in tilling the hungry soil without ploughs, to cultivate land to sow, or cattle to stock their scanty possessions; and forbade them under pain of death ever to appear outside the boundary allotted to them, or to build an house within four miles of it, or to approach *Galway*, the principal town of it. In short there can be no doubt but the people of this kingdom, even from their earliest ancestry to the present time, have been indebted for so many *signal blessings* and *acts of kindness* to Great-Britain, that we are ever bound to *love* and *cherish* the connexion.

Ireland is an independent kingdom; she has a free and supreme Legislature of her own, and has accordingly a full right to enter into commerce and to conclude treaties with every nation upon the globe. Here I set my foot—can any man deny—can any man controvert this position. I call upon the host of Crown Lawyers—can even the Representative of Administration in this House, deny it. He dare not? and his silence I interpret into acquiescence.

H. FLOOD.

TRIAL of Captain SIMON FRAZER, and JOHN ROSS, private Soldier in the Frazer Regiment of Fencibles, before JOHN TOLBER, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor General; for the Murder of CHRISTOPHER DIXON, at Cloncurry, in the County of Kildare, on Sunday the 9th day of July, 1797.

JOHNS ROSS was indicted, for that he not having the fear of God before his eyes, nor the duty of his allegiance considering; but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the Devil, on the 9th day of July, in the 37th year of the King, at Cloncurry, in the county of Kildare, did feloniously kill and murder one Christopher Dixon, by giving him the said Christopher Dixon, one mortal wound with a drawn sword, on the right side of his body, of the breadth of two inches, and of the depth of five inches, of which wound he the said Christopher Dixon instantly died. And that he the said Simon Frazer, was present, aiding and assisting the said John Ross, to commit the felony and murder aforesaid.

On this indictment the prisoners were arraigned, and on their arraignment, pleaded NOT GUILTY, and for trial put themselves on God and their country.

The Clerk of the Crown, desired to know, if the prisoners would join in their challenges. Mr. Tew, the prisoners' Solicitor, answered that they would challenge separately.

The

The following gentlemen were then returned on the Sheriff's panel, as a Jury :

- 1 John Johnson Daragh, put by, by the Crown.
- 2 George Daker, sworn.
- 3 Mathew Coates, put by, by the Crown.
- 4 Benjamin Braddle, put by, by the Crown.
- 5 John Gray, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 6 John Higginbotham, sworn.
- 7 Mathew Wilson, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 8 Patrick Dunn, challenged peremptorily by Frazer,
- 9 Mathew Colgan, sworn.
- 10 Garret Row, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 11 Robert Aylmer, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 12 Richard Grattan, put by, by the Crown.
- 13 Henry Stamer, put by, by the Crown.
- 14 John Farange, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 15 Michael Cahil, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 16 Joseph Lenaghan, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 17 George Chapman, put by, by the Crown.
- 18 Abraham Ryder, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 19 James Moore, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 20 Garret Tyrrell, put by, by the Crown.
- 21 William Wilkins, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 22 Benjamin Redshaw, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 23 Edward Croker, sworn.
- 24 John Parcell, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 25 John Kilpatrick, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 26 Henry Phelan, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 27 Charles Watts, sworn.
- 28 Thomas Blacklin, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 29 William Sherlock, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 30 Ralph Mathews, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 31 John Jackson, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 32 Hugh Keena, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 33 Patrick Kelly, challenged peremptorily by Rofs.
- 34 Henry Bourns, sworn.
- 35 Edward Walsh, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 36 Hercules Campbell, sworn.
- 37 Patrick Feenaghty, challenged peremptorily by Frazer.
- 38 Samuel Coates, sworn.

This

This being the whole of the panel, those gentlemen who had been put aside by the Crown, were again called over; and no cause having been shewn against their being on the jury, they were accordingly sworn.

John Johnson Daragh, sworn.

Mathew Coates, sworn.

Benjamin Braddle, sworn.

Richard Grattan, sworn.

The jury having been thus sworn, were called over by the Clerk of the Crown, in the order following —

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1 George Daker, | 7 Hercules Campbell, |
| 2 John Higginbotham, | 8 Samuel Coates,* |
| 3 Mathew Colgan, | 9 John Johnson Daragh, |
| 4 Edward Croker, | 10 Mathew Coates, |
| 5 Charles Watts, | 11 Benjamin Braddle, |
| 6 Henry Bourns, | 12 Richard Grattan. |

* *Mr Coates was on the Coroner's jury, which gave a verdict of wilful murder against Frazer.*

Mr. M'Nally addressed the Court and Jury, by informing them, that it became his duty as counsel for the Crown, to state the nature of the offence, for which the prisoners at the bar stood charged. That if the facts (which he was instructed would appear in evidence) should be of that kind, as not to admit of any doubt; then the Jury were bound to give a verdict of Guilty; by their oaths they had sworn to do. But he would not trouble them with a long statement of a case. He declared he did not wish to aggravate a single circumstance, that could disgrace a soldier and a stranger; in which situation Lieutenant Frazier stood before the jury; and he would leave it to the jury to determine on their innocence or guilt. The prisoners stood charged with a crime, to which the law of God, and the law of nations, had annexed death as the punishment. If the jury should be of opinion, that the gentleman, and the other unfortunate person at the bar, had committed the offence of murder; they were bound to bring in a verdict

dict of guilty; forgetting all feelings and regrets, they should assume the manliness of their situation, and bring in a verdict of guilty. But, on the other hand, if after a full investigation of the evidence, they should believe the prisoners innocent; then, in the name of God, acquit them. This investigation, it was his duty to bring forward. The jury were, however, called on to presume the prisoners at the bar innocent, until they had heard the evidence; it was a presumption to which they had a right, for the finding a bill of indictment by a grand jury, did not imply guilt. He said, he was instructed to state, that the deceased had been a poor, industrious, honest man, a carpenter, of good moral character; a character of the first estimation an honest man, "the noblest work of God!"—He said, the jury was a barrier between power and oppression; for their consideration two questions would arise: first, whether the deceased was killed by the prisoners, or either of them; and secondly if they found that to be the fact; then, whether the deceased was committing any act against the peace of the country, at the time he was killed. That it was not necessary to shew any previous determined malice; if it appeared to the jury, that the killing was wanton and unjustifiable, for tho' no malice propence could be shewn, yet the law considered it murder, as much as if they had waylaid the deceased;—but he would come to facts.

It will appear to you, gentlemen, that on the ninth of July, in the present year, at a time when that part of the country was in perfect peace, where no proclamation had issued to put the people out of the protection of the law; where men were not liable to be dragged before the Justices, and by them sent aboard the fleet. At such a time, and in such a peaceable part of the country, the deceased returning to his own home, from whence he had been on his lawful occasions, was unfortunately for him, but much more so for the prisoners at the bar, overtaken by them on the high road. Captain Frazier, for something or for nothing, with the assistance of his servant Ross, took him into custody, as he had a few minutes before another person.

Here

Here the Counsel for the prisoners called on the Judge to order the witnesses out of Court, as the Counsel was going to state the facts.

On which Mr. M'Nally addressed the Court, and said, that to save time and trouble he would wave his right to state particulars of the case.

The Judge said, that Mr. M'Nally had stated the case for the Crown with great moderation and propriety, and had refrained himself at a very proper time.

The first witness called on the part of the Crown was Michael Finn.

Examined by Mr. Ansell.

Said he was turnpike-man at Cloncurry-gate on the ninth of July last,—that he did not know Dixon the deceased—having been gate-keeper only a few days, from the third of the month; he said he saw the prisoners at the bar, at the gate on the night of the ninth of July; he was in bed when they came, Captain Frazer came first to the gate it was after night-fall, it was dark; he had taken a dose of sleep it was before twelve o'clock, Captain Frazer rapped him up, and desired him to open the door and come out, Captain Frazer swore he would take the witness to Clonard for a defending dog, and would break open the door if he did not come out; he accordingly came out. On seeing him Captain Frazer made an excuse for what he had said: he told witness he thought he was the person who had offended his men some time before, witness only waited to put on his cloths, and then went out; Captain Frazer was in coloured clothes, while Captain Frazer was at the gate a horse came up without a rider; Captain Frazer said it was his man's horse and desired witness to hold it while he went to look for his man; that he road towards Cappagh; calling John, John, that the witness followed him with the horse, and when he came up he found him with his servant, they had a prisoner in custody; the witness had heard some strokes, he saw Ross get on his horse, and the witness by directions of Captain Frazer put the man they

they had taken prisoner behind him. Captain Frazer said the witness was preparing to get to bed when he heard a noise towards the bridge; this was in about three or four minutes after they had left the gate, the noise was like a quarrel, witness put on a riding coat and went out; as soon as Captain Frazer saw him, he called him to him, he and servant had the deceased man Dixon in custody, when witness went up they were four or five perches from the turnpike gate; Captain Frazer requested Dixon to get up behind him on his horse, which Dixon refused. he said he would walk—Captain Frazer struck him on the cheek; Dixon did not strike Captain Frazer but said he was afraid to go behind the captain. Captain Frazer did not assign any reason for bringing Dixon with him. Dunn the other prisoner was let down from behind Ross, and went behind Captain Frazer, and then Dixon consented to go behind Ross, Captain Frazer shook hands with the witness and told him he did not think it was he kept the gate; during the discourse Dixon lept off the horse from behind Ross and ran away, Ross also lept off and pursued him; Frazer and Ross both had swords; Ross had his sword in his hand, Frazer pursued Ross and Dixon; witness could not see them long, they turned a corner of the road leading to a little bog; he saw them for about three or four perch; he saw no more of them till Captain Frazer returned; both Frazer and Ross followed Dixon on foot, they pursued him up the road—when Captain Frazer met the witness, he said he believed his servant had unfortunately killed Dixon. Captain Frazer brought witness to where the deceased man lay; it was about seven or eight perches from the place where Dixon had lept off, so where he found him lying; he was lying along on his back, and the blood coming out of his breast and face; Ross came back and took his horse, Witness met him returning before he came up to where the man was lying. Ross did not return with Captain Frazer and witness where Dixon lay, witness asked Dixon if he was dead; but he was not able to answer or to speak, Captain Frazer, Dunn and witness, carried him to the house of one Gahagan; witness saw no other wound on him, he he did not examine him; he died while they were carrying him

him to Gahagan's. The prisoners at the bar then went off together; witness did not see Dixon give Captain Frazer or Ross the least provocation; Captain Frazer did not assign any other reason for taking him prisoner, than his being out late at night. He said there was not any person with the deceased, when Captain Frazer and witness went up to where he was lying.

Cross-examined by Mr. Espinass.

Witness said he was turnpike gate-keeper at chappleizod before he came to Cloncurry; that the one company owned both gates; that he had been moved to Cloncurry-gate only a few days before. He never heard of any robbery at Cappagh hill; but he had heard of robberies in the county. He did not know farmer Conolly. He heard of tumults, and had heard that there was a man killed by the soldiers at Clonard. He heard of Mr. Knipe's murder; witness was at that time in Chappleizod. He never heard of a man and his wife having been murdered in this country.—He heard that Captain Frazer was a Captain of Highlanders at Clonard; it was that night he heard it. He believes the army were brought there to suppress tumults. He heard that notice had been given to the inhabitants of the county to keep within their doors after unreasonable hours. A man of the name of Hyland was gate-keeper at Cloncurry before witness. He heard Hyland had been removed for improper language to the army. Captain Frazer came to the gate, and called witness abroad. He heard he and Ross were returning from Dublin; they must pass through the gate of Cloncurry on their way to Clonard.—Witness had been in bed before they came to the gate; it was dark before he went to bed; he had taken a sleep before they came to the gate; it was dark when they came there. Captain Frazer rapt at the door, and called witness up; he had come from towards Dublin. When witness went out, Captain Frazer was by himself. A horse came up to the gate without a rider. Captain Frazer desired witness to come out for a dog and Defender; bid him come to Clonard; and said he would put him to death directly.

directly. He then went up the road, and called John, John, when he found the horse had returned without his servant. Witness took the horse, and brought him to where Captain Frazer and Ross were. They had a man of the name of Dunn in custody. He did not know for what crime they had taken Dunn. He heard Captain Frazer say he had him in custody for being out late, and that he should go to Clonard. It was after they passed through the gate that Dixon appeared a prisoner; they had hold of him; they were near a lane which lead to a bog. Captain Frazer appeared to bring the prisoner to Clonard. He expressed himself in terms of contrition and grief. He said I am afraid my boy has unfortunately killed Dixon. He could not tell what sort of a man Dixon was. Witness said, ~~saw~~ him if he knew whether Dixon's hands were cut or not. He did not see any stroke of a weapon given to Dixon. He saw him when he attempted to escape. Witness did not point out the road Dixon went. He heard Captain Frazer say, when he missed his boy, that he was afraid he was killed. He said this when the horse came up to the gate without a rider. He believes if Dixon had gone quietly, nothing would have happened to him.

To a question by a Jurymen,

Witness said, that Captain Frazer did not pursue Dixon at the same time with Ross; but that he followed in a little time after.

Dr. Wm. Harrison examined by Mr. McNally.

Said he was called on in the month of July last, professionally to attend the inquest held on the body of Dixon; that he had very carefully examined him. He found he received one wound on the right side; it was given with a sharp instrument; it was an inch and a quarter broad, and about five inches deep; it penetrated the liver, and entered the stomach—it was a mortal wound. He had another wound on his chest; it was also given by a sharp instrument; it was very superficial—it was not mortal. He had another

another wound in his back ; it passed through the shoulder blade—it was very deep. The probe went in as far as it could go. He knew of wounds in the lungs not mortal ; but this he believed was a mortal wound. He had another wound on the fore part of his belly. It was given with a pointed instrument ; it penetrated the cavity of the belly—it was also a mortal wound. He said he examined seven wounds. He had a cut on the nose ; the end of his nose was intirely seperated. He believed the same instrument might have inflicted every wound. His jaw was cut through ; it was a cut, not a stab. He had no wound on his hands. It was about the eleventh of July that he was sent for.

To a question by Mr. Locke,

Said he knew the state of the country ; that he believed it the duty of officers to take up any man who was walking at the hour Dixon was.

Mr. M'Nally desired to know if gentlemen intended to produce evidence to shew that the officer had a right to put Dixon to death ; but that he should go into the character of the man.

Dr. Harrison said, he heard all Kildare was out of the peace ; that Captain Frazer lived at Clonard ; that Clonard was about seven miles from Cloncurry ; and that Cloncurry was the direct road from Kilcock to Clonard.

Mr. M'Nally informed the Court, that the Crown rested the prosecution here.

On behalf of the prisoner, the Rev. Thomas Knipe was produced and sworn.

Examined by Mr. Ridgeway.

He said he was a magistrate for the counties of Meath and Kildare ; that he knew Captain Frazer a long time ; that he had been in habits of great intimacy with him ever since he came to the country. He said the country had been for a long time in so disturbed a state, that no well-affected man's life was safe an hour ; that the situation
of

of the country was so very alarming, from the great number of murders and robberies that had been committed, that he found it necessary to apply to the Commander in Chief for a strong military force; that he had even found it necessary to apply for artillery. Almost every man in the country have found it necessary for the safety of his family to build up the windows of his house for defence; that the whole district had notice given them that any man found out of his habitation an hour after Sun-set, was liable to be taken up, till he gave an account of himself. Those persons taken at night were sent to the camp till next morning, that he had frequently ordered a Serjeant's guard to bring in all persons found out an hour after Sun-set, till they gave the necessary account of themselves.—He said he had told Captain Frazer that the country about Cloncurry was unsettled. He had received such information of its being so, that he thought it necessary to communicate it to Captain Frazer, and pointed out the line for him to pursue. He got the highest character of Capt. Frazer from the Commander in Chief, and from his own relations in the county Cavan. He was a gentleman of very great humanity and uniformly correct in his conduct. He was one of the best men he ever knew to have a command in the country.

Cross-examined by M. Antiffell.

He did not know Dixon, nor ever heard his character. He heard he was a carpenter and lived near Cloncurry. Witness never took up a man of good character—and knew very few poor men of good character. Had he met Dixon at twelve o'clock at night, he would most certainly take him up, or the gentleman himself, or any other man, at such an hour, till he gave a proper account of himself. Captain Frazer is not a magistrate. At such times as these, he thought it his duty to take up any man in the country out of his house at unreasonable hours, though he had not been a magistrate; that witness desired Capt. Frazer to do so. He had no doubt but that every commanding officer had a right to do so. He does not believe that any man could properly take up men, unless they were military

military officers or magistrates. Witness gave directions to take up persons in the line of the country from Clonard to Cloncurry, a distance of six or seven miles. He heard Captain Frazer had dined that day at Kilcock, at the Inn, in company with a Mr. Bomford. He heard he was in liquor. Witness never saw him so. He heard he was what is generally called hearty.

To a question by Mr. Ridgway.

Witness solemnly declared, that Captain Frazer was a gentleman of very great humanity.

Mr. Espinass informed the Court, that Captain Frazer here rested his defence, and hoped a distinct issue might be sent up to the Jury, that he might be acquitted by his country, as he must be by his God.

Thomas Ryan, Esq. observed that, that part of the country was neither proclaimed or in a disturbed state, for the truth of which he appealed to Sir Fenton Aylmer, and Michael Aylmer, Esq.—The deceased being a man of his, he felt a delicacy in coming forward himself—but either of those gentlemen could prove it.

Mr. Locke said, it did not signify he presumed, whether the man had been taken in a district not proclaimed, or in one that had; a few yards made no difference.

Mr. M'Nally objected to a distinct issue being sent up to the Jury; he would be sorry to be obliged to do his duty by speaking to evidence; it lay with gentlemen, whether they would put him on the necessity of doing so or not.—The issues must go to the Jury together.

Mr. Espinass said, at Naas an officer and serjeant were tried before Mr. Justice Kelly, for killing a man whom they had in custody, for attempting to escape at Leixlip; it was argued by the counsel for the Crown, that a separate issue should not be sent up to the Jury, for the serjeant—the court was pleased to overrule the objection; the issue was accordingly sent up, the serjeant was acquitted, and immediately admitted an evidence for the officer.

Mr.

Mr. McNally said, there were several species of homicide—several though not capital, were punishable—the prisoner Frazer might be found guilty of Manlaughter, in which case he would not be a proper witness for the other prisoner.

Court did not consider it as any favour to Captain Frazer; therefore would not hesitate to send up the issue to the Jury on Frazer.

The issue having accordingly been sent up—the Jury returned their verdict—NOT GUILTY.

Simon Frazer was then sworn to give evidence for John Rofs.

Examined by Mr. Kemmis.

He said he recollected very well, the 9th of July last, and the circumstances that had happened to him on that day. He said Rofs was a soldier in his company; and his servant; on his returning to Clonard late at night from Dublin, he met a man, one Dunn; who was in liquor—Dunn could not give a good account of himself. It was about twelve o'clock at night, when he took him, he gave him in charge to Rofs. He has been in the habit of bringing men to Clonard, taken at unseasonable hours out of their houses; he gave him to Rofs, and he attempted to make his escape, he was mounted behind Rofs; when he rode up to the turnpike gate, he desired the man who kept it, to turn out for a defender, when he came out he found it was not the man who had been there a little while before. He said he was a good man; he observed a man on the road, called to him, asked him where he had been? he said he had been buying nails. Witness said it was Sunday night, and too late; and that he would bring him with him, and if he did not give a good account of himself, would send him aboard the fleet; he would not get up behind him, and witness struck him with his hand. Dixon said he would not go behind witness, but would go behind the other man. He then had him put behind Rofs; and Dunn behind witness—he then told them he hoped the country

country would be quiet. When witnesses came up to the turnpike gate, he asked where his own man was? His horse came up, he said he was afraid his servant was killed; he desired Rofs to take care of the man they had taken, and bid the turnpike man to keep the horse while he went in quest of his servant. He said he followed Rofs who had pursued Dixon, that he saw Dixon fall, and thought he did so on purpose; that he *kicked him* and desired him to get up? That Rofs said—"he won't get up in a hurry, for I have killed him," witnesses said good God have you killed him; yes, said Rofs, *for if I had not killed him, he would have killed me; for he had near taken the dirk from me.* That he went next day to where the man lay, that he enquired if Mr. Ryan was at home, he was not; he enquired if any Magistrate was at home; there was not a Magistrate in the neighbourhood. He in presence of four men examined the dead man's hand; found it was cut in the palm. He said he was happy to find his hand cut; because he found Rofs had told truth; he knows Rofs a considerable time, he is about fifteen or sixteen years old; all the officers of the regiment gave him a very good character

Cross-examined by Mr. M'Nally.

Said he had never heard Rofs before that night, say he had killed a man; When he took Dunn prisoner Dunn was in liquor.—He was in the habit of taking up people by orders of the commander in chief. Dixon was not in liquor, he said he had been to buy nails, he heard he was a carpenter, and has seen shops open on Sundays, to supply country people with wares. Dixon was not armed when witnesses met him. Rofs carried the dirk, it is about an inch and a half broad, and about eight inches long, it is taper, witnesses helped Dixon to get up, and asked for the surgeon, that he went to try to get the Doctor, he believed that Doctor Harrison swore truth, about Dixon's having seven wounds, believed it was with the dirk he was cut in his hand, believed Rofs had hold of the handle, and that he drew the dirk himself. There was not any other person

person with Dixon but Rofs, don't know that any person gave Dixon the wounds but Rofs, said he called Dixon when he came up to him that if he had known he was wounded, he would not have kicked him. Rofs had the dirk all the time. He saw Dixon's hand cut, it appeared as if he endeavoured to disarm Rofs, to take the dirk from him. Dixon had refused to go behind witness, but consented to go behind the other man, he then ran away. Rofs pursued him; when witness came up, he desired Dixon to get up, Rofs said he can't get up, for I have killed him; and said he had very near got the dirk from him. He could not say, whether Dixon had attempted to disarm Rofs till after he had received one of the seven wounds, witness if he was in the same situation with Dixon, would strive to defend himself. He could not tell who was the strongest of the two. Witness believed and was sure, Rofs did not stab Dixon after he fell.

Lieutenant Hugh M'Donald, examined by

Mr. Ridgeway,

Said he knew Rofs before he came into the army, he conducted himself with so much propriety that he made him his servant.

The judge having summed up the evidence, the jury in a few minutes brought in their verdict, *Not Guilty*.

Counsel for the Crown

Leonard M'Nally, Christopher Antisell, Esqrs.

Agent—Mr. Potterton.

Counsel for the Prisoners

Richard Espinasse, William Ridgeway, } Esqrs.
Peter Locke, Thomas Kemmis, }

Agent—Mr. Tew.

The above was taken in court, by a short hand writer from whom we have at length with much difficulty obtained a copy, which we are happy to lay before our readers assuring them that it is an accurate account of the trial, which we are induced to publish; as a false and vile
O account

account of it was inserted in the Dublin Journal and some other papers : This was the more cruel, as the widow of the unfortunate Dixon is unable to prosecute his libellers, who would villainously endeavoured by false representations to prevent her obtaining justice by an appeal.

The persons who carried on the prosecution had but two objects in view, the one to show to the people, that they should receive some protection from laws which fail not to be enforced when a poor man transgresses. The second was unfortunately a vain hope, that by a fair representation of the fact, they might have induced an administration prodigal of the public money, to extend their generosity to a family thus deprived of its only support ; a man whose exemplary good conduct, sobriety, and industry, can be attested by all the magistrates of his district.

The prosecutors could have no animosity against Captain Frazer, for they had never seen him, and that they waited on the commander in chief, to demand his body, they were satisfied with his lordship's word of honour, that the captain should stand his trial ; although by the articles of war and the Mutiny act with which they were sufficiently acquainted, they might have insisted on his committal to jail ; this may perhaps be considered as an improper compromise of a magistrate in a case of murder ; it was not however from any desire to compliment his lordship, but from the necessity of the times, and a wish to prove that justice not revenge was sought after.

We could not obtain the judges charge from the brachygrapher, who said he was afraid to bring "*the vengeance of power upon him.*" Two remarks however are well attested, the one, that Dixon was happy out of this wicked world ; the other, that the Captain might have been brought to a court martial if he had not taken Dixon up. On the first of those we shall make no comment on the second we shall only observe, that the only court martial of which he was in danger , was for carrying arms, acting out of regimentals and without authority.

A parson

A parson magistrate told the captain falsely the barony was proclaimed, but if it was, it should have been more natural for Dixon to have taken up an armed stranger, riding through the country after Sun-set, and who had committed several violences on the road from Kilcock to Cappagh.

THE FATAL BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

Translated from the Irish.

Mourn, lost Hibernia! ever mourn,
 Thy freedom lost, thy laurels torn,
 Thy warriors sunk on Aughrim's plains,
 And Britain loading thee with chains.
 Her blood-stained standards flaunting high
 All on thy smould'ring ramparts fly;
 Her stern oppression grinds the state,
 Its Iron hand prescribes thy fate.
 Thy nobles, a degen'rate race,
 Corrupt, rapacious, fordid, base;
 Anxious their ill-got wealth to save,
 And slave themselves—to rule the slave;
 Barter thy rights, betray thy cause,
 And abject crouch to British laws.
 Thy peasant vainly tills the ground,
 Whilst eager rapine hovers round,
 To snatch from his enfeebled hand,
 And glut the spoilers of the land.
 Abroad thy exil'd patriots roam,
 Or croud the sickly gaol at home;
 Or, cold and languid, hope resign,
 And lose their energy divine:
 Or, yielded to the gen'ral doom,
 Unhonour'd, slumber in the tomb.
 No more thy standard waves display'd
 No more are gallant hosts array'd,
 Who in her cause all toils defy,
 Resolved to conquer or to dye:

Whole veins expand with martial fire,
 Who guard the venerable fire ;
 Protect the matron's peaceful rest,
 And nerve the timid virgin's breast.
 As safe she wanders through the grove,
 And hears no sigh—but that of love.
 Alas ! these happy scenes are fled,
 Armed bands by ruthless cowards led,
 With dire alarms and bloody strife,
 Destroy the calm of social life ;
 Torture the innocent and brave,
 Or perjured, vile, informers save :
 Oppress the weak with Vandal rage,
 And spurn the hoary head of age ;
 With merciless and ruffian power,
 Invade the sacred midnight hour,
 Religion, morals, laws effaced,
 Devouring flames the cottage waste :
 And violation stalks around,
 Murder and lust pollute the ground.
 They mock the trembling mother's pain,
 The tears of beauty plead in vain !
 The rocks resound with widow's cries,
 The suffering air with orphan'd sighs !
 Peace, virtue, truth, have fled the land,
 War, vice and crime, usurp command.
 For now thy hapless warriors fly,
 In foreign hosts, to bleed and die ;
 Immortal laurels there obtain,
 To flourish on a foreign plain.
 While peace and liberty o'erthrown,
 The funeral cyprus shades their own :
 Doom'd to be exiles, or be slaves,
 They seek for honourable graves ;
 Or worse, in Britain's hosts array'd,
 With impious rage thy rights invade ;
 With brethern's blood their faulchions stain,
 And harder bind their parent's chain.

Oh !

Oh ! worfe than death you're doom'd to feel.
 To perish by your children's steel !
 With joy your streaming wounds they fee,
 And glory in your misery.
 Cowards thy prostrate power deride,
 Loft is thy independent pride ;
 And ceas'd thy harps melodious found,
 And thy green standard trails the ground !
 Thy honour and defence no more,
 Defil'd with duft, diftain'd with gore.
 Thy warrior's fretch'd on Aughrim's plains,
 And Britain fmiling at thy pains !
 Thy freedom loft, thy laurels torn,
 Mourn, loft Hibernia !—ever mourn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

The outrages committed by my countrymen in different parts of this kingdom, fhew, that they have already forgot the fcenes of devaftation exhibited in their own country but a few years fince a picture of which, drawn by the celebrated Dr. Smollett, in the year forty-fix will not I hope be unacceptable, as it may, perhaps, move them to commiferate the condition of the people of this country, by a recollection of their own paff fufferings.

Your's fincerely,

A HIGHLANDER.

N. B. The following is taken from a book "Modern Poems," printed at Glafcow, by A Foulle, 1776.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1746.

I

MOURN, haplefs CALEDONIA mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn :

Thy

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
 Thy hospitable roofs no more,
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner fees afar
 His all become the prey of war;
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life,
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

III.

What boots it then in every clime,
 Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke,
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
 No more shall cheer the happy day:
 No social scenes of gay delight:
 Beguile the dreary winter night:
 No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
 While the pale phantoms of the slain
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

V.

Oh! baneful cause, Oh! fatal morn,
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons, against their father's flood,
 The parent shed his children's blood.
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
 Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
 The black wind whistles round her head,
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread,
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
 She views the shades of night descend,
 And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies

VII.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
 Resentment of my country's fate,
 Within my filial breast shall beat;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow,
 "Mourn, hapless CALLEDONIA, mourn,
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

Should success no longer attend Great Britain; should her foreign settlements be lost, upon whom can she lean for assistance, but—Ireland. And is it policy or gratitude in Great Britain, to look with a neglectful eye upon the only remnant of the Empire, which has not been wrested out of her hands, by the combined endeavours of that world with which she wages war. H. BURGH.

Though

Though the crown of Ireland is inseparably annexed to the crown of England, yet the King of England has no right to rob the King of Ireland of the brightest jewel of his crown, *his trade*; to embellish that of *England*.

H. GRATTAN.

Every nation that has been reduced to slavery, has lost its liberty by a standing army.

H. FLOOD.

And why not an Irish navy? Why should not the trade of Ireland be protected by ships under the command of the executive power of Ireland, especially as Parliament has already provided for the expence? For one of the acts which grants the hereditary revenue to the crown, expressly declares it is *granted* for the protection of the trade of Ireland, but it *applied* to the support of that infamous list of pensioners, who fatten upon the national wealth, while her dearest interests are neglected.

YELVERTON.

My ambition has been when out of office not to be factious, when in office not to be venal.

H. FLOOD.

Almost all countries in the world that have been enslaved, have been enslaved by the army.

H. BURGH.

I lament the illiberal and brutal treatment that public men often receive; but it is the portion of every man who devotes himself to the public service. I have myself experienced it—and the best way to avoid it, is by doing justice to the nation, which, though sometimes mistaken, seldom fails to bestow her good opinion upon the deserving.

H. FLOOD.

I will produce to you the authority of the apologist of the house of *Stuart*, “when the power of the sword,” says Hume, “is lodged in the hands of a *single person*, he will always find a pretext for keeping up a standing army.”—This is a mortal dis^etemper in the British Constitution, of which at last it must inevitably perish.

H. FLOOD.

Extra

Extract of a letter from Mullingar.

" You are probably tired by the length of my observations on the humanity, and good policy which appear to direct the military proscriptions of this miserable country ; (Westmeath), but as matters of fact are sometimes sufficiently strong to preclude the necessity of reflection. I can assure you, on a veracity for which you have heretofore given me credit, that in the course of my peregrinations through different parts of this county, that I counted more than **FOUR HUNDRED** houses burned ; and this enumeration I have had most amply confirmed by the testimony of several officers commanding the troops in this quarter, who made the number exceed **FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY!** This communication did not proceed from any sentiment which could lead to a suppression of the truth, for certain corps in the kingdom are so familiarized to deeds of slaughter and devastation, that they receive them with the same *nonchalant* that other men do the common and ordinary occurrences of life—and which the following " good joke " (as they call it in telling the story), will sufficiently illustrate : a Scotch serjeant attached to one of these active parties, whenever he discovered a house which he *suspected to be suspicious*, immediately set it on fire, and taking the mail inhabitants, placed them on their knees, and directed them *to offer up a short prayer for the king*—after which he shot them. This *pious* mode of proceeding being observed one day by a superior officer, he called out to know the reason of such dilatory execution, and damned him for not *shooting the scoundrel at once* ;—when the honest serjeant answered, that as *the fellow had lived a rebel in this world, he was determined he should be loyal on going into the other.*

" Instances without end could be recited of the most atrocious cruel, and unmerited deeds, perpetrated by the military on the persons and dwellings of the unprotected peasantry of this county, and these too generally not only with the connivance of men, whose rank and education should

should have instilled with sentiments of humanity, but in many instances under their very direction. This fact you will feel sufficiently corroborated by the extraordinary, and unprecedented circumstance of the grand jury of the county, having assessed by presentment the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas at the last assizes for the purchase of plate and gold medals for the officers, and silver medals for the soldiers of the Wicklow militia, for their zeal and activity in the murder of so many poor Irishmen, and burning their habitations, and looting on the wilderness, their houseless wives and children!—That a grand jury could legally assess such a sum for such a purpose may be doubted, but it has been reserved for this particular and unhappy country, and for the present age, to produce so extraordinary a fact. A fact that will stamp eternal disgrace on a nation that could give birth to twenty-four such men, professing the christian religion, humanized by its mild and merciful precepts, enlightened by education and civilized intercourse, and feeling that they are but fellow men with the lowest peasant, whom their common parent has created.

PATRICK O'BLUNDER,

To JOHN BULL, Esq.

SQUIRE BULL,

I RECEIVED your letter which did not surprise me; it is of a piece with the rest of your conduct towards me, you eat up my meat, you drink up my drink, I do my best to entertain you and your train, (and a hungry devouring set I find them.) Nothing in my house is too good for you and yours, I am almost beggared with the expence; and what is the return? you loll out your tongue, turn up your nose, and make faces at me; nay, I am told that you have been known, when I had taken an extraordinary glass of whiskey, to spit in my face, and pick my pockets. You think proper at times to call me cousin; the Devil take such

such *conners*, (as Shakespeare says ;) when you want to carry any point ; then it is cousin PADDY, you know I have a sincere regard for you ; our interests are the same ; all I do is for your good ; your money is just as safe in my pocket as in your own ; all things should be in common between loving friends ; and then *Patrick O'Blunder* is an honest lad, a generous fellow, he values money no more than the dirt of his shoes, and he's always ready to fight up to his knees in blood, for the honour of his relations.

Many a fair pound of my money have you cajoled and wheedled out of me, with flummery speeches, to carry on your lawfuits, when you got your turn served, the worst word in your cheek was too good for me ; and *Patrick O'Blunder*, (damn his eyes, and blast his limbs,) was a fool, and a knave, and a fortune hunter, a blundering oaf, and a bog-trotting rascal. The meanest of your beggarly brats, when they come to me, are more caressed and courted, than the best of my own children ; and feed on the fat of the land, while I and my family want a meal's meat ; but when I go to your place, how am I treated ? you encourage your very scullions and link-boys to twirl my hat, chalk my back, pelt me with mud, and throw potatoes in my teeth.

A great part of my grounds lie waste, I cannot send my goods to a fair market, but must let them rot in my warehouses, or sell them to you at your own rate. If you want to man a fleet, or raise an army, to fight the blacks or the yellow fever, or to serve under ground in the West Indies, Ogh !—it's send to Paddy—Paddy has idle fellows enough, his manufacturers have nothing to do, beat up for recruits on O'Blunder's farm, his spalpeens are only fit to be food for powder.

But what provokes me most is your treatment of my sister *Granna*, a young woman who was a match for any prince in Christendom, when a mere child you forced her to marry you, and how have you treated her ? you have
spoiled

spoiled her growth, given her disorders, that I fear will shorten her days, you lock her up, and starve her, while you are swaggering about, swilling strong beer, stuffing your fat tripes, and bragging of your exploits in boxing and boating, and when you get a broken head, for your sauciness from your neighbours, home you come ranting and vapouring, and beat and strip poor *Grannu* in revenge. But what is worse than all, you pretend, like a base man, as you are, that she has gone mad; and that there is no other cure for her, than the *actual cautery* the *straight waistcoat*, bleeding in the *juggulars*, and sending her to the *salt-water*: whether any human constitution can stand all this, I leave to the impartial world; but we deserve this usage for our folly; we thought to get good terms by flattering and coaxing you, and filling your pockets with money; and that would have answered no doubt, if you had a grain of generosity in your carcase, but alas, the only argument you mind is *shillela*, and the only law you regard is *lamve leidhr*.

God knows how I have been involved in my circumstances, by joining you in all your law suits: your litigious temper would never allow you to be at peace with your neighbours, and rather than be without a lawsuit, you brought an action against farmer *Yankey* your own tenant, because he would not bring all his grist to your mill. Well, what did you get by that *Johnny*? it turned out that you had a bad title to the estate, and you were cast on a hearing;—oh Lord! oh Lord! it makes my hair stand on an end, to think what bills of cost you have paid; and a swinging share of all has fallen on poor—poor *Paddy*; but *sabokliff*, the worst is behind, and the memory of what is to come, will make us forget the memory of what is past; you must needs quarrel, like a conceited meddling numskulas you are, with your next door neighbour Mr. *Guillotine*, the French dancing-master, because, forsooth, he presumed to cook his victuals his own way; and so you attempted to trip up his heels; and so he has taken the law of you;—this suit is not over—you have hitherto received more *kicks than halfpence*; still, you try to banish thought, and divert

divert yourself, with your pack of water-dogs, and your other hounds, and your duck hunts; but, mark my words, it is a *long lane that knows no turning*; the assizes are drawing nigh; the trial must come on;—how are you prepared to see the lawyers?

You may talk of my blunders Mr. Bull; but look at home, are you not a stupid dolt; the dupe and the cully of every quack doctor, swindling alchymist, and hungry projector? are you not perpetually the dupe of your own avarice, ambition, and rapacity? what sums have you lavished on Mr. *Von-either-side*, the *Prussian* flight of hand man, for the purpose of setting up a *Pbaro bank*, and playing at *puss* *pin* and *tee totum*, on a flim flam promise of lining your pockets with French crowns; and how did he serve you? he shewed all his best tricks to your opponents, while your money went over to him, by barrels at a time; and you were absolutely brought on the *parish*? how many good heavy guineas have you paid, in advance, to old *Kate Carnage* the butcher woman, for heads and plucks which she never delivered? how many child's portions have you lavished on *Swasbuckler* the German horse-rider, who undertook to cure you of the shaking ague, and the falling sickness, by a course of gunpowder and tincture of steel; ven crazy *Bell* the *Orange wench*, has shared the profits of your cullability.

Oho, oho! you call me a blunderer. The greatest blunder I ever committed, was the having any thing to say to you; except it was the calling myself a freeman. Oho! Irish freedom is *Ægyptian* bondage, honey. You talk of sending the Scotch and Welsh to flea me, and make drums of my skin, and then beat a charge upon them, against *French* democrats; but, hark in your ear, the *Scots* and *Welsh* may not be always in the same mind. The *Scots* have heard of a place called *Tranent*; and the *Welsh* may call to mind, how Edward, one of your Kings, murdered all their Bards, that they might not have a song, or tune on the harp, to cheer them in their misery. You talk of sending *Jews*, and all the tribes of *Gergashites*—why you have sent them already, John—they have overspread the
hand,

land, like *Locusts*; our public offices are full of them; they sit on the Treasury Bench the Bench of Bishops, and all our Benches. The Jews, I have been told, are great dealers in old cloaths; they would be the cheapest for my money; for we have many *turn coats* in *Ireland*; but if an host of *Jews* were to come among us, they could not use us worse than our Christian brethren—nay they might sympathize in our sufferings, recollecting something of what their nation endured in *Ægypt*. At any rate, friend John, you have qualified us to fraternize with the *Jewish* tribes—you have circumcised, and excised us too, with a vengeance.

You advise me to call to mind past occurrences; give me something to remember you by—call to mind, ay, that I must, Mr. *Bull*—you have left your marks in plenty of cuts, and scars, and bumps on my poor carcase. You bid me eat my potatoes in quiet—I wish you had left me a little grain of salt to them:

Remember you, Mr. *Bull*! Oh that I may never forget you These seven hundred long years, I may say, have I been serving my apprenticeship to you, and I have not yet learned to set up for myself. I wish to God you would either take me into partnership, or give me up my indentures, and that you would treat *Granna* properly, or be divorced from her. We have never known luck nor grace, since we had dealings with you. Mr. *Bull* is too great a man—no fit connexion for us. Many and many an honest fellow has been ruined, and brought to a morsel of bread, by pretending to associate, and claim kindred, and keep company with those above him. He's like a little cock-boat holding by the *painter*, and trying to keep close to a big ship in a storm.

I tell you what—the very best thing for poor *Paddy* would be, to make a child's bargain with the great Mr. *Bull*, let me alone, and I'll let you alone, I make a proposal, John, I make it with all the veins of my heart—the time may come, when you shall be brought to agree to it—let us be civil strangers for the future, and that is the way to make us good friends.

PATRICK O'BLUNDER.
LETTERS

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have now finished my review of the present situation of Irish affairs; a situation which must highly gratify the foes of the Irish name; a situation which now demands and may in future, yet more imperiously demand the patience, the fortitude, the circumspection, perhaps the daring of every patriotic *Irishman*, and will deserve the severe reprobation of impartial history, and the indignant curse of a just posterity. This country offers to her suffering children a course of fiery trial, and Spartan discipline in every passive and active virtue. I have dwelt on the painful detail of calamity and grievance, with some prolixity, because the deep consideration of this subject affords a key to the secrets of the British Cabinet; explains the motives and the maxims of the partisans of an English interest, and a Protestant Ascendancy, and may teach the people to moderate their sanguine hopes of redress from our present rulers, and to—submit, with quietness to their destiny, while the reigning order of things prevails.

You question me, as to the probable continuance of the system of terror; after so much artifice and design employed for its introduction I do not think it is meant to be speedily relinquished. The architect would not have employed his utmost care and industry to lay the foundations of a structure, he would not have commenced the building of the most durable materials, and he designed to prostrate it the next day. I must point out to your notice a similitude, which could not be casual, in the mode of proceeding in the two islands; but which, on the contrary, shews a deep contrivance and refined wretch in policy, to introduce an abrogation of the most important parts of the Constitution.—The outrages and horrid attack on the King's person on his way to Parliament was made the ground and pretext for issuing a proclamation of an alarming nature, and for

for proposing and passing two most violent and oppressive laws, that covert the dearest rights of a British subject. The statutes in question were brought forward, and if they had * been framed on the spur of the occasion, and were merely intended to prevent a repetition of such atrocious attempts: yet it appeared by the unguarded confession of Mr. Secretary *Dundas*, that they had not only been rejected but actually prepared, some time before even the outrage, their pretended ground and occasion took place. Now compare this artful and perfidious transaction, so disrespectful to the sacred person of our Sovereign, with what has been committed in *Ireland*. The outrage of *defenders*, for some time past unnoticed; the outrages of *Orangemen* were even encouraged. When the managers of this iniquitous machinery perceived that a sufficient quantity of irritation was infused into the people, to render them impatient, and a sufficient quantity of disorder and apparent disaffection disseminated through the country, to furnish some pretext for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*—the insurrection act—the proclamation of districts—martial law—the reign of terror—then the slumbering Government arose like a giant, refreshed, or rather intoxicated with wine; it sprung forward like a tyger, which had couched in seeming repose, to watch and seize his prey with the greater certainty. From these premises I infer, that the reign of terror thus artfully introduced will not cease by a voluntary surrender.

X Let us consider the causes, which may enforce a reluctant abdication of the terrific system. I know not whether foreign invasion would have that effect; nor what are the probabilities of such an event. Powerful motives exist, which must dispose the *French* people to strenuous exertions for the humiliation of the *British* empire. The astonishing efforts, which the *English* government has employed, to conjure up enemies to *France*. *England* has been the life and soul of the confederacy against her, by intrigue, by treaty, by subsidy, by persuasion, by threats, by force of arms.

* A clear and particular account of this transaction, in the *new annual register* for the year 1796.

arms. She has endeavoured to encrease and consolidate the coalesced mass, that threatened to strangle in the birth the new liberty of *France*. The new ministry of *England* conceived the grand majestic project, a project worthy of the author of all evil, of visiting with famine twenty-five millions of people, who dared to think for themselves. To *England* alone *France* attributes the long continuance of the calamities and horrors of a war, destructive beyond all example. In fine, *England* has aspired to the universal empire of the sea, and has displayed on that element, an irresistible power and energy, more justly alarming to the rest of *Europe*, than the domineering pride and ruthless ambition of the great *Louis*, as he has been most improperly called, by the flattery of poets and historians, and the folly of his subjects. Such are the causes which may excite the fear, the hatred, the jealousy of *France*, at the same time she may perceive, that should the present opportune crisis be suffered to escape, she may never find such another occasion, of abating the pride, and confounding the devices of her inveterate rival. But the sea—the sea—is the protection of *Ireland*.

I lay aside the attack of a foreign enemy other causes may overwhelm the reign of terror. It is not a circumstance peculiar to this country, that the treasury is exhausted and loans are negotiated by the state, on terms more extravagantly usurious than were heretofore offered by young spendthrifts; that specie has disappeared and Bank-paper is depreciated, and in danger of sinking, to the degraded condition of assignats; and that the civil list is in arrear, to a vast amount. But, it is a circumstance peculiar to this country, or at least peculiar to this administration, that prodigality and profusion should prevail in the midst of distress and bankruptcy. While the learned judges, the various law officers, and different ministers of justice in the various courts and tribunals throughout the country, men who render essential, unequivocal, and honourable services to the public, and whose stipends ought to be held sacred, and paid with a religious punctuality in the most difficult times because their labours and exertions are indispensably requi-

site to the well-being, nay, to the very existence of the community ; While these men, whose functions are thus important, experience an unfeeling, unblushing insolvency which repels their just demands, with stern effrontery ; while the base instruments employed in secret service of doubtful utility, find their way to the public coffers and return burthened but not satisfied ; and large sums are clandestinely lavished to purchase perjury, and reward treachery and falsehood. But these are minor considerations ; the care of satisfying the army the arbiter of our fates, supercedes all other claims, however well-founded and urgent, and must be the grand and favourite object of a military government. The judge and the magistrate may be as awful to the community as the soldier ; but the former are men of peace ; if they are hardly treated, they must acquiesce ; the latter is conscious of his own strength, the sword is in his hand ; he will take justice, if it is not freely rendered to him ; he is in a condition to give law to his superiors.

Every friend of government exalts no doubt, in the present loyal dispositions, and imposing countenance of the military force. Yet I would beg leave to suggest, that an engine has been set in motion against the people, powerful it is true, but of nice and difficult management. The *pretorian* guards of old, the janisaries of latter times, have often overset the governments that employed them. The late mutiny of the *British* navy shook the empire to its very centre. The land forces also showed symptoms of discontent ; and it became necessary to ensure their peaceable demeanor by an encrease of pay. The army of *Ireland*, with the importance and ferocity of *Turkish* janisaries, may imbibe their formidable spirit. Taught to debate, to agitate, to give law, invested with the whole executive authority of the country, and rendered the sovereign masters of our property, our freedom, and our lives, they may learn to know their own importance, and demand rewards proportioned to their mighty services. But should the people, contrary to the humane wishes of some persons, high in station, persevere in their passive system, it is possible that the troops may become discontented.

I am

I am not afraid of the arts of *Jacobins* and *United Irishmen*, tho' the secret committees of parliament announce in their reports, plans of seduction, and committees of insurrection. We are guarded against the arts of such men, by new and unprecedented laws hanging over the individual, who shall dare to tamper with the soldiery, severe and monstrous penalties, of vague and undefined charges, difficult of denial or disproof. It is in a different quarter that the storm begins to lower. Government is already sore pinched for money. The civil list, as I have said, is heavily in arrear; so is the pay of the yeomanry, the list of halfpay officers and pensioners. It is even whispered that the treasury is deeply indebted to the several army agents, who have advanced money as far as their means would allow, for the subsistence of the forces. All manufactures have declined; trade is at a stand; the consumption of luxury is retrenched; there is an alarming deficiency in the receipt of the revenue. Should the funds, by which the army, in other words the government of the country, is paid and kept quiet, become exhausted, Heaven preserve us! the soldiers encouraged in licentiousness, that they might the more severely scourge the people, the unsated tygers, may devour their keepers.

This is no visionary fear. Suppose the sources of revenue stop, that neither summer lottery nor winter lottery will avail, to replenish the treasury, the payment of interest on the funds may then be suspended, or wholly discontinued. The banks may be involved in the fate of the treasury, with which they are now too closely connected, thro' the vanity and ambition of some among the bankers. Distress and indigence already begin to pervade the abodes of luxury and pride, particularly among those who depend for subsistence on places, pensions, or the profits of trade. Insolvency, emanating from the wants of government, may become daily more general and more pressing. Thus will be produced a dreadful action and re-action of the treasury on the people, and on the people of the treasury. The people may retrench or wholly discontinue the use

of many things, which are now the principal source of revenue. The people may at last become unable, or unwilling, to pay the taxes; already they are tardy and murmur. What then may be the situation of government and of the country? The government besieged on all sides, surrounded with vengeful clamours—the country plunged in bankruptcy, filled with a licentious soldiery, unpaid and uncontrouled!

Advert to another danger.—Our streets have been filled with famished crouds; our ears pierced with cries of starving manufacturers. Multitudes have perished, and are yet perishing in the silent retirement of despair, throughout the crowded and infectious retreats of calamity and disease. The infuriate feeling of famine is, for a season repressed and stilled, by the lenient and pious hand of private benevolence. Blessed task, to the humane individual, of much present utility to the public! but I fear the hand of partial and individual bounty, it is too feeble to produce permanent effect. A steady resolution to consume only the MANUFACTURES OF OUR COUNTRY, is the sole means of restoring bread and industry to the poor. That is withheld. The sources of private and voluntary beneficence may be dried up, and the miserable victims, of a nefarious war, and a relentless faction may be turned out, in thousands frantic with their sufferings, hungry and fierce as famished wolves; renouncing obedience to the parent that seems to have abandoned them. They will prowl at large, they will avenge their unfeeling pride and heartless luxury on the Rich, by the depredations of the Poor. Merciful God, what a scene! It may not be distant: We should consider, with awful apprehension, that a season of want and calamity, powerfully conspired and co-operated with public discontents, and political motives, to produce revolutionary movements in *France* and particularly in *Paris*.

I now leave you to chuse your party, in the divisions that agitate this suffering land. The facts and reflections which
I have

I have offered to you, may perhaps, have some weight in your opinion, and influence on your decision. I know your integrity. You do not seek the strong hand but the righteous cause. Chuse with deliberation, that you may chuse well; and having chosen, adhere with steadiness to the party of your choice. I know you are not one of those cold and contemptible spirits, that disclaim interference in party; and seek to dignify their selfish apathy or coward caution, with the name of a pretended moderation.

These are no times for half measures and temporising expedients; they call for decided resolution and active energy, pointed right onward, and pressing to the goal. A conscientious man may perhaps, (though I think you would scorn such a conduct) bring himself, to act in an ambiguous manner, and vibrate from side to side, between contending parties; when their collision arises from a mere struggle for power; but such a conduct will become highly criminal, and even parricidal, when the contention between parties, arises from such vast and pointed differences from principles of disagreement so irreconcilable, that they not only affect the dearest interests, but the very existence of the community; when the countenance and co-existence of the two parties may become an impossibility, and the maintenance or re-establishment of public peace, and social order can be obtained only, by the triumph of one party over the other; the choice may be a choice of difficulties, but it must be made; and made decidedly, and for ever.

When one party seems to be bent on the extermination of the other, and charges it with the foulest crimes, and the most dangerous intentions; when it is plainly seen, that no power short of a miraculous interference of Heaven, can accommodate their differences; then the party which is branded with opprobrium, and marked out for destruction, will find no resource, no means of safety, except in the overthrow of their adversaries. In such an enraged state of the public mind; what individual will be suffered to remain neuter? what good and feeling man would wish to remain neuter, if he might? I do not believe that the merits of two contending parties were ever yet so evenly
balanced

balanced, that they equally deserved the support of a good and impartial man ; though good men might doubtless be found in both. The law of *Solon*, was a wise one, which punished the neutralist in a civil contention. I never could bring myself to admire the character of *Atticus* ; heartless, cold, and unfeeling must be the man—the thing rather—for such neutralized existence belies the name of man, that wraps himself up in his own selfishness, his own private enjoyments and narrow pursuits, while his fellow citizens, his friends, his brethren, advance with enthusiastic rage, to the mortal contention. When wise and good men enter into party, or take a share in civil commotion, (which, observe, I fervently deprecate) the most salutary effects are produced, the views and motives of party are rectified ; the popular disposition is humanized ; the violent ferments of the people are moderated ; their exertions are calmly and wisely directed ; the multitude are taught a salutary moderation, in the day of their triumph and their power ; and acts of sanguinary rage, and brutal violence are prevented.

The civil war in *Britain*, which ended in the death of the unhappy Charles, though productive of much bloodshed, was marked with few or no atrocities ; the blood which flowed in that fatal struggle, was shed in fair and open combat, on the well fought field. To what must we impute this mildness, in the midst of fury ; this humanity amidst the fields of death ? to the hallowed and over-ruling influence of a number of great, good, and wise men, who were led, by their principles, to renounce the seats of ease and opulence, to abandon the care of their private fortunes ; and what was to them a greater sacrifice, to quit the academic shades, the elegant pursuits, and calm retreats of learned leisure ; and to range themselves, at the trumpets voice, under the banners of the contending parties.

I must warn you, that if you hope to unite the ease and indulgence, both mental and bodily, of untroubled times, with the agitations of party ; you will be sorely disappointed. The present times, will require uncommon firmness,
large

large sacrifices, severe privations, and laborious exertions but how shall you escape them, could you desire it? you must fly from your native land, you must renounce your situation in society, many of your most valuable and dear connexions; you must divest yourself of the patriot feeling towards your country, which includes all the best affections and fondest charities of the universal bosom. And whither would you fly? in what quarter of the habitable globe can you dream of finding untroubled and permanent repose amidst the general convulsion, which shares the *genius* and the *mortal instruments*? it is not only more manly and more honourable, but also more prudent, to march with countenance erect, a volunteer into the patriot ranks, than to be forced to the painful alternative of becoming one of the satellites of tyranny, one of the oppressors of your country, one of the butchers of your brethren; or of joining the patriot band, at a future day, reluctantly and ungraciously, and of bringing an accession of strength, without deserving gratitude or honour.

Above all, do not despair of the republic; believe me, it shall not be lost; the present silence of the people, is not the silence of fear or despondency, but of discretion; the public cause is not abandoned, notwithstanding the terrors of military execution, or yet more grating to the serious mind, because of the mixture of cruel mockery the forms of judicial butchery, legal assassination, adversity teaches many admirable lessons; among these, caution and circumspection are not the least valuable; the people I hope, have learned those lessons, their situation needs them; when the most specious professions, and fairest outside may conceal a traitor, and the most laudable acts and expressions may be tortured into felony or treason, by crown lawyers and complying juries, and no man can hold himself safe, a temporary consternation, must prevail; but the day must come, when the people shall firmly rally around the constitution; and range themselves boldly, under the standard of freedom.

I had

I had some thoughts of reducing my sentiments on the present situation of this country, into a methodical form, and communicating them to the public; but who would venture to write for the public in these perilous times, when we have new censors of literature, and licensers of the Press? Who can be sure that his writings will suit the palates of those fiery critics—the non-commissioned officers and privates? Many administrations, in different countries, have endeavoured to curb or destroy the Freedom of the Press; but they have usually attempted this, in something of a quiet and plausible manner, under the forms of law, or the regulations of police. The annihilation of the Press is, no doubt, a most desirable object to those governments that profess an opposition to public sentiment, and aim at a conquest over public spirit. It remained for the happy vigour of the present administration, to point out a compendious path to the compleat suppression of the public voice—a path unknown even to the strong governments of Spain and of France in her former days of despotism. But believe me it is in vain—the current of thought and opinion is too mighty and impetuous to be stayed. While the people have hearts to feel, heads to think, tongues to speak, or hands to strike, there must and will be found some expression of the public sentiment—its sound shall go out into all lands, its words unto the end of the world.

MONTANUS.

ON THE PROJECTED UNION

ERIN—OR THE MAID'S LOVE.

O fairest Maid that e'er was seen,
 My sweetest ERIN, dress'd in GREEN,
 Thou art my early, only love,
 And still to thee I'll constant prove.
 'Tis true thy sister, in her spite,
 Would fain conceal thy beauty bright,
 For she with envy sore is stung,
 Because she's old, and thou art young.

BUT

But tho' she's rich, and dresses fine,
 And her jewels bright do shine,
 Still she never can prevail
 To make my love for ERIN fail.
 For thou, dear maid, full well I ween,
 Art fairer far in simple GREEN.
 No jewel's lustre e'er can vie
 With my lovely ERIN's eye—
 Full of feeling, full of truth,
 Full of the gen'rous fire of youth,
 In vain thy sister shews her wealth,
 She ne'er can gain my heart by pelf;
 But then she tells me of the sport
 Which with her I'd find at Court,
 With this she thinks to turn my brain,
 And yet she labours all in vain;
 For while I live I ever mean
 To stay with BASIL dress'd in GREEN.
 She too employs more subtle art,
 To draw away my faithful heart—
 Vile slander tells to wound thy fame,
 And rob thee of thy honest name.
 But when thy open mien I view,
 Sure well I know thy virtue's true:
 Thy simple air, and artless smile,
 Can ne'er conceal base falsehood's guile.
 Nature has form'd thy face so fair
 The image of a heart sincere;
 And Nature's child thou still hast been,
 Dress'd all in her favourite GREEN,
 But to do mischief still intent,
 And on my ERIN's ruin bent,
 This envious sister much I dread,
 When art cannot her wish bested;
 By force, by brutal force may try,
 To rid her of her jealousy.
 O yes, my fears too just I find,
 She means my ERIN's hand to bind;
 That then she may, with barb'rous joy,
 Her opening beauties all destroy.

O come

O come then ERIN, come away,
 O haste my love nor longer stay,
 O haste this cruel sister leave,
 Her words are false, her smiles deceive.
 UNION she cries, with vip'rous breath,
 UNION with her—is ERIN's death.
 O come then ERIN come away,
 O haste my love nor longer stay.
 See where in yonder golden clouds,
 The western Sun his glory shrouds,
 There lies on Europe's skirt an Isle,
 Where nature sheds a genial smile.
 My ERIN thither will I bring,
 There cull for her the sweets of spring,
 And when fierce summer Sun's invade,
 With her I'll court the grateful shade,
 With her the fruits of autumn taste,
 And shield her from rough winter's waste.
 There envy shall not wound her peace,
For there her sister's pow'r shall cease.
 O come then ERIN come away,
 O haste, my love nor longer stay.
 O haste, thy cruel sister leave,
 Her words are false, her smiles deceive,
 UNION she cries, with vip'rous breath,
 UNION with her—is ERIN's death.
 O come then ERIN, come away,
 O haste, my love nor longer stay.

Z.

*The Trial of WILLIAM KENNEDY, before Mr. SOLI-
 CITOR GENERAL, at Athy, on Friday, the 24th day of
 August, 1797.*

WILLIAM KENNEDY. stood indicted for aiding and
 assisting a numerous armed mob; on Saturday night the
 6th of May last, in an attack on the Charter-school-house of
 Carberry—inhabited by Stephen Sparks master thereof,
 with

with an intention to take away the life of the said master, and to rob the said house of arms, the property of the said Stephen Sparks, and of arms the property of several yeomen of the Grand Canal Legion, there deposited for safety: and also for firing several shots into the said house, with an intention to kill the said Stephen Sparks, contrary to Statute, &c.

On this indictment he was arraigned; and pleaded not guilty.

The following were called and sworn on the Jury.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 John Lewis, | 7 Saml Colclough, |
| 2 John Higginbottom, | 8 William Sherlock, |
| 3 William Mooney, | 9 Robert Kenny, |
| 4 Wentworth Pain, | 10 William Rose, |
| 5 William Moore, | 11 Marks Cannon, |
| 6 Abraham Ryder, | 12 Hugh Cribben. |

Stephen Sparks, sworn.

Said, he was master of the Charter-school-house of Carberry, that he had a good right to remember the 6th of May, his reason for remembering it so well, was that on that night, or the next morning his house was attacked by a great number of men; he believed near three hundred, most of them were armed with guns, they attacked the house in front; they threw a great number of stones and fired against the windows, the guns were loaded with ball, the shot entered into several windows of the room, lodged in the window-frames and shutters; and many ranged along the walls in different directions. Witness never staid long in any one situation, he ran from one window to another; he was exposed to the shot of the persons who fired very frequently, several balls passed close to him, he thanked God neither he or his family or party, received any wound. He had six persons in the house beside his son, they fired repeatedly on the persons who made the attack; whenever the party without fired a volley they gave a shout, or rather a yell, they desired witness to throw out his arms. Witness and his party kept firing on them; he did not give them

them his arms. They went off, he heard a great shout; they said they would be back again and send witness and his family to hell; he saw a party on the hill coming towards the house, witness thought they had rallied, he and his party fired on them, when he heard the words Wicklow—friends—they stopped their fire; one of the Wicklow was unfortunately killed, by a shot from the house, before they were known, he said the prisoner at the bar was soon after brought to his house, in company with an other man, they were brought in by a party of the Wicklow; witness knew the prisoners, he asked the prisoner Kennedy for God's sake, what could induce him to attack witness; he would not make any answer; would not speak one word, witness solemnly declared Kennedy was as sober, as he the witness was at the time of giving his evidence. There was a considerable deal of injury done the house, it cost upwards of fifteen pounds to repair the windows, several balls were fired into the room where witnesses family were, he made no doubt but he was frequently in great danger; he heard several balls pass quite close to him, he stood mostly in front to have an opportunity of firing with effect. He is convinced there could not be less than three hundred men at the attack.

Lieutenant Heppensfall,

Said, he was a Lieutenant in the Wicklow militia, was quartered in Edenderry in May last; remembered the night of the 6th of May. The soldiers at the camp were alarmed by the frequent reports of musquetry; about 8 o'clock at night, the drum beat to arms; the party was formed into three divisions, witness commanded one party; they took different roads, witness marched his party towards Williamstown: he had got a hint that Mr. William's and captain Grattan's houses, would be attacked that night, witness had not marched far, when he heard volleys towards Carberry hill: he crossed over towards it, he still heard the firing and shouting, when he came to the top of the hill, he saw a house under him; he asked whose it was, some of the men said it was Sparker's, they had not returned

returned far, when several shots were discharged from the house at his party, one of his men was shot; and himself near being killed; the ball passed through his side lock, he threw himself on the ground, and cried out murder—Wicklow—friends—several balls passed through his clothes, he saw a man running from the house, witness ran up to him and knocked him down; He asked him who he was, but he would not make any answer, witness swore he would put him to death if he did not tell who he was, but he would not speak, it was the prisoner at the bar; he gave him in charge to his serjeant, and went forward with some of the men; he soon after saw another man running along the hill, witness came up with him and knocked him down with the but end of his firelock. The man asked for mercy, and that if his life was spared, he would discover of the persons who were there, witness seized him by the collar, brought him up to where he had left the other prisoner; asked him if he knew that man, pointing to the prisoner at the bar; Hyland the other prisoner said, yes that is Bill Kennedy the brogue maker of Kishawanna, he was with us. Hyland said that Kennedy had sworn him, before they went to Spark's in the old church yard of Carberry; witness brought them down to Mr. Sparks.

On his cross-examination, he said he did not see a gun with the prisoner at the bar. He said he put a rope round the prisoner's neck, and swore he would hang him if he did not discover his party, and acknowledged he drew the cord pretty tight; but he could not get a word from him. Hyland discovered of several others, who were taken that morning.

Alexander Caffry said he was a private in the Wicklow Militia, went out under the command of Lieutenant Hoppenstall, the night the Charter-house was attacked; they came up just as it was over. The Defenders made off when the Wicklow came up; they fired some shots—one of his comrades was killed. Witness saw the prisoner running

ning from the house from the wall up the hill. He was taken by the party. He had a gun in his hand.—The Lieutenant knocked him down; he would not tell who he was.

On his cross-examination, said he is sure Kennedy had a gun as he came up. Witness was within a yard of the Lieutenant; he kept near him, and could see the prisoner as well as he. He is positive Kennedy had a gun, and witness saw him drop it.

Serjeant Pounden said he saw the prisoner running from the house. He did not see a gun with him; but saw one about thirty yards from where he was running. Witness was close to Mr. Heppenstall; Lieutenant gave the prisoner into witness's care. The prisoner lay down but would not speak a word. The party soon after brought up another prisoner (Hyland). He said the first man was Kennedy, the brogue-maker. The prisoners were brought down to Mr. Sparks, and afterwards to the camp at Edenderry.

Stephen Hyland, the approver.

Q, Do you know Kennedy, the prisoner at the bar?

A. Yes, and by virtue of my oath I never knew any harm of the boy in my life!

N. B. Hyland was ordered off the table—a bill of indictment sent up to the Grand Jury against him—put on his trial—convicted, and had sentence of death passed on him instant.

The evidence for the Crown closed here.

Patrick Reilly, for prisoner.

- Said he overtook the prisoner at the town on the evening of the 6th of May last, near his own house; but was so drunk, that witness would not pay him 15 shillings he owed him for shoes. The prisoner would not let witness quit him till he drank with him. Witness would not have returned with him, but was afraid he would fall in the ditch.

ditch. They went to one Duff's, in Kishawanna; prisoner called for a pot of ale, and soon after quit him; it was after nightfall. Witness did not see him after, till he saw him in Court.

In answer to questions by the Court, said he lives within a mile of the prisoner's, and within about two miles of Mr. Sparks. He heard Kennedy was taken prisoner next day. He never told Sparks or any other person that Kennedy had been so drunk that evening; Kennedy was a lad of very good character.

In his cross-examinations Mr. Reilly said he had been attacked by the defenders himself, some time before; but had beaten them off.

Catherine Duff, sworn.

Lives at Kishawanna, the prisoner and Paddy Reilly came into her house about nightfall, the night Mr. Sparks's house was attacked, Kennedy was the drunkest man she ever saw, they drank a pot of ale together. Mr. Reilly went away, and Kennedy quarrelled with witness for not giving him more liquor, she would not let him stay any longer in the house for fear of the soldiers; he went as she thought to his own house, lives within five or six perches of witness.

Rose Kennedy, sworn.

Lives at the new chapel, saw the prisoner, the night of the attack at Mr. Sparks, he came to her father's between ten and eleven at night, they were all in bed but witness. He was so drunk, he was hardly able to walk; he sat by the fire, as much as he could do was to keep from falling. He was courting witness, she heard the shots, and was afraid they would waken her father; and she made the prisoner go out, she put him out by force, because her father would be angry if he found him there, she said she loved the prisoner, and let him visit her against her father's consent several nights. Counsel for the crown did not cross-examine her from motives of delicacy; she appeared a modest and very beautiful girl.

Here

Here the evidence for the prisoner closed, the jury retired and in eighteen hours and a half brought in their verdict *Guilty*.

On account of the evidence in favour of this prisoner, his remarkable good character and the informer's evidence that fear alone made him lodge examinations but above all as one of the jury refused to find him guilty, till his brothers were going to throw him out of the window, several gentlemen, grand jurors, and others presented a petition in his behalf to the Solicitor General, who promised to send it to the Lord Lieutenant, but Kennedy was executed.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

A FEW evenings ago, I went to the Exchange Coffee-house, to hear the politics of the day, and took my seat at the table among others, where an old gentleman seemed to bestow much attention upon your last paper; in a few minutes, a tall, rosy, bluff, bustling sort of figure, dressed in yeoman regimentals, entered the room, and asked the waiter for the last Dublin Journal; the waiter answered that it was in hand, but that he would enquire for some other paper for him? upon which the old gentleman, with an odd sort of mixture, enough of archness and politeness in his manner, asked this juridical son of Mars, (for such he was) if he chose to amuse himself with the Press. The way in which this proposal was made, excited a half titter in the company, which seemed felt by the captain, who said he would not read it; that it was a scurrilous piece of licentiousness, defaming his Majesty and his ministers and his Majesty's laws and constitution, and that he was particularly sorry to see it in the hands of men, who were likely to be called upon as jurors, and whose loyalty in that important duty, could not but be corrupted by such a communication. To this observation the old gentleman replied, that he feared the Captain was somewhat mistaken in the fact,

point of fact, and that he much doubted of the justice of his inferences : in fact, said he, the Press seems to me to have been perfectly silent, as to the sacred person of his Majesty, and in that silence I think it was not wrong ; by the law of this country, he can do no wrong, and therefore it can never be either just or mannerly to scold him ; whether in a cradle or in a waistcoat, he is always good and just, and wise by the law of the land, and therefore he ought to be exempt from the impertinence of advice, or the insolence of reproach ; I have myself, said he, seen many letters addressed to the King, but I never heard that he answered one of them : I even doubt he ever read them, and certain it is, that no one of them ever produced any effect : for some of them advised him to dismiss Ministers whom he retained ; others advised him to retain the American hemisphere, which he threw away ; and others of them suggested the expediency, rather of letting the French kill one another, than of provoking them to bring Jacobinism and Anarchy among his faithful subjects in Great Britain, which advice he hath also been too wise and too humane to follow ; I do not however think, that even an English Minister stands in the same degree of privilege from complaint, or from punishment ; much less can an Irish Lord Lieutenant, who is the creature of the Minister lay claim to any attribute, that does not belong to his Creator. I know in this country, the fact and the law to be otherwise : for I know the Lord Lieutenant who suffered death as a malefactor for his crimes in Ireland ; and I have known many of his successors, who have been most justly deprived of all character, though, to the grief of all good men, they have not been deprived of their lives. I do therefore think, Captain, that they ought to be amenable to the great tribunal of reputation ; of which the grand accuser, is a *free Press* ; of which the inflexible judge, is common honesty and sense ; in which no witness can be suborned, no jury packed and against whose awful sentence, no bad Minister can advise a deluded King, to grant a pardon. Sir, said he Captain, abruptly, you mistake me grossly ; I did not say the Press should be silent, but that it should speak with

decency and decorum; that it should speak with a becoming respect of high character, and that above all, it should never traduce the administrators of public justice. Captain said the old gentleman, it is not I that mistake, it is you that misconceive; be pleased to consider, that this court of reputation, is bound by its duty to distribute the wreath, and to exercise the rod; to reward virtue, with the fair meed of fame, and to hold out the example of vice, as once suffering and detested; see how your maxims will apply to this duty. Suppose an Irish viceroy, wise and virtuous, he ought to be praised with energy and warmth; if you damn with faint praise, if you sneakingly approve, and "dare not spread the merit that you love," you defraud his merit of its due, and the public of his example. If on the other hand, he be neither wise or virtuous; if he do not wield the sword that is committed to him with justice or with mercy, how are we to use your maxim, that the Press may complain with decency and respect. For my part, I know no way of complaining of public rapine, or public inhumanity with respect, and if I did, I should think it better that the Press should be utterly silent, than speak with a dastardly neutrality of animadversion, that did homage where it ought to chastise; and I should not hesitate to say, that a jurymen, to whom you seem to address yourself, would add great corruption to a violation of his oath, and a breach of his duty, who should punish a Printer for a fair and zealous discharge of his trust, merely because he did not do it in a courtly or handsome manner. Sir, rejoined the Captain, angrily; you are directing your attack, where I scorn to make any defence. I scorn to vindicate the Lord Lieutenant, because he would scorn to vindicate himself; and he is above all praise; my observation was principally directed to the abuse which has been levelled at those who have administered the laws: describing them as Nero's and Jeffries's, with a manifest tendency to destroy their characters, and perhaps their lives. Sir, said the old gentleman, as to that, I think you have stumbled upon a remark that has something in it; I condemn, as much as you can, the bungling satirist who dresses

dresses up a contemptible victim in such bombastic drapery ; a coxcomb of that sort does a great deal mischief ; he gives importance to an object, that should have none ; he appears to punish with over severity, when, in fact, he is not punishing at all : but a true satirist knows his duty better ; he flings away, as he ought to do, his pencil and his colours ; instead of covering the criminal, he strips him to the skin, and instead of a paltry and insipid copy, he exhibits the fool or the rascal in the life and spirit of the original ; this, let me tell you, captain, is what distinguishes the works of a man of genius, and what achieves the real objects of the satirist, punishment and example : and I am glad to see this idea taken up of late with so much effect ; for instance, we are all apprized of the late bloody perambulation ; a bad satyrst would have laboured to describe an alert sanguinary, ignorant, prating executioner in ermine, instigating an intimidated jury or hallooing a blooded soldiery to outrage and fury, in all the forced and abortive figures of a languid and hectic declamation ; but he would have defeated his own purpose, he would have covered a stoxious reptile, so that indignation would not know where to tread upon him ; he would give him consequence and recommend him even to preferment ; what such a botch would have undone with much labour, was excellently well done, without any labour at all ; in a very short note of a trial which I lately saw in the English new paper ; it was just because it was true ; the man was tried by the word of his own mouth and exhibited, not by a faint likeness, but in his proper person : and the effect has been extraordinary, the man has been completely put down ; he is now manifestly writhing under the sence of hatred and contempt ; and I trust that the scandal which hath recoiled upon his employers, will make them see the necessity of stopping his career, and so be the means of saving the lives of many innocent men : His present sufferings are severe, for character never dies but in great agony. A similar circumstance happened about a year or two ago ; a little Kilmainham powder monkey was sent down to do execution in the South ; for a while his tomahawk was

unerring ; at last a prisoner presented a petition praying that he might not be exposed to the terror of a trial by this adventurer ; the petition was rejected, but the effect of it was compleat : the poor fellow saved his life, the journeyman judge (as he called himself) was blown upon, the wisdom of the castle saw that to employ him any longer would not do, and so little hurly burly was sent back to his mills. The captain permitted this discourse to continue so long uninterrupted merely because he was so much choaked with passion as to be unable to speak ; at last his rage got vent ; and he reviled his antagonist in the most approbrious terms ; he abused him as a traitor, a calumniator and an instigator of bloodshed against every loyal subject, and asked him if he knew at what time and in what place he was speaking. The old gentleman calmly replied,—I well know both, and counsellor, I well know also to whom I am speaking ; you are not entirely unknown ; and it is a proof how much the public sight hath been cleared, when a character in so small a type as yours can be legible to the public. Some of my remarks were occasioned by your presence, rather than provoked by your intemperance ; they were suggested by your late conduct in a place into which you were put by the shameful idleness of the man whose duty it was to fill it : when you had the want of feeling and offense to use a man accused of a misdemeanour, as if he were a convicted felon ; and in his own country, in which you were yourself a stranger, to reproach him with his right to that constitution of which you denied him the benefit : give me leave to tell you that you have been misled in the choice of your example : however, like the personage to whom I alluded a few minutes ago, in the mediocrity of your talents and the alertness of your zeal, you may not resemble him in that part of his fortune to which you might wish to aspire ; he has been attended by advantages which, however disgraceful to him and to his patrons, have thrust him up into wealth and rank, to which low talents and servility cannot always creep ; you are not likely to scandalize any important office by your incapacity, nor to meanialize the peerage by mixing with it the progeny

ny of a pettifogger; you may find your imitation confined to the atonement that is made to the justice of an injured country, for the cruelty which you inflict, by the condign severity of what you suffer. You may happen to resemble him only so far as he is like those noxious vermin that sometimes mistake poison for food, and return to their holes, where they die in very great torture. For some time their stench is unpleasant enough; but the farmer is made ample amends by cessation of their thievery, and the warning they give to their fellows. Now, counsellor, as to your apprehension for your precious person, trust me, the dagger, like your lofty hopes, is only in your fancy. An assassin is by nature, gloomy and timorous, and he resorts to destruction as the means of safety; but shewing that the object which he dreads is not formidable, but contemptible; above all, if you can make him laugh, the knife drops from his hand. Plunge a hot fool into ridicule, and you make him invulnerable, because you make him inoffensive:

— “*Novius Sityx interfusa coercet*”

You save him from the public, by saving the public from him; and you save the public character, by protecting a life that can never appear of value, except when it is taken away by crime. Be assured, Counsellor, you will be as safe as if the septemplicity of your skull were extended over your whole person, and you were completely craniated cap-a-pee. But then, Counsellor, you must be satisfied to bear a little smart; for, in the court of reputation, the felon that is admitted to his clergy, is never burnt in the hand with a cold iron. Will you permit me, sir, continued the old gentleman to say, that I was anxious to shew to the number of my fellow citizens that are here present, the real object and importance of a FREE PRESS, at a time when it is attacked, at once, by a savage force, and by professional baseness; to which latter I am sorry to see your fraternity so wickedly degraded: heretofore it was respected but when it ceases to be honoured, it ought to be understood: It is rapidly sinking in a coalition with that hated cast of the human race, which once were an inferior department.

Heretofore,

Heretofore, sir, they prepared work for you. now you prepare work for them; and we see the Counsellor on the bench, and the attorney at the gallows; nor can any one regret, that when interest is your common God, and servility your common worship, the gibbet should be your common crucifix.

The Captain was now utterly unable to give vent to his feelings by any language; and from personal violence, the old gentleman had a protection in his age, in the favour of a good many auditors that the dialogue had collected about him; and perhaps also, in a very hale body, and a very resolute countenance. So the Captain only scowled a look of defiance at him, paid very furiously for his coffee, and strutted out of the room.

For my own part, I was so struck with the sentiments I had heard, and with the figure and the manner of the person who had uttered them, that I could not help requesting at once to know his name, and to have his permission to publish them. Young man, said he, my name can give no authority to my remarks; but such as they are, if you shall persist to think them worth recording, you may, if you please, send them to the Press, under the signature of

OLD TRUMPETRY.

ELEGIAC ODE,
TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF
WILLIAM ORR.

By the Author of Hibernia, Man of Age, &c.

Mourn, Erin mourn! and if thy harp,
Has yet one string *that dare complain*
In doleful accent, loud and sharp,
Repeat my sorrow breathing strain.

Yes! mourn with me, thou land of Waves!
While round thy terror teeming shores,
Loud as the thunder of thy waves,
The voice of stern oppression roars.

Come

Come in thy weeds of darkest hue,
 And we will pour the gall mix'd tear,
 For *martyr'd O'ra!* the brave the true,
 And sorrow o'er his hallowed bier.

And praise his rectitude of thought,
 That energy inspir'd from high,
 Which despotism's hirelings aught,
 How brave thy patriot sen could die.

Condemn'd (oh ruthless deed!) to death,
 He fell with true heroic pride,
 And won a lasting laurel wreath,
 And more than conquer'd when he died.

For on the altar of his tomb,
 Shall all thy true born Sons combine,
 To bear no more the *Heless* doom,
 To bow no more at slavery's shrine.

Tho' vengeance in his Stygian pall,
 And all the nether ethal pow'rs,
 For retribution loudly call,
 Thy *MERCY, martyr'd O'ra!* is ours.

This shall the arm of death controul,
 And cool the boiling tide of ire;
 But yet, thy fortitude of soul,
 Shall each Hibernian breast inspire.

Thy injur'd nation yet shall smile,
 And Heaven restore his long lost-right;
 More clear shall glow the em'rald isle,
 Illum'd by freedom's genial light.

We yet shall heal the sacred day,
 When no proud despot dare annoy,
 And bask in freedom's placid ray;
 But shall yon mourner share the joy?

Yon widow'd mourner, down whose face,
 The bitter stream of sorrow flow;
 Tho bending o'er her fireless race,
 Now melts in agony of woe.

Oh!

Oh! was it mine to turn aside

The slow-consuming shafts of care,
To calm tempestuous passions tide,
And cure the wounds of deep despair.

Soon, gentle mourner! should thy tears
Forget to stream; thy sighs should cease,
And I would still thy rising fears,
And whisper to thy bosom peace,

And pity should my words inspire,
By all a mother's tender care,
By all the love thou bore'st their fire,
And by thy bleeding country's prayer.

Live for thy orphan'd infant race,
To be the guardian of their youth,
And teach them in thy fond embrace,
The love of *Liberty* and *Truth*.

For tho' this be a land of slaves,
Truth still in solemn accents speaks,
She whispers from our patriot's graves,
Or in a voice of thunder breaks.

But whilst I heave the anxious sigh,
Lo! phrenzy'd despotism raves,
And rolls his sanguinary eye
With maniac rage, thou land of slaves!

More victims on his shrine must smoke,
More widows hug the gory chain:
Hear me! kiss thy snake-bound yoke,
Tho' bleeding, dare no more complain.

And weep round all thy groaning shore,
And sigh thro' all thy echoing caves,
And bid thy offspring all deplore,
Poor, lost, unhappy *land of slaves!*

On the fatal moment, before his soul entered the mansions of liberty and peace, he approached the scaffold with his usual firmness, which nothing but a *virtuous* life, and a strong *sense* of the Deity could inspire; and deliver-
ing

ing his *written* declaration, addressed the Sheriff, and said, *that* declaration, and *that only* was his *dying* sentiments, in addition to which, after demonstrating the sincerity of his faith, he uttered these memorable words:—
 “ I never was a *traitor* to my king nor to my country. I die INNOCENT!!!—a *persecuted* MAN for a *persecuted* country!”

In the Heathen world, less heroic magnanimity would have been *deified*; or, in the early ages of christianity, less divinity would have been *canonized*.

ADVICE TO TRUE ORANGE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN;
 Or how to keep down the Irish Rabble.

AS your stake in this soil is the just reward of your ancestors for subjugating this refractory country, under those gallant and glorious leaders *Oliver Cromwell* and *King William*, The native Irish, are of course, your slaves, born to crouch at the chariot-wheels of their conquerors, and to be fleeced and driven for your convenience. If they should dare to grumble at a little oppression or outrage—such as hunting through their corn, ravishing their daughters, turning them forcibly out of their homes, or doubling their rents—damn them for a set of refractory, seditious rascals, tell them they ought to thank their stars for not being in Russia, Poland, or the West Indies, where they might be bastinadoed, hanged, or sold for slaves, at the option of their masters—and that it is entirely owing to the blessings of the Constitution, and a mild Government, that they are not served the same sauce here.

A number of those fellows have some how or other contrived to learn to read—and having some share of natural reason, which, to be sure, they ought not to have, they get hold of books and newspapers; and they presume to think, and reflect, and argue, and murmur, about the reigning order of things; they growl about paying rack-rents, to keep their landlords in fine coaches, luxury, and extravagance,

ble some fellows to their senses, but all the old women in the country will flock to your hall with peace offerings of *eggs* and *poultry*, to save the bacon of their sons and husbands from your gripe. I have known this stratagem to answer admirably well in some places.

: If you are in the commission of the peace, and that a poor man comes to lodge examinations against a *gentleman* for assault, battery, outrage or injustice of any kind; remember it is not right to encourage such fellows in complaints against their betters, therefore let the fellows come half a dozen times though it be five or six miles, and perform *quarantine* bareheaded in your court-yard, before you admit him to an audience; in the mean time send for the defendant, invite him to breakfast, and advise him to make it up with the rascal, whom you are to dismiss with advice to think himself well off: and for the future behave with more respect to gentlemen. If the fellow grumbles you know how to write a *mittimus* and the matter is soon settled you know in the *united* way.

If for all this laudable and loyal conduct, any man of propriety, humanity or spirit in your country, should call you before the court of king's bench, you may not only reckon upon certain indemnification from higher powers; but consider your fortune made and your fame established as a staunch friend of government; while your antagonist will have half a dozen *law beagles* of the *Crown* set at him to *yelp* him into disgrace as a disaffected incendiary, and united Irishman.

Probatum est.

F O R T H E P R E S S .

AN antient sage, no matter who,
 Provided what they said be true,
 Being ask'd from whence disease had risen?
 "Acute diseases come from heav'n,
 "But chronic from ourselves arise,"
 The pithy sentence he replies.

This

This sages words suppose we try
 To other subjects to apply.
 And oft before, as well I ween,
 The body politic has been
 To body natural compared,
 And so excuses may be spar'd,
 Since precedents I soon can cite
 For ev'ry word I mean to write.
 As in the natural body then,
 I mean the fleshy part of men,
 Just so in states, beyond dispute,
 Diseases chronic and acute
 The body often do attack,
 And eke the constitution wreck.
 Now, still the moral to pursue,
 Of which our sage affords the clew,
 In states, as in the natural man,
 We may observe the self same plan.
 In these to some resistless laws
 Acute diseases owe their cause,
 But chronic from themselves proceed,
 Of these their vices sow the seed.
 When pestilence and famine rage,
 When rising elements engage,
 When in the earth's wide-gaping womb
 And earthquake does a state entomb,
 And when we hear the thunder roar,
 We only tremble, and adore
 That Pow'r who on the whirlwind rides,
 Who arms the clouds, the tempest guides.
 But when the slow disease we mark,
 Which saps a nation in the dark,
 Which, weak at first, gains strength by age,
 And fills the sad historic page
 With many a long-drawn mournful tale,
 How once a happy Commonweal
 Meanly resign'd its future fate
 To some gay spectacle of state,
 Some mischievous, or idiot thing,
 Perch'd on a T——, and called a

When

When this we see we instant say
 This people, to itself a prey,
 May to its stupid vices trace
 Its dreadful ruin and disgrace—
 By his own strength no tyrants rule;
 He owes his force to coward fools,
 Who, in some weak disastrous hour,
 Have conjur'd up that bugbear pow'r,
 Which, cloath'd in sanctity by years,
 For ever governs in their fears.
 And shall a people, proud, and brave;
 Shall ERIN's sons themselves enslave?
 While yet there's life, while yet the hand
 Can execute the heart's command,
 Ere yet deprived of freedom's light,
 O'erwhelm'd in slavery's joyless night,
 By tyrant *Incubus* oppress'd,
 sunk in that agonizing rest,
 That compound waking-sleeping state,
 Where nerveless nature feels the weight,
 But where the loaded pow'rless heart
 Refuses to perform its part.
 Ere this hour come, let ERIN's youth
 Wake to the warning voice of truth,
 Awake, O ERIN's son's, I cry,
 Awake,—for if you sleep—you die.

Z.

MONTANUS to SATANIDES.

I NEVER supposed you would have become the object of a public address, unless the muse of satire, who flies at all game, had thought fit to publish a continuation of the *Dissolieliad*. I never supposed that you would have arrived at the bad eminence, of becoming an object for the justice of your country. I did even suppose, from my knowledge of your propensities and habits of life, that you may be fated to perish by the hands of some Bravo in a Brothel, or to consume away, by the noisome effects of low and vulgar débauchery.

debauchery. An untimely end might seem, by a just compensation, an appropriate attendant on your house; yet your Father to the inconceivable regret and sorrow of his pious heir, attained a round if not a good old age; and died in quiet, notwithstanding your daily and hourly maledictions on his head. This old gentleman hated you cordially, for he was shrewd and sensible, and knew you well; it is probable he marked the dawning of those talents which have now reached their meridian. He saw in you the worthy representative of a name immortalized in the black catalogue of traitors, and destined to furnish a paricidal race, for the affliction of slavery of their native land. How must the spirit of your sire exult, if he can gain a moment's respite from his prison-house, to look abroad on the affairs of men? How must he rejoice, to see the Son, whom he despised, running the rapid race of insanity, and earning for himself an untimely end? Even now he anticipates the moment, when no acts of indemnity shall avail, to screen the criminal; he sees you gathered to your fore-fathers, in the place allotted for the shades of a *Tristan*, a *Brutus*, a *Borgia*, an *Alva*, or a *Kirk*.

Your name was heretofore borne by a numerous clan, in this country; when your notorious ancestor perpetrated the deed of treachery; the honesty of his humble connexions execrated the treason, disclaimed the traitor, and renounced their family name, as contaminated. The name has continued to be a term of reproach, a designation of perfidy; not even the ennobling Hand of Majesty could restore it to good odour; it has lost no portion of infamy, in your keeping, it may soon perish wholly from among men, to be no more remembered, or remembered only as a word of reproach and reprobation.

Yet do not flatter yourself, that you shall be consigned to oblivion. You shall be remembered and recorded in the annals of this country; as an apostle of atrocity, a founder of the system of terror. To you may be traced back the reign of outrage and brutality, a reign under which

which your feelings and your talents qualify you to be an ingenious minister in the cabinet, an active agent in the field. You dared, by your single authority, to supercede all the dearest rights of the people; you trampled on the then existing laws; you dared, on mere suspicion and surmise, to depopulate whole districts. You have introduced the precedent of grievous punishment, without a form of trial, or proof of guilt,—and what punishment! what must be the heart of the savage wretch, who devised it? the youth, the stay, and comfort of their drooping age, was torn from his infirm and decrepid parents; the affectionate husband was torn from his shrieking and disconsolate wife; the laborious and protecting father, from his famishing and helpless infants; the simple peasant, or the sober artisan was torn from his cottage, the abode of industry and peace, and cast among the sweepings of gaols—the refuse of mankind, among felons and malefactors of every description: here, while nothing but execrations and blasphemy, while all the expressions of blasted depravity stunned his ears; he remained weary months secluded from the air and light of Heaven, in the narrow compass of his warty dungeon; and this situation, which a negro slave might pity, he exchanged only, to remove to pestilential climates, where with every breath he drew, he inhaled perdition.

The most dreadful exhibitions lose much of their horror by frequency; the system of arbitrary imprisonment in marine dungeons, is become both the law of the land, and the order of the day. We are familiarised to it by use; but it cannot, it must not be forgotten, that you were the inventor of the system; that, to terrify into silent submission an oppressed and injured people, you first introduced a new species of punishment even worse than death. The learned Judge, who passed in circuit thro' the province, immediately after your merciful exploits of pacification, not only viewed them with indignation, as a sound Lawyer, and friend to the Constitution, but also, as a good Citizen and discerning Politician foresaw the fatal tendency of your ferocities, and the spirit which they tended to excite; and
with

with great propriety called on the grand jury of the country, which was the chief scene of your enormities, to find bills of indictment against you. Had these people whom he address'd, possessed good sense and spirit, and pursued the directions of the upright magistrate, you had stood your trial, as an atonement to the wounded constitution, and outraged justice of the land. In that case, when evils might have been averted! Instead of a prosecution, a bill of indemnity followed your acts. Your invention was applauded, and past into law. The cruelty of the tyger, the barbarity of the negro-driver, became the principles of legislation. To you then, as the author and inventor of new and hitherto unknown ferocities, the first assailant, in the war of extermination against the friends of liberty, must be ascribed all the subsequent outrage and calamity, the dreadful exhibition of horrors, of which *Ireland* has been made, and I fear must fatally continue, the bloody theatre.

Were you not the inventor, the projector, and prototype of cruelty? have you not avowed in responsibility? have you not taken on yourself the completion of what you first planned? have you not realized your own ideas of coercion? To you doubtless, we must attribute the precision and promptitude, with which all the measures of imprisonment, banishment, butchery and conflagration have been executed by that power, which now expounds the law, and administers the police of this country. From their chief or commander, proceeds the conduct of the soldiery. The army has of late been too often stained with innocent blood; should we enquire the cause, which has made the troops in this country the organs (I hope the reluctant organs) of barbarities disgraceful to humane nature—will it not be found **THOU ART THE MAN.**

Few times, or emergencies, could have rendered your vices or ill qualities an object of notice, and terrific regard to the public, given you an opportunity of doing much public mischief, and earning much public odium. It required the prevalence of an administration hollow, weak, atrocious, and actuated by a determined enmity to this country to snatch talents like yours from obscurity, and

give them a mischievous activity. The attention of such rulers was naturally turned towards you by a recollection of your early fame, for intrepidity in wrong, when a neighbouring kingdom saw you the officious instrument, in a violation of the sacred rights of election. This early trans-action shewed a meddling, adventurous spirit, supported, I will admit, by some address and courage, and unmixed with deep reflection or solid judgement, to make you apprehensive of consequences. For these qualities were you selected, to superintend the crusade against the peasantry of *Ireland*; to mature the establishment of martial law; perhaps, to compleat annexation of this island, to *Great Britain*, as a conquered and enslaved province, under the plausible name and forms of an *Union*.

Your life, it seems has been menaced. I do not wonder that when the whole private and public existence of near a century, have been employed to the detriment of society the death of such a person should appear more beneficial to his country than his life. You may exult in the triumph over two miserable wretches; you may call the yeomanry of the metropolis to witness your victory; you may degrade them into the co-mates or rather the satellites of the executioner; but shall this secure you from the claims of justice, and the fears of death? The Grand Jury of a servile county might refuse to find bills of indictment against you; but should the blood of slaughtered thousands rise against you; should the cries of suffering myriads at length be heard; should you be presented, by the grand inquest of public opinion, as the occult cause of civil sedition, the prime mover of national calamity, the determined foe of humane nature—what protection will you find in the system of terror, and the power of the sword? An unknown hand smote your ancestor in the face of day, in the crowded streets of the metropolis. It is truly said, that the man who holds cheap his own life has in his power the existence of any other person; but it were, indeed, to be lamented that you should perish by the stroke of private justice, and defraud the executioner of his right, and the nation of her example. Were you this moment surrounded by the justly-enraged populace; where their
arms

arms raised to inflict the deserved doom—I would throw myself among their ponyards—I would place myself at your side—I would endeavour to rescue you from their fury—I would intercede for your hated life—I would say, “Suffer him to “pollute the air a little longer; degrade not the “majestic exertions of the people, by employing “them on so base an object. The day comes, “when justice shall prevail; when *Ireland* shall “raise her head from the dust, and perform a “solemn sacrifice to the constitution. On that “awful day of rejoicing to the good, and terror “to the wicked, a few victims may be required “—and this wretch may be included in the “number, and meet the ignominious doom of “a traitor.” Then, perhaps, should the public erect a monument near the place of execution, to perpetuate the memory of your infamy and punishment: it may bear an inscription of the following tenor.

EPITAPH.

THIS NARROW SPACE
BENEATH THE GIBRET ON WHICH HE DIED,
CONFINES THE BODY OF SATANIDES.
A MAN OF COLOUR,
WHOSE INJURIES TO HIS COUNTRY
WERE MOST EXTENSIVE,
WHOSE INFAMY
WAS UNBOUNDED.
IN HIS EARLIER DAYS HE WAS NOTORIOUS,
FOR WANT OF DUTY TO HIS NATURAL PARENT,
TIME MATURED HIS UNGRATEFUL AND
UNFILIAL QUALITIES,
AND HE BECAME
THE FARRICIDE OF THE COUNTRY
THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH.
HAVING EXHAUSTED THE SINK OF PRIVATE
VICE,
AND SOUNDED THE DEPTHS OF POLITICAL
DEPRAVITY;
IT BECAME DOUBTFUL,
WHETHER HIS PRIVATE OR HIS PUBLIC LIFE
WERE THE MOST ODISIOUS AND CONTEMPTIBLE.
THE DISPOSITIONS OF A TRAITOR
HE INHERITED BY DESCENT.

A SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT OF HONEST FAME,
 AND
 A ROOTED ABHORRENCE OF EVERY VIRTUE,
 HE ACQUIRED
 BY HIS OWN INDUSTRY.
 HIS INTELLECTUAL POWERS WERE NOT MEAN
 BUT, BEING JOINED WITH A BAD HEART,
 THEY SERVED ONLY TO RENDER HIS VICES AND
 CRIMES
 MORE EXTENSIVE AND ATROCIOUS.
 HE POSSESSED A CONSIDERABLE SHARE OF
 COURAGE;
 BUT THIS BEING ACCOMPANIED WITH A WANT
 OF JUDGEMENT,
 AND A DERELICTION OF PRINCIPLE,
 BECAME POLITICAL RASHNESS.
 AND DESPERATE PERSEVERANCE IN GUILT.
 HE RECEIVED THE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THAT
 WHICH HE HAD LABOURED TO BANISH FROM
 IRELAND,
 A TRIAL BY JURY.
 BUT THE PROOFS OF HIS GUILT WERE CLEAR,
 PUNISHMENT SOON FOLLOWED,
 AND HE DIED REGRETTED
 BY A CONQUERED AND OPPROBIOUS FACTION.
 READER,
 THINK NOT THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THIS MAN
 UNIMPORTANT TO SOCIETY.
 PROVIDENCE DELIGHTS TO BRING GOOD OUT
 OF EVIL,
 AND ACTS BY MEANS INSCRUTABLE TO HUMAN
 WISDOM.
 THE MEDDLING ATROCITY OF THIS MALEFACTOR,
 AND THE BLIND SANGUINARY RAGE
 OF THE WEAK AND WICKED ADMINISTRATION
 THAT EMPLOYED HIM
 WERE POWERFULLY INSTRUMENTAL
 IN THE ROUSING AN OPPRESSED AND INJURED
 NATION
 TO VINDICATE ITS FREEDOM.

MONTAGUE'S.
 'Tis

PRINCIPLES OF MODERN JURISPRUDENCE, CONTRASTED.

'Tis legal and loyal for one class of the King's subjects to swear extirpation to the other, and to wear in their breasts or hats, orange ribbons, as the emblems of the party to which they avowedly belong.

'Tis legal, laudable, and loyal, for an *Orange* Magistrate to burn any house suspected of being suspicious for concealed arms, or the residence of United Irishmen, and to shoot or hang the inhabitants for having the impudence to attempt escaping from the flames.

'Tis legal and wise, to lock men up in prison, to the ruin of their properties and families without cause being assigned, to detain them without trial, or even accusation on oath, for it seems the suspicion of the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary is sufficient ground.

'Tis legal and loyal to brand every man with the appellation of traitor, who murmurs at the war, or reprobates the coercive system, that at present goads on the people of this country to fury.

'Tis legal and loyal for a soldiery to fire on any number of persons assembled together, however innocently or religiously (witness the affair in Mary's abbey,) who do not instantly disperse, on the word of command from a centinel they do not understand.

'Tis high treason for the other class of his Majesty's subjects, to swear unity and brotherhood to their countrymen of all sects, and fidelity to their country, or to wear any garment or ornament of a *green* colour.

'Tis treason, and a crime of instant death, for a poor man to be out of his house after sunset, or to have his fire and candle unextinguished, or to murmur at being deprived of those harmless privileges.

'Tis felony of death, for a poor wretch to steal five shillings, though it were to save the lives of his starving family.

'Tis of course traitorous and disloyal, to say one word on the subject, unless it be in commendation of the authors of this system.

'Tis high treason, and a crime of instant death, to resist the king's army, though it be done in defence of property and life.

JOHN BULL,
TO PATRICK O'BLUNDER.

I THANK you for your last favour, which arrived in due time and brought me so many interesting truths. I candidly confess to you and to the world that my connexion with you, since the time your ill-natured guardians apprenticed you to me, has been highly injurious to you. You have been always kind, faithful and generous to a proverb—I owe a great part of my wealth and glory to your exertions—though my conscience feels the stinging reflection that I never shared either with you; on the contrary, whenever I had the slightest pretence for throwing dirt at you, I threw it with both my hands—witness a late occasion—when my boatmen mutinied at the Nore, I declared in the face of Europe, that the crews on board were chiefly United-blunderers; but when the same United-blunderers bring three admirals and several ships of the enemy into my country, I attribute all the glory to my own fellow countrymen (vid. my congratulatory address to his Majesty.)

After confessing candidly so much of the truth, I hope you will not question my veracity, when I assure you, that it gives me pleasure, dear Patrick, to hear you think of doing something for yourself. I know that many of my countrymen are not of my opinion; but these are of the grudging, avaritious, rascally sort, and very luckily the minority of the nation. These villains are as much my enemies as your's—it behoves every honest man to unite against them. The tyranny they exercise in your country had reached my ears, but not my feelings—I could hardly believe it; but according to *Packwood's razor-shop*, "feeling is the naked truth." I now feel their tyranny myself, and a similarity of condition has given you and me a similarity of sentiment. These journeymen of mine, always obnoxious to you, have at length become intolerable to myself. Supported as they are by *mulish* duplicity, they have turned out against me, and completely usurped the management

management of my affairs, with which I have nothing more to do than to obey their imperious mandates. Thus my property is squandered, sinking either into their pockets, or into those of Continental swindlers, whom they have associated to their gang, in order to support their system of plunder. Their extravagance has brought me under such an accumulated debt, that, were I an Hercules, I must sink under the burden. To maintain some appearance of my former dignity, or, to say the truth, the remnant of old decency, I have been obliged to pledge every article of my wearing apparel—my hat, my coat, my waistcoat, my breeches, my stockings, my shoes, my shirt, my every thing is at the pawn-brokers—and what is worse than all, I am cut short of my cheese and porter; all my friends have abandoned me in my distress. My friends in Germany, in Prussia, in Italy, in Spain, in America, in Holland, &c. &c. have forsaken me, and my only remaining friend is a mad-woman of Portugal, as foolish, as stupid, avaricious, and mulish as any of my *mad* friends at home. Yet I should not repine were I left the assistance of my horse, or the company of my faithful *dog*; but even these comforts are denied me, while my journeymen riot in the enjoyment of wine and women, I am obliged to pay for their excesses, and to applaud the extravagant dissipation of my property. Well! I deserve such treatment—I have shewn the example myself—I have treated you ill, my dear Patrick—I do not expect forgiveness—I do not ask it—and the only atonement I can make to D. Province and to the insulted law of nature, is to pray, that in your present undertaking you may succeed to the full extent of your wishes; that your success may be equal to your honesty, and above all, that you may never be surrounded by cunning, selfish, hypocritical advisers. This is the fervent wish of a convert to the cause of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

EPIGRAM

FOR THE PRESS.

O D E.

ERIN ! erst O happy isle !
 Liberty on thee did smile.
 Hardy warriors thou didst breed ;
 For thy freedom they did bleed.
 Now from thee is freedom fled ;
 Thy heroes sleep among the dead,
 Tyranny usurps command ;
 Cruel foes devour the land.

See the monster ! from afar,
 In his looks destructive war ;
 Fierce he strides across the plain ;
 Death and terror in his train.
 Crouching at his feet you see,
 Murder ! lust, and cruelty.
 Hosts of slaves at his command,
 Tyranny destroys the land.

When the evening grey draws on,
 Rustics ! watch the setting sun !
 To your hamlets quick retire ;
 Fuel for the tyrant's fire.
 Listen to the midnight owl !
 Now the foe begins to prow !
 Lo ! the flaming brand he throws,
 Quick the straw-thatch'd cottage glows,
 Crackling blazes pierce the skies ;
 Thither waft the victims' cries !

Vain the virtuous mother's prayers !
 Vain the tender virgin's tears !
 Cruel lust nor knows to spare,
 Virtue mild, or beauty fair.

ERIN ! see thy sons in chains,
 Coward slaves deride their pains.
 From their wives and infants torn,
 O'er the stormy ocean borne ;

There

There to feel, and there to know,
 They fight for thy most deadly foe.
 Else in darksome dungeons thrown;
 Where no friend o'erhear's their moan,
 Rot in filth 'till kindly death,
 Prefer'd to slav'ry stops their breath.
 EATW! daughter of the main!
 When shall thou thy rights regain?

Soon! O! soon thy standard GREEN,
 Proudly flying shall be seen.
 Soon thy heroes croud the plain,
 Freedom marching in their train!
 Echo all along the shore,
 Shall repeat the cannon's roar.
 Tyrant's blood in streams shall flow,
 Prostrate fall the haughty foe.

Liffey from her wat'ry bed,
 Glad shall lift her injur'd head.
 Liffey who in days of old,
 Borhome's triumphs did behold;
 Once again shall joy to see,
 Boerhome's sons as brave as he.

BRINAGH.

THE WHITE SHOULDER KNOT.

To distinguish *blood* soldiers, from soldiers in red,
 Was lately a question so nice,
 That C——ll was consulted—his sage, shaking head,
 Decided the point in a trice.

"On each shoulder," he cries, "clap a *coccomb* of white:

"Thus prevent any future mistake.

"Thus the —— divide from those men who would fight,

"Were the nation's existence at stake.

"Ye white-shoulder'd soldiers—foot, horsemen, and all

"Take this advice now, ere I go:

"To

" To all the *united* shew bayonet and ball ;
 " But your *shoulders* present to the foe."

C—ll ended thus ; but, my white-shoulder'd friends,
 Believe me, a day will soon come
 Which will mar your new glory, and frustrate your ends ;
 When you'll wish yourselves deaf, blind, and dumb.

When NATIONAL ENERGY rouses her force,
 Unable her efforts to meet,
 You will *pile up* your arms, and with sullen remorse,
 Your *sublime coxcombs* you'll cast at her feet.

M. M.

EPIGRAM

ON A VIRTUOUS PRIME MINISTER.

Since many a Tax has been laid on by Thee.
 The People to gall and perplex ;
 T'would be well, in return, if they left out the T.
 And laid upon thee the AX !

TO LORD CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

IT is so common for scribblers to address great men, and it is so dangerous for those who are *not* scribblers to tell great men *truth*, that nothing but an irresistible impulse to perform my duty, regardless of consequence, could induce me to address your Excellency. Your excellency has read Marcus, and your Excellency has thought proper to accuse him of a libel ; as it is therefore natural to infer these papers will undergo your perusal, I shall proceed to tell your Lordship some plain wholesome truths, *first premising that it remains yet to be proved, whether in Ireland truth is a libel*. As Marcus will come before the tribunal of his country, it would be useless and improper to anticipate his sentence, but I shall not scruple to assert, that if the execution of William Orr was not a murder, it was at least, pitiless and most

most highly impolitic. I believe your Lordship understands a little Latin, but however, if you do not, any of your crown lawyers will inform you, it is an established maxim, that *summum jus est summa injuria*, or in plain English, that the strictest observance of law, is the widest breach of justice. My Lord, I need not tell you or the world, what was the opinion of that great constitutional lawyer and good man, your father, upon the doctrine of libels; or how much deserved reputation he acquired by supporting truth and the freedom of the Press, against crown lawyers, and the infernal doctrine that truth was a libel. My Lord, had your father sat in judgement on the unfortunate Orr, *he* would not have advised Majesty's representative, to enforce the verdict of a drunken intimidated jury, and the testimony of a perjured scoundrel. My Lord, he would have considered the most excellent, hitherto unimpeached character of Mr. Orr; he would have considered the interested evidence of two of the very dregs and refuse of mankind; he would have disbelieved the oaths of a common soldier, who in the face of the world confessed his own perjury; he would have respected the purity of juries, and not suffered intoxication and intimidation to weigh in the balance against life, he would have regarded the opinions of mankind and would not hang a man on whom the sentence of the law could not be executed, without the aid of an *army* and a train of *artillery*, to stifle the execration of a county, and drown amidst the thunder of cannon, the voice of nature. If even he believed ever so firmly in Orr's guilt, he would respect the brightest prerogative of the crown, and prove to the world, that mercy is justice. Good God! that a single evil could possibly result from the pardon of the unfortunate Orr? Would the generosity and mercy of our governor, alienate our affection or diminish our respect? would the forgiving the first offence (if there was offence) to one of the most respected in his county convince any man that our rulers wanted courage to do their duty, or that humanity was inconsistent with fortitude? No! every one knows that a coward will murder through fear, but fear will never make him humane. Just God! should not these

entrusted

entrusted with the awful delegation of power, consider that the highest attribute of Heaven is mercy, and if each man's offence were rigorously to be punished, what man would ever enter the kingdom of Heaven. My Lord, My Lord, I beseech you to consider, you are a man, and a man no more exempt from the frailty of nature than another; punishment and terror never did, nor never will overcome virtue; it was punishment and persecution that established the Christian religion over the principalities and powers of the world, and if you continue to persecute opinions you will establish its foundation on a rock, that the blasts of the universe shall not shake. My Lord, by trying Mr Finerty for a libel, you cause him to become a second Woodfal, and occasion the letter of Marcus to be examined with more avidity than before. Will your Lordship and your crown lawyers, produce a single instance on record, where the prosecution stopped the circulation of the libel, or injured the libeller, from the days of Wilk's and Junius, Archdeacon Paley, or Paine to this hour? A prosecution for libel, causes it to be read by all who had not before seen it; every one will know that Mr. Finerty was tried for a letter, which charges Lord Camden with "acting inhumanly, wickedly and unjustly, in resisting all application to pardon William Orr, *a better man than any who surrounds you*;" this will cause them minutely to investigate his character, and the evidence and circumstances that produced his condemnation, and they will next consider it is *possible* for a very worthy honest man to be hanged, and that it is *possible* for very unworthy dishonest men to have him hanged, I can not *possibly* be supposed to allude to the cause of Mr. Orr, I only wish to remind them of the fact, in the legal murder of Lord William Russell, Colonel Algernon Sydney, and many hundred others. My Lord, had your worthy father been charged with an inhuman, wicked, *legal* murder, would not his honest indignation, with noble scorn, spurn the libel from his presence? would he not say, my conscience and the world acquit me, and I will not bring into notice, by a trial, the reptile who could spew out from his black bile, such a damning *falsehood*? Yes! my Lord, *innocence*, conscious innocence, disregards the windy bilious words

words of malice; it is only conscious guilt that dreads the libel. As King Charles II. was passing through Charing Cross, seeing a man in the pillory, and on enquiry, being told his crime was a libel on his Ministers, the King jocosely and sensibly said, Pho, the fool, why did he not libel me, and he would escape with impunity? How obvious is the reflection on this Charles felt his innocence; his wicked artful cabal felt their guilt, and winced at the touching of the sore. We do not find that the elegant ingenious Peter Pindar was prosecuted for libelling his Sovereign, though the *virtuous* and *immaculate* Lord Lonsdale felt himself injured by that wicked wight.

In considering the different cases of libels which are to be found in the law books, I confess I have not discovered one possible good arising from their prosecution, though I have examined them with the utmost attention. Here I feel it my duty to remark, that every citizen who feels the probability of being one of Mr. Finerty's jurors, should, in discharge of his duty to himself and his country, take the letter or libel in question, read it over with the utmost attention, consider its nature, intention, and tendency, consider the charge brought against it of its being a *false*, *wicked*, and *malicious* libel—if, after reading it with the utmost attention, they find it neither *false*, *wicked*, or *malicious*, they will of course acquit the traverser; if, on the contrary, after considering the intention of the writer, they find it *false*, *wicked*, and *malicious*, they will find the prisoner guilty. This is not encroaching on the province of the jury—it is speaking good *law* and good sense. The doctrine of libels has not been sufficiently understood even by those most concerned, jurors themselves. There are many honest men, who believe that what the Crown Lawyers present as a libel, must be a libel, and find a verdict accordingly. There are several honest men who think that censuring men in power, though the censure be true, should be discouraged and punished, inasmuch as it tends to lessen the authority of our rulers; but these honest men do not consider that there is no protection for the people
against

against the encroachments of men in power, but in the voice of public opinion, and the tribunal of the Press. If men in power are not to be censured when they do wrong, there is nothing to stop them from doing what they please, and they may punish at their discretion by their armies, their majorities, and their judges, every truth-speaking defender of the rights and liberties of his country. If governors and rulers act solely for the happiness of their subjects, surely they will cause their subjects to feel their own happiness, and surely they will despise the weakness and wickedness of those who attempt to persuade the people out of their senses, that *they* are not happy, and their governors not good. If Lord Camden has acted like a good, wise, and merciful man, in hanging Mr. Orr, what has he to fear from Marcus? Does he not rather give him influence, by bringing him into notice? If Lord Camden has not acted wisely, justly, or mercifully, in ordering Mr. Orr to execution, he may take up a Printer every day; he may punish him as he pleases, but he never will stop the voice of truth, or impede the career of Liberty. As I said before, he may manacle our hands, but he never can gag our mouths.—The secret whisper will buzz abroad, till it becomes the mouth-piece, the irrevocable dictum of the nation." Let Lord Camden consider what he can do, and what he *cannot* do; let him consider; it is far easier to gain the admiration and love of the people, than to stop the Press from proclaiming his *mal-administration*, or publishing the boldest truths that ever were written.—My Lord, if you think to silence the Press, mark me, you can only do it by act of Parliament, by making it treason or sedition to read it, or felony to print it—for believe me, my Lord, we the writers or conductors of the Press, are prepared to encounter every difficulty, and every danger, in the holy cause of Truth. As long as we have life we will not cease to speak it to the men of Ireland; and in the cause of Freedom we are prepared to conquer or die. My Lord, take up one Printer, and you will find another, and another, willing and ready to stand before God and their Country, and to receive the reward or the punishment

ment that justice or even injustice shall award them. My Lord, before I take my leave I must observe that the treating Mr. Finerty as a felon, is a gross violation of law—the law as *yet* has distinguished between a felony and a libel—the punishment for the one is death, for the other imprisonment. My Lord was it right to yoke a Printer with a robber? My Lord, did Counsellor Jameson, the Captain of Yeomanry, and the Judge of Mr. Finerty, act legally in declaring from the Bench that Finerty's *speculative errors* were of a nature to subvert the happiest Constitution on the globe? My Lord, was it not prejudging the case? Was it not accusing him not only of a libel but of *treason*? Every man is innocent till he is proved guilty—and it ill became an honest man to add the influence of a Judge to the weight of suspicion. My Lord, Mr. Finerty I believe is innocent, and that an honest Jury will prove him so. My Lord, the influence of authority, and the decision of greatness and grandeur *is not* the decision of truth. The King, and his Privy Council, and the two Houses of Parliament, and all the rich, and the powerful, proclaimed the existence of treason in England; but it was out of the power of them all to prove it—and an honest Jury, of honest Englishmen, *proved* there was none—and God bless them, saved the lives of the ablest and honestest men in the nation.

My Lord I will for this time take my leave, but I shall not cease to admonish you—and, my Lord, if you think proper to call truth a libel, or to punish me as such, I am ready to avow myself; for I am one of those singular men who think that no honest man will write what he will not acknowledge—and I think it infamous to suffer another man, a printer, to be punished for what I myself have done.

I am, my Lord, without fear,
or without respect,

WILLIAM CAXON.

OF all the strange occurrences which have taken place within the last twenty eventful years, none appears to me so wonderful, as the lethargic stupidity, with which many people behold every thing dearest to the human heart. One should imagine, that the power of making laws which concern the life, liberty, and property of every individual in the community, would interest every individual who had a regard for those blessings, or a respect for those laws. Yet how very few are the men who trouble themselves to consider those laws, any farther than how to escape their penal effect. Perhaps this general apathy proceeds from the policy of our rulers, who sedulously hold forth from the senate or the pulpit, that the first fundamental duty of the citizen, is to pay implicit submission to all laws the legislature enacts.

Till within these very few years, the duty of a citizen, and his relation to his rulers, have been but little understood, and less enforced.

Locke was the first in England who successfully asserted man's rights to make his own laws, by his representation in the general council of the nation. He theoretically established in principle, what the nation had just before enforced by practice, namely, man's right to choose their own government, and cashier, punish, or discharge, an incapable or ill-designing governor. Nothing is now more clear than that the right of the House of Brunswick to the throne, is the right of the people to choose them; since the establishment of this right, liberty has gained strength all over the world. The House of Lunenbourg holding their tenure, but by the wish and affections of their subjects, made it their study to court the popularity of the nation; accordingly we behold it making rapid progress in prosperity, population, wealth, and liberty. Liberty of speaking and of thinking, produced their consequent blessings, independence, enterprize, integrity and benevolence; each man by free communication of sentiment and opinion, grew wiser and

and better; religious animosities (the most inveterate of all) subsided, each man perceived his own welfare connected with that of the public, and England speedily became the refuge of every active, intelligent, and useful individual, whom the persecution of religious and civil tyranny drove from other parts of Europe. By their means, did England, a small unfortified island, become the wonder, envy, and admiration of the world; by these means could one Englishman beat three of any other nation; not, as Chesterfield says, because he believes it, but because one freeman of *any* country, is an overmatch for three slaves. If then, liberty of speech and thought, of the Press and of action, have produced such uncommon blessings in England, what manner of men would we be to resign them, or like the Cappadocians, give up the happiness within our reach? The unnumbered blessings flowing from those invaluable privileges we all feel and see, but satisfied with enjoying them, we do not all give ourselves the trouble of examining their source, of religiously guarding it from corruption.

With what amazement would the thoughtless children of fashion stare, were you to tell them that their amusements, pleasures, and enjoyments, proceeded from the Liberty of the Press and its consequent advantages; and yet nothing can be more true. The fine gentleman or lady, who would faint at the very idea of being *bored* by politics are to those same odious politics, indebted for every blessing they enjoy. By these politics, that is, by civil liberty, did their plain and honest ancestors acquire that wealth, which procures *them* all the comforts wealth *can* give.

If then, even individuals were made aware of the great importance of watching over the Liberty of the Press, we should no longer be told by domineering despots, or bloated bishops, that we had nothing to do with the laws but obey them; no, no, we would send such vermin back to their native dunghills, to their original insignificance, and we should take the liberty of examining, discussing, and

making every law that concerned our lives, liberties and properties; we should not leave the *trouble* of this to those Solomon's of legislation, who run their estates to obtain a seat in the grand inquest of the nation, in order to display their *pure patriotism*, great talents, and unbounded devotion to the public weal.

Is there in Europe such an assembly of Legislators as ours? I defy the world to match them. Behold a body of men who know what's good for the people, better than the people themselves; who hang, transport and shoot numbers of the people, all for the good of the people; but no doubt they are good Christians, and know it is Gospel—"Whom God chastiseth, he loveth;" but we need not wonder at the wisdom and honesty of our law makers, when we consider the accomplished theatre of their education. Who will dare say that at Humphreys's or Mendoza's they first practised the manual of legislation? Who will dare say they imbibed the first rudiments of sobriety and chastity, at a Plunket's or a Beatie's? What libeller will assert that they learned political œconomy in calculating the chances of an hazard-table? No; it is very well known *they* were *never* the dunces of their school or college, if ever they were at either: no, they ever and anon distinguished themselves for their high talents, great reading, and incorruptible integrity—and if we except a few lawyers among them, they are as remarkable for their eloquence as far as their honesty. It is a scandalous libel to say that many get into the Legislation, to screen themselves from the just debts of honest creditors; it is malicious to say, that a few lordlings, or money-brokers, send several into Parliament, in order to *enact* laws for the benefit of *their* constituents; it is scandalum magnatum to declare, that they would exterminate the whole nation, before they would resign their privileges and their boroughs.

We need not then be alarmed for the safety of the Press, since our Senate contains so many *independant, reflecting* minds; but above all we need not be alarmed, and I repeat it emphatically, we need not be alarmed for the safety of the Press,

Press, so long as that Press conducts itself with the ability, courage, and integrity with which it has began. And here I cannot help entreating every honest and able man, every true patriot, to exert the talents God has given him, in defence of the Liberty of his Country, and the Freedom of the Press; it is the most imperious duty of his nature. We, at our coming into the world, as Montesquieu truly and elegantly says, contract an immense debt to our country, which we never can discharge. If we cannot discharge all the debt, it is at least our duty to be active at our post, to encourage virtue and talents wherever we meet them; to pull down ignorance and vice, be they ever so exalted; to pay honour only where it is due, because a King may make a lord, but not an honest man. The true citizen will call things by their true names. When he sees a lord a knave, he will call him a scoundrel; when he sees him a fool, he will pronounce him fit for the *Hospital of Incurables*; when he beholds a second De Launy, a Governor-General of a Bastile, he will pronounce him a legal murderer, a bloody, relentless tyrant. If he is shocked at the mockery of a Judge weeping over the victim he intends to sacrifice, what will prevent his naming him an execrable Jefferies, or a Bacon falling from every thing honourable and great?—*Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

WM. CAXON.

At a Meeting of IRISH GENTLEMEN, BARRISTERS and STUDENTS AT LAW, at the Temple Inn, London, on Wednesday the 29th of November, 1797.

The Hon. V. B. LAWLESS in the Chair.

THE following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Robinson, seconded by Mr. Curran, and unanimously agreed to:

1st. Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting, be given to the Right Hon. the Earl of MOIRA, for his humane and manly conduct in the British House of Peers, on Wednesday, the 22d. of November inst. in the public notification of the unparalleled cruelties and oppressions STILL

EXERCISING against our country, under an **ORGANIZED** **SYSTEM** of **TERROR**, unprecedented in the annals of the most sanguinary and despotic Governments.

2d. Resolved, That we feel doubtful whether to admire more his Lordship's delicacy in suppressing those parts of his subject that could not fail to **ASTONISH** and **APPALL** an English ear—or his prudence in concealing (in the first instance) what, if promulgated by so high an authority, **WAS** greatly raise the hopes and forward the designs of the enemies of Great Britain.

3. Resolved, That we still hope, by his Lordship's patriotic exertions, and the efforts of the few individuals who yet **DARE TO SPEAK** in behalf of an oppressed and insulted nation, our countrymen, who should always have been united in a common cause, but who are now united by common misfortune, may be relieved from a series of **SYSTEMATIC OUTRAGE**, civil and military, to which they have for a long time been subjected.

The Chairman having left the Chair, and K. O'Brien, Esq. being called thereto, the thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Hon. V. B. Lawless, for his proper and spirited conduct in the Chair.

The Chairman, with Messrs. Huband, Agar, and Burton, were requested to communicate the above resolutions, when they received the following answer :

SIR,

Donnington, Dec. 2, 1797.

I have been honoured with the letter, in which you transmit to me the resolutions of the Irish Gentlemen, Students at the Temple. It gives me peculiar gratification to find myself supported by such an opinion as to the expediency of the statement which I made in the House of Lords. Conversant as you respectively are with the situation of Ireland, your testimony will sufficiently answer, that no time was to be lost in making public the condition of that kingdom. You have truly observed, that in my recital I suppressed many of the grossest instances of outrage, with
the

the details of which I could not but be acquainted. My object was not to move indignation, but to force Ministers to a due consideration of an interest the most important to the British Empire of any ever yet hazarded. That they should attempt a vindication of the oppressions exercised, when they could not venture to deny the facts, did not surprise me, because I could not expect a ready confession of an error so serious in its nature. My hope rested, and rests here—that their reflection will tell them how impossible it is for the people of England to regard with an indifferent eye a perseverance in that frantic system.

The generous spirit of this country will not wait to calculate the fatal effects which those violences may produce upon every relation that subsists between the two kingdoms. It will decide from another sentiment, it will spurn a concurrence in this oppression, from a consciousness that the nation which could with apathy see a capricious despotism established over a neighbouring country must become near the point of inviting such a dominion over itself. Now that the sufferings of Ireland have been made known to the public, ministers will foresee the consequence; and they will thence, I trust, be induced to adopt a tone of conciliation, which, I doubt, not, will still be effectual.

I beg, Sir, that you and your friends will accept my sincere acknowledgments for the honour you have done me: And allow me to say, it is a happy augury for your country, that in the contemplation of those provisions which the wisdom of Ages has imagined and instituted for the security of the property of persons and individuals, you have not disguised to yourselves how nugatory such a code must be, unless there exist in the higher ranks of the community a patriotic spirit sufficiently active to guard the Laws from infraction, and to enforce their impartial operation.

I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.

Hon. V. B. LAWLESS.

MOIRA.

TO

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

MY LORD,

AT a period more eventful than any to be found in the annals of Europe, I presume to address you on the subject of the greatest importance. As the chief governor of Ireland, and the representative of Majesty, I promise to treat you with becoming respect and deference.

That the negative importance, which some great men assume, by pretending to despise anonymous publications; will, I trust, on the present occasion, give way to some observations, dictated in the purest spirit of truth and patriotism. Unexampled and unpitied, as the situation of the governments of England and Ireland is, we ought not to despair.

A crisis, which I fear is approaching with rapid strides, must entail misery on thousands, 'tis for my King's sake, and my country, that I beseech your serious attention. One way, and only one way left, by which safety may be effected, and this I shall submit to your Lordship's wisdom and goodness, before I conclude.

Several causes have been assigned for our situation, but they have been only the conjectures of the ignorant, or the subterfuges of the wicked. Why did your noble and learned father exert his eloquence and his talents, to oppose the American war? because he conceived it founded in malice, pride, cruelty and injustice. At that period the Cabinet of Britain deluded their Sovereign, betrayed the interest of their country, and outraged all the rights and feelings of humanity. From that period may be dated the alienation of the people's affection, from the best of Kings. At that time the *people*, for they are not so blind as Statesmen think, saw with horror the court of England hiring German butchers, to slaughter the people of America; they saw their houses burned by the English army, their men murdered, their women violated, their commerce destroyed, and the chains of everlasting slavery presented

to

to them, at the mouth of the cannon. Who could behold all this, and not turn abhorrent from the Infernal sight? Who, (that is possessed of the sublime sympathies of nature, does not feel his soul burn with indignation, at the bare recital of such accumulated wickedness? But the genius of liberty prevailed; France interposed her powerful arm; thanks to the sovereign arbiter of the universe, America is free. Then was implanted the indelible impression of suspicion and hatred, to the machinations of the *privileged orders*. Then was sown those seeds which have vegetated, grown and flourished all over Europe. His Majesty would soon have gained his place in the hearts of his people, had he not been surrounded by parasites and plunderers; men who opposed the constitution and reform, who no sooner tasted the sweets of power and of office, than they turned their back upon the people, and deserted their own principles, and the cause which had given them political consequence.

At the head of these, stands a man of no moderate talents and ambition. Highly gifted by nature, and cultivated by art, trained in the deepest political school of Europe, inheriting fame and consequence from his father, versed in all the diplomatic versatility of a great Statesman, he presents a melancholy monument of human depravity and human misfortune. His towering and lofty genius, distracted and convulsed, his elevated hopes and splendid prospects of aggrandizement and of power, are sunk into dark and glooming despair, and his master, his royal master, is cheated and deceived.

His introduction into office, was effected by a sketch of the prerogative, no way friendly to the constitution. I pass over the intermediate stages of his political life, to the commencement of the present war. The war, my Lord whatever were the motives of government for engaging in it, was no sooner commenced, than the people of Europe were alarmed; they saw the same, or a similar spirit burst, which had been resisted and defeated in America; they instantly connected the two events; they saw liberty and
tyranny

tyranny marshalled against each other; they saw the ambition and interest of four or five families and their dependents, put in competition with the interest of ten times as many millions. To give a colour of justice to the coalition, every object was presented to the public, that had ever inflamed the passions, roused the ardour, inflated the ambition, or kindled the enthusiasm of man, *social order, national honour, law, religion, and even existence*. These were all adorned with the most lofty and vehement eloquence; they were declared all to be at stake, and to be the *primum mobile* of this dreadful war. The people must have been uncommonly stupid, or uncommonly perverse, for they have looked upon this hypocritical jargon, with an apathy bordering on contempt; they saw it hollow and unsound; they saw the real motives concealed under specious pretexts; they saw a system dark and dangerous, unfit and unwilling to see the light; and they had courage, if not reason, to imagine, that they saw a most flagitious and horrid attack upon the liberties of mankind. With this tide of opinion against him, erroneous, perhaps, the British Minister went to war; against its increasing depth, he was waded on, and when the flood is full, it will turn.

Finis coronat opus, comprehends more of the law of Nations and the Rights of Man, than Puffendorf or Thomas Paine; and *facts* are of more importance to a Statesman, than the thunder of Demosthenes or the melliflence of a Cicero. That the facts which I mean to present to your Excellency, may have the desired effect, let me request, that in the silent hour of retirement, when the council is broken up, you will give yourself to the influence of reason and of truth, for your friends say, that you have a mind of your own. The awful fate which hangs over those devoted lands, demands every hour of your public and private thought; and the duty which you owe your King, your country and yourself, will justify you in making responses to the following queries, in that secret hour, which shuts out from your presence, the vain, the selfish, and the deceitful.

QUERIES.

QUERIES.

When sent to take upon you the government of Ireland, were you not told, that the people would all soon be quiet, satisfied and happy?

When Mr. Pitt engaged in the war, with a combination the most formidable that ever appeared among the nations of the earth; did he not affirm, that in one campaign, the monarchy would be restored, the people subdued, and the privileged orders completely and securely re-established?

When he inundated France with forged assignats, did he not confidently assert, that their finances were ruined, and their government on the brink of destruction?

Did he not vehemently aver, that, should Lord Howe beat the French fleet, the country would be starved and subdued by famine?

Did he not declare that by destroying their commerce, subsidizing the Emperor, and fomenting civil war in La Vendee, no doubt could be entertained of overturning and destroying the new government of France?

Has he not declared with more privacy, and equal confidence, that the late extensive and alarming conspiracy at Paris would totally destroy the Republic, and restore the ancient regimen?

ANSWERS.

Most assuredly I was, but alas! I was woefully deceived.

Most assuredly, I have often heard him declare all this; but alas! I was woefully deceived.

Most assuredly he said so; but I was miserably deceived.

This he declared, yet Lord Howe bravely beat the enemies fleet, and not one of their victuallers taken, and I, alas! with others, was woefully disappointed and deceived.

Most assuredly he did; but I have been more and more deceived, for all this has been done, and the object is as remote as ever.

O yes! too true! secret solemn, and confident, were his assurances, that all was safe; but all is failed, and vanished like a dream.

Does

Does he not now, *even now*, publicly and privately aver, that his resources are unbroken, that his means are sufficient, that he is willing to meet the contest, and confident of success.

Lay your hand upon your heart, my Lord, and ask whether a wise and good man ought any longer to be governed by the frantic and wicked delusions of such a Minister; whether it be safe to yield unreserved confidence to the grand, unceasing deceiver; whether men who have fortune and fame to lose, should make a common cause with men who have neither, and risk a desperate contest where all may be lost, and nothing can be gained. In his last celebrated speech on the address, he has given us the political creed of the British Cabinet. We have had at least ten different ones from them since the commencement of the present war; but the last, when combined with the situation of Europe, is one of the most extraordinary productions that ever challenged the opinion of the world.

That speech, I am bold to assert, is fallacious in its representations, malevolent in its spirit, mean in its subtuges, and ruinous in its tendency. He talks of the commerce, the spirit, and the resources of the country. Merciful Heaven! such unblushing effrontery, when the meanest shop-keeper knows that commerce is annihilated; when every man knows that the spirit of the country is sunk into despair, and that the *resources* can be traced no further than a standing army and naval armament, without a *single unborrowed shilling* to support them. In that wonderful speech, it never once occurred to the orator, that the great *source* of national safety, the palladium of English Liberty, and the guardian of the Constitution, is wanting; that the fountain which flows from it, runs in a channel directly contrary to his *resource*; that so far from being at his command, it operates against him, and may finally overwhelm him in disgrace and ruin. Without this source all is doubt and danger; it was the want of it that defeated the

the

the armies of the combined tyrants against the liberties of France; it was the want of it which has brought the British Empire to the verge of destruction; and it is the want of it which may hasten that terrible and much to be deprecated event.

This resource is what every wise statesman will endeavour to obtain, and which every good one will seldom fail to secure; for without it he can neither be good, nor wise, nor fortunate.

This source, which the British Minister never completely possessed, and now completely wants, is the **HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE**. With this against him; with the Republic of France against him; with the national debt against him; and with the revolution of the human mind against him—who can hear, without disdain and contempt, his vain boasting and treacherous declamation; who can indulge a hope that he who never succeeded in any one plan, except in his encroachments on the liberties of the People, will now accomplish that which the combined influence of all the wisdom and popularity of the Empire, would tremble to undertake.

I do not enquire whether the servile attachment of his partizans, proceeds from ignorance or interest, or both; nor do I attempt to appreciate the wisdom or the folly of those who think the state in no danger; I state *facts*, and 'tis the height of madness not to reason from the past to the future.

An unskilful pilot, who in every danger has proved his incapacity to steer the vessel with safety, ought to be changed when the danger increases.

I have then, with this view, to propose to your Lordship one of the most awful and necessary duties, that ever was presented to the heart or the understanding of man.

IF

If the Monarch whom you represent, and the Constitution which you revere, be dear to you; if the country that gave you birth, the religion of your fathers, and the peace of the land, be objects of your dearest solicitude—fly, with the rapidity of lightning, and tear the veil from your Sovereign's eyes, rescue him from the traitors who surround him, save him from the perils that are hourly swelling to a degree of magnitude beyond all calculation and foresight. To accomplish this great and necessary task, will require all the talents and virtues which you possess.—You must conquer your private interests, and your private attachments: but to a mind much less elevated than yours, this would be a small sacrifice for the public good. Your gratitude to the British Minister ought not for a moment to be put in competition with your duty to your Sovereign. Gratitude is a limited duty; when the benefactor deserts the principles of honour, truth, and patriotism, should he desert his former declarations, and become a new man and a traitor, he ought to be abandoned and execrated without a feeling of remorse or compassion.—This was justified in the conduct of the patriotic Brutus to the splendid, but detestable traitor, Cæsar; on which event, an elegant French author uses the following reasoning: “ Un Voleur, par exemple, vaincu par votre courage et votre résistance, ne tranche point le fil de Vos jours, vous rend votre Argent, vous donne même le double & et le triple de ce qu’il vous en avoit pris, à condition que vous ferez son esclave, & que vous le seconderez dans les noirs projets qu’il a formés, de réduire dans le même état vos amis, & même tout le genre humain.—Quelles obligations aurez-vous à ce Voleur ?”

To his benefactor, your father's gratitude was unchangeable, it was laudible, it was useful; but to the son you owe nothing, he has cancelled, by his tergiversation, every sentiment of gratitude and affection. If I have stated any thing chimerical or unfounded; if I have magnified our dangers, or diminished our prospects of safety, then let my observations pass as imprudent or foolish, but I speak

to a wise man, who has much at stake, and much to fear—and on the truth and importance of my assertions, I would stake my life and my character, convinced that no truth, scientific, moral or divine, rests upon a more uncontrovertible foundation than the following: *the safety of the British Empire can only be effected by a total and immediate change of men and measures.* I do not say that it is in your Lordship's power alone to accomplish this great change; you may, however, give it all the support which can be drawn from your loyalty, your zeal, your knowledge, your interest at court, and above all, by the noble sacrifice you will make, by a voluntary surrender of the first office in the gift of the British Minister. In doing this, you will have an opportunity of satisfying your abhorrence of that dreadful system *of burning and of blood*, which they have obliged you to apply to the People of Ireland. The natural benignity of your heart, as well as the urbanity of your education, qualified you for better masters, and more honourable employment. If by one great exertion you can free yourself from the condemnation of your own conscience, rescue the Irish nation from torture and despair, and snatch the fallen fate of Britain from final ruin—you will have achieved more than the most distinguished hero of ancient or modern times. As a proof that my fears are not unfounded, permit me to observe that the external enemy possesses the most stupendous power, and the most inexhaustible resources. It is not now the convulsed, distracted, and devoted France; it is that mighty, consolidated, and terrific Colossus, which shakes from their foundation all the established orders of Europe, before whose invincible phalanxes, all the veteran troops which the coal-esced powers could bring forth, have fled, or fallen as the leaves of the forest when shaken by the furious autumnal blast. 'Tis both manly and safe to look the enemy full in the face. See where he triumphantly stands with one foot on the Texel, the other passing the shore of the Adriatic, giving motion and direction to a mass of men not less than fifty millions.

Who

Who can say that the immense armament at Brest may not find its way to England or Ireland ? The distance from Brest to Dublin is precisely the same as between the Texel and Edinburgh, each forty hours sailing with a moderately fair wind. At the Texel thirty thousand troops lie ready for embarkation. The army forming at Dunkirk may leave the Coast of Flanders and reach the British shore in five or six hours. Add to this that Buonaparte's Army consisting of one hundred and fifty thousand men, has at its command a large fleet of war ships, and transports innumerable, and might in one fortnight leave the Mediterranean, and land in the North of Ireland or the Highlands of Scotland ; in any of all these events the consequences are incalculable. Making every allowance for the elements and brave fleets, still there is danger great and imminent. I view it, as every good man must with fear and with grief. Broken down as the united spirit of Ireland is, what can she do ? Infuriated distracted and united as Scotland is, what is to be expected there ? And the *people* of England are too fond of their own interests not to leap into the preponderating scale. I shall only add my Lord, that circumstanced as these countries are, if nothing be done to put men in power who might conciliate the people and conciliate the enemy : if nothing is to be expected but the sword of the mercenary ; for the law of the land—nothing but gibbet and burnings ; for murmur and complaint ; nothing but oppression and abuse, for submission and obedience ; nothing but a prospect of war, instead of a prospect of peace, and nothing but the extermination of the French Government, or the extermination of the British ; then may God take our most gracious King into his holy keeping, and guide the people of these distracted lands, is the sincere prayer of

A MAN OF ULSTER.

ON HOCHE'S DEATH,

Weep! Gallia weep! in sorrow droop thy head,
 Thy Hoche, thy hero, and thy friend is dead,
 That man so truly great in Freedom's cause,
 That brave defender of his country's laws;
 Who from her fields the Pitt leagued tyrants chas'd,
 And all the hordes of slaves that laid them waste;
 Made the crown'd robbers of his native soil,
 Shake on their blood stain'd thrones, and quit their spoil
 Now, pale and breathless, lo! the hero lies,
 As envious fate had call'd him to the skies,
 But, still unconquer'd, tho' resign'd his breath,
 He springs immortal from the arms of death;
 O! friend of man, upon thy honour'd bier,
 The good and brave, shall drop a grateful tear,
 Bright fame, thy virtues from oblivion save,
 And snatch thy honours from the silent grave,
 From age to age thy glorious deeds impart,
 And make thy monument each Patriot's heart.

MARCUS' FIRST LETTER
 TO LORD GRENVILLE.

MY LORD,

WITHOUT any prefatory observations, I shall proceed to examine your Lordship's late defence of the system that coerces this suffering and unhappy country. Your famous speech on that occasion lies before me; I shall consider its parts in their order.

You state the subject too "delicate" to be touched, and then advise noble Lords not to meddle with it. When you gave this advice, you were not ignorant that you are the masterhound, whose voice leads the pack, and that you no sooner open, than the yelpers join you in full cry, especially if the whipper-in keeps them to their duty. Thus your dogs are trained to your command; and we in Ireland, who are treated worse than dogs, are told that we must submit to be hunted by foreign war-hounds, the silent spectators of our families butchered, our dwellings destroyed, and our wives ravished out of *delicacy*. Good God!

for

for what are we reserved? When you have humbled us with the dumb beasts that perish, you deride our calamities, and tell us we are well off, and may rejoice for that "HUMANITY" is the character of those that slaughter us. But if murder, flames, and rape by their *humanity*, what are we to expect when their brutality shall become complete when the fullness of their barbarities shall be loosed upon us? What? Shall we be told that resistance to British violence is treason, and that the humanity of the bayonet is good enough for us? Shall proud aristocracy impose not only submission but silence? Shall it send a foreign force into an independent country, and then say, "we have the power to destroy, but not the right to hear, or to redress you"? Shall it in the same breath scoffingly say unto us, "you have your independence; we graciously gave it you; you fought it, and you have got it; we have nothing more to do with you"? Indeed, my Lord, I wish you *would* have nothing more to do with us—Ireland is competent to her own protection, and wants not the influence of English dragoons to settle her. But your argument is worse than the insult it conveys; for while you make it treason for Irish independence to oppose English bayonets, you reproach us with the enjoyment of that independence; yet if we exercise it against invaders, we are hanged, shot, transported, or bastiled by order of the British Cabinet.

But although the subject was *delicate*, you alledge that its foundation was vague and uncertain. If it was "vague," why all that delicacy, why that jealous caution of Ministers? Uncertainty, where the wrongs of millions are the subject, and an Empire sinking in its own rottenness demands not only the fullest, but the speediest investigation. Even in matters of small importance, common report is sufficient to ground a parliamentary enquiry, and waits not for the slow operation of proof. Yet the oath of the noblest Peer in Europe was disdained by you, as of an authority too vague and suspicious, too "difficult" as you phrased it, to induce your belief, that Ireland was now bleeding under the scourge of British violence. The fact my Lord, was not hazarded on vague report, or told in light ambiguous terms; it was founded on *personal knowledge* and

and stated in the unequivocal energy of truth. Though your heart had been shut against the cries of this terrified and distracted country, was it decent to discredit an authority that all good men respected? But while you deny the existence of the fact, you defend the expediency of the measure, and set up an *unauthenticated* paper in vindication of the rapes and murders that shocked your delicacy. When however you exhibited this marvellous composition justice required you to have confronted with it your Orange men's oath of blood,* by which he binds himself to exterminate threefourths of his fellow-Christians, and now carries fire and desolation through the country, with his sword in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other; but this had been a subject too delicate for noble ears, and might have offended the piety of my Lords and Bishops: you therefore affect silence, chusing rather to insult our despair. From insult you rise to defiance; though we bleed and suffer we do not feel, for if we did, we are "independent, and would RESENT."—Take care, my Lord, what you say—for though you shall not provoke us to *resent*, we do not forget that we are *independent*.

And think you that you serve the cause of your master, when you refuse to hear the attested calamities of his people? When their voice shall be stopped in this indecent manner, does it not look as if Ministers intended their complaints should never reach the Royal ear, or fear that the publication of their own guilt might stand as a record of the wrongs they inflict, of the hatred that England bears to this devoted country? Or was it, my Lord, that by having the crimes of the British Cabinet laid open to the world, you dreaded accelerated justice, in provoking the vengeance of that mighty nation, which now marches with hasty strides to punish corruption? Or, as your own happy language has expressed it, that comes with a "rash and insolent design to introduce the Génius of French Liberty." Ye mountains cover us!

* ORANGE MAN'S OATH

I. A. B. do hereby swear that I will be true to the King and Government, and that I will EXTERMINATE, as far as I am able, the CATHOLICS of IRELAND.

T.

Trust

Trust me, my Lord, that a patient and respectful attention to the cries of an afflicted people, would contribute more to the stability of Monarchs, than the haughtiest insults of inveterate aristocracy. It is not by threats that Kings support their Thrones; weak and insecure is that power which is not founded in the hearts of the governed. When Princes do not reign *there*, be assured the people are dissatisfied, and will look for a change; and when they *do* look for it, be assured also, that they will have it. Then will confidence give place to suspicion, security to terror, justice to violence, kindness to insult, and mercy to murder. But make the people happy, and they will love the government that secures them in their persons, their properties and their repose. By making them happy, you make them great, you make them terrible, for they will not part with their happiness for any change. Then might the combined powers of Europe attempt in vain the destruction of that Empire, whose downfall your Lordship so feelingly anticipates; but whose dissolution you cannot defer beyond the appointed hour, for a greater authority than your own has declared, "That the kingdom divided against itself, shall not stand."

The British Constitution was a column of a new order—its base was the people—its capital the Monarchy, and its shaft the Aristocracy, that connected the two extremes. The shaft is giving way; but the base will remain immovable.

For the present I take my leave, assuring you that your Lordship shall very soon hear from me again,

I am, my Lord, &c.

MARCUS.

E P I G R A M,

OR THE RETURN OF JACK CATCH FROM CIRCUIT.

When mighty Hector, from the fields of Troy,
In blood-stained armour, stood before his boy;
The child recoiled—Thus in the human mind,
An early dread of death and blood we find.
Thus Hector's grandson, when his Sire returns,
From Circuit fresh, and still with fury burns,
Starts in alarm, in agony and pain,
Nor can the bitter jest, or murd'rous frown sustain.

AFFIDAVITS OF THE JURORS.

Arthur Johnson, and Archibald Thompson, two of the jury who were impanelled to try William Orr, depose on the Holy Evangelists, and say, that after they had retired to their jury-room to consider their verdict, two bottles of very strong whiskey spirits were conveyed in their jury-room through the window thereof, and given to, and the greater part thereof, drank by the said jurors, some of whom became very sick, and unwell, which occasioned their vomiting before they gave their verdict. And deponent Thompson, says, that he was by age and infirmity, and intimidation used to him by Mr. James M' Neighton, one of the said Jury, induced to concur in said verdict contrary to his opinion.

Swore before me this twentieth
of Sept. 1797, in court,

Arthur Johnston,
Arch. Thompson,

YELVERTON.

George Crooks of Inniscloaghlin, in the county of Antrim, farmer, making oath and faith, that he, this deponent was one of the jury, who was on the trial of William Orr, who was charged with administering oaths. Deponent saith, he was resolved to acquit the same William Orr, but for the representations of some of his fellow-jurors, who informed this deponent, that in case they, the said jury, should return a verdict of guilty, the said William Orr would not be punished with death. Deponent further saith, that if he had at that time known, that the returning a verdict of guilty on the said William Orr, would be punishable with death, he, this deponent in that case, would not have consented to such a verdict, but would have insisted and persevered in returning a verdict of the said William Orr's not being guilty.

Swore before me this twentieth
of Sept. 1797, in court,

GEORGE CROOKS.

YELVERTON.

WILLIAM CAXON,

TO the STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

YOUNG MEN,

WHY will you read Cicero and Demosthenes? they will bring you to an untimely end. What signify genius, eloquence, or truth, when they only lead to the gallows? Cicero, Demosthenes, and Juvenal were very great and good men, but they did not die a natural death.—Quit your books, and your patriotism, and your spirit, forswear Locke, and addict yourselves to government. Become dunces in your class; it will not matter; you will only be laughed at for the time; but then you may dispise the opinions of the people, and become *great men*; comfort yourselves with a place or a sinecure, and cry, “*Populus me sibilat at mihi plaudo.*” Throw away Locke, Euclid, Burlemaqui, or Longinus; they will only teach you to think too deeply; while you are under *holy* rule, practise subordination and doff your cap to every fellow and every fellow’s son. Study Chesterfield and mind the art of seduction and good manners: if there’s ere a snug little place of ten or twelve pounds a year in the fellow’s gift, attend Horace’s *rules ad caprandum*, be all in all to every man, and when you are in office be sure you practise the “little brief authority.” By these exertions you will bid fair for the highest offices in the state, “*tu Marcellus eris.*” but above all attend the monk’s spouting club, late the Historical Society, and if your mouth inclines you to shew forth their praise, abuse the celebrated and original Historical Society that now meets in William-street, call them rebels, democrats, and traitors; such a climax of oratory will ensure to you the high priest’s benediction; nay, they may vote you fifteen pounds worth of books to supply the place of the late valuable library.

It is not strange that your fathers and friends will supply you with books and inculcate principles which if you practise, you bid fair to be hanged or quartered? There is treason in almost every book in the college course, and even in
the

the poet laureat Horace : why has not the conclave of Gotham erased that celebrated line, " quiquid delirant reges plectuntur populi ? for kingly madmen people suffer," while dulness is tottering on its throne. It is no wonder there are United Irishmen, and deists in Trinity College when such *heathenish* books are read as Tully's Offices, Xenophon, Lucian, Longinus, Euripides, Terence, Demosthenes, Cicero, or Locke on Government. It is no wonder that our young lawyers, physicians, and even divines are republicanly inclined when they learn from *old heathens* that virtue, ability, and worth are *only* to be esteemed ; that rank, wealth, and title are often despicable, that ropes, diadems or regimentals very often cover empty heads and rotten hearts. Lord Grenville and Master Pitt need not wonder at the Irish students, headed by a Lord's heir apparent, execrating a government of the gallows, the bayonet and the *bone-fire*, when they consider that their heads originally weak have not got giddy by the height from which they *look down* on the people.

My friends the undergraduates of Trinity College, do not waste your time in unavailing labour ; learning is a dangerous thing, it will disqualify the *world*. If you have the misfortune to be a man of genius or a scholar shake hands with Swift, Sterne, or Kirwan, give up all thoughts of the church ; bishopricks are not for you ; as our Irish Masillon says, " the church is the lumber-room of the nation."—Do you design yourselves for the bar ? consider the case of Grattan, Erskine, Currán, O'Connor, Ponsoby, Duquerry, &c. &c. &c. the dignities of the law are not for such men ; if you wish to be Chancellor, Chief Baron, Chief Justice, Attorney, or Solicitor General, ye must follow other teachers, study the song of " the Vicar of Bray," and then let who will be out, ye will be in ; be " blasted bravoës," and ye may be Chief —or executioners of the law. Should ye design yourselves for the study of physic, be assured patriotism will hurt your practice ; it will not suit the old woman, fools, and patients, you attend : a patriot physician is as ridiculous as an honest lawyer, should you even escape prosecution, imprisonment, or
fine,

fine, you may starve while you sing "*Vive la Liberté.*" No, no, quit patriotism, and the study of nature; like Dr. M'Kenna turn lawyer, and as council for the crown prosecute the patients to whom yourselves prescribe parliamentary reform as the cure for the diseases of the state.

But if your ambition prompts you to be a *very great man*, get a commission in the Scots or English Fencibles, and you will then unite the executive and legislative powers of government, and be at once legislator, justice, judge and executioner. If *love* inclines you, boldly set an example of *gallantry* to your men, and in mid-day at your guard-room, ravish youth and innocence before a brother's face!! and when the glorious deed is done, *be sure* you damn all Jacobins, and curse the French. If any magistrate or Justice of the Peace should presume to interrupt your amusement, what then? it will entitle you to keep company with that *hero* in Naas gaol; and by the interest of Mrs Lewellen, or that partner of rapes, the little black Lord, you'll be sure of your pardon.

Next to this, the best traders going are union hunters, trading justices, and informers; be very active in your vocation, put on an important look, run up and down town and country, talking of our *wife*, vigorous, and *excellent* government, of the damned Jacobins plotting to overturn it; say nothing will cure the fever of the state, but letting half its blood, that the best way to govern, is to hang such men as Orr, and pardon such men as——. Call every friend to Reform rogue, jacobin, traitor; be particularly loud in professing you will devote life and fortune in support of the war; but when the Minister does not know how to raise supplies, do not contribute six-pence more than the poorest house-keeper. Abuse the French while they are at a distance, lull yourselves in false security; but if they land, run away, and go hang yourselves.

But if disregarding what I say, and possessing the vigour, candour, and honesty of ingenuous youth, you prefer liberty and honour, Cicero and Demosthenes, to impudence and

and hypocrisy, to Pitt and slavery, do, in the sacred name of God, raise your honest voices, freely and openly express your sentiments, and declare the will of the rising generation of freemen. Abash and confound *the grand enemy of the human race*; leave to him, the monks, and the old woman, the Alma Mater, that he so properly represents their "port and prejudice;" leave them to contempt and pity, join your aid to the approaching emancipation of your country, and accelerate that day which must come—for in the language of that man who I hope will live to be the patriarch of our island, "*you may as soon place your hand on the globe, and stop that revolution which advances you to your morning light, as think to stop the progress of that other light, reason and truth, which is in rapid advance to liberate the slave, and liberalize the master.*" May you, the rising hope of the age, contribute to this glorious work, and add if possible, to the esteem and respect with which ye are beheld by

WM. CAXON.

AT length ministers have advertised for literary aid to put down our Press, and to confute our assertions, they have called on the Peers and their friends who sit in the commons, placemen and pensioners, job, borough and patronage mongers, bishops, deacons and rich benefice clergy, fellows senior and junior patronized lawyers together with the genius of the military pens men, of which we had so many examples to support *their glorious constitution*; a constitution which supports this monstrous groupe, whose entire exertions and industry taken together, from years end to years end, would not feed, clothe or lodge the most worthless amongst them. Gladly do we accept the challenge, and if they will confine their attacks on our Press, to the talent and industry, which can be found in their ranks; if they will abandon destruction by military outrage, by bludgeon, by robbery, by prosecution and persecution, for the publication of truth and atrocities which they can neither defend nor deny, however small the portion of praise,

praise, we have hitherto been enabled to bestow on their conduct, we will most readily give them the credit of having discontinued one of the most barbarous, and despotic acts of their administration. This would be at once to bring the whole truth fairly before the Irish nation, and the civilized world; but unless corruption, usurpation, prostitution and military outrage, be more desirable than incorruptible patriotism, the imprescriptible rights of a people, and the protection of persons, opinions, and property, unless lawless violence and unlimited despotic power, be more lovely than the wholesome controul of delegated representative authority — unless national famine, beggary and bankruptcy be preferable to scrupulous expenditure; and strict œconomy, unless hireling prostitute prints be accounted more virtuous and principled than a Press which subsists but on the faith, the confidence, the affections and common interest of the sound part of our countrymen, we have nothing to fear from the contest; instead of shrinking from it, we court the freest discussion as the sure means of our triumph, from conviction that the more free the investigation the more certainly TRUTH must prevail; instead of crouching before this long list of doughty champions the pandemonians have summoned, we throw down the gauntlet and dare them to combat; we call on the peers to tell us how and by what means they have acquired *their honours*; we call on them to declare that they have not made a property of the representative rights of the people, by becoming proprietary of the House of Commons; we call on them to refute that scandalous charge lately made by a part of the commons, which they had the audacity to say they would prove, that Irish peers had acquired the *right* to legislate in one house by the most prostituted sale of the *rights* of the other, a charge on the Lords which if false they should have been instantly purged of, a charge which if true, should have scattered *them* and *their honours* like chaff by the storm. We call on members who sit in the Commons to tell us the services by which they have earned those places and pensions, with which the house swarms and the services by which they expect to continue to hold them,

them, to tell us that they are the pure unpoluted representation of the people of Ireland according to the constitution, and not, the automaton deputies of a few borough proprietors, in flagrant violation of every constitutional right of the nation, that they have been duly elected without corruption, or bribery, purchase or military power; and that they have not been bought, sold, apprenticed, or hired. We call on the bishops, and clergy to state the justice by which they receive half a million a year, for *instruſing* four hundred thousand parliamentary protestants, whilst three millions and a half of presbyterians and catholics are obliged not only to pay *them*, but to pay their own clergy besides; we call on these *reverend divines* to convince us, that they are more exemplary, more beloved, more assiduous in the discharge of the duties of their christian vocation, upon this monstrous establishment of half a million, than the catholic and presbyterian divines on the twentieth part of their stipends; we call on them to shew us what part of the scriptures inculcates servility and the most abject abandonment of honour and rectitude for courtly preferment; what justifies them in becoming political tools and political wranglers, where has Christ placed the furtherance of his religion on the monstrous power; and wealth of his disciples; where shall we find a line in his gospel which authorizes his ministers to erect themselves into nobles and most puissant princes; where do we see his injunctions to his disciples, to range themselves uniformly on the side of corruption and against the rights of the people; where do we find his authority for his ministers on the most flagrant injustice to nine tenths of a nation, to receive an enormous annual stipend by a nation's industry, which acts as a bounty in favour of those who are idle? We call on them to tell us what we shall gather from christian writ or rather if it is not in horrid violation of its very letter, that a christian ministry be the foremost in civil broils and dissensions, at one time leading squadrons of horse, at an other bearing the torch to the cottage, or tutoring informers to swear away the innocent blood of the wretch he has beggared. We call on
the

the Fellows to prove that a monstrous endowment where the professors are paid such exorbitant stipends, do much or do nothing, independant of their exertions, is the best adapted to call for the industry, and skill of those who are to receive them ; we call on them to prove that a consciousness that this monstrous endowment was wholly inaplicable to promote that general knowledge for which it was granted, has not led them to make common cause with corruption, usurpation and the accumulated abuses of ages ; we call on them to exculpate themselves from the infamous charge of having corrupted and poisoned that infant mind they should have protected and nurtured, we call on them to clear thir characters of the base imputation which the hireling prints, have thrown out as praise, of their having attempted to extinguish that patriotie fire which only can light up genius or worth in the youth and the hopes of the nation. We call on those lawyers whose fertility and double tongued baseness has been revived by the creation of two and thirty new mongrel appointments, half lawyer half judge without much of either, to tell us the blessings of the penal code which has been lately enacted, or to explain the advantages which the people of Ireland derive from that uncongruous mass of written and unwritten law by which, for its wealth, no nation on earth is so drained to defray the expence at which laws are administered ; and, lastly, we call on the officers of the army in Ireland, to declare on their honor, as soldiers, that tortures and burnings, that massacres and murders, have not been committed by soldiers at their instigation ; or if this is too difficult to be complied with, we call on them to assure us that they are convinced, that the representation of their country has not been usurped, or that the commercial rights and interests of their country have not been sold ;—we call on them to prove, by an appeal to their conduct, that in putting on the garb of the soldier, that they have not laid by the rights of the man and of their country ;—we call on them to come forward and to declare to the world, that those outrages and dastardly acts which have been laid to their charge in the Senate

Senate of England, and all over Ireland, have been committed, in support of the constitutional rights of the people, and not in support of a system in which the great essential parts of the constitution are destroyed, and in which the other parts have been demolished, to support the former subversion.

We have been accused of attempting to destroy the constitution, by misrepresenting its blessings—and in turn we arraign our accusers if we assert falsehood, they have every other paper in Ireland to expose and detect us; but is any man so absurd as to believe that mankind are to be persuaded that blessings are curses? Is this an age in which they are to be so easily duped? Have these ministers, with all their means of publication, who advance such a nonsensical charge, found it so easy to talk the people out of their senses? Is it a fact, in their own words, “that such a shallow champion as plausibility can force reason to surrender to passion and prejudice?” Can they deny, with all their plausibility, that a fair and real representation of the people, is the basis of the constitution? And have they plausibility enough to convince the people while boroughs are openly bought and sold, that they are thus fairly and really represented?—It is not our words which have distracted the nation, it is their deeds; it is not our recital of their violences, their blunders, their corruption, their extravagance, it is the actual committal, which has spoken with more force than thousands such papers as ours could have spoken—yes, the blood of the innocent man, the cries of the widow, the tears of the orphan, the parting shriek of the family whose parent is dragged to the dungeon or the gallies. the crackling of the flames, and the groans of the expiring victim of summary murder, speak to the soul with more eloquence than tongue can utter, or language describe. If the country has been maddened, who has done it? the men who have done those deeds at which nature stands appalled, or we who dare to recite them. Idiots! who will you find weak enough to be persuaded by your plausibility that it was really the constitution which could require

quire such means as you have employed to support it; nay if you were not as besotted as stupid you must long ere this have perceived that the infernal measures you used to put down the mind of the people had raised it in an exact proportion as you had pushed them; you would have perceived that at the rate you have advanced for these five years, you will have sublimated the public mind to all the horrors of revolution, while bankrupt in resources and confidence, your means will have been exhausted when your system required they should have been entire; and if you would know how the PRESS has become the PRINT OF THE PEOPLE, it is because it speaks TRUTH; your despotic acts had banished that idol of mankind, and now that she has returned unattended by riches unsupported by power attacked by assassins she has been received with open arms not only by the virtuous; but even the basest are impelled to hear what she says.

Reflections on the present state of gaols in Ireland, and a plan for converting the barracks and churches to places of security for state prisoners and informers; dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Carhampton, by the Rev, F. Archer, Inspector of Prisons.

“ A single gaol, in Alfred’s golden reign,
 “ Could half the nation’s criminals contain;
 “ Fair justice then, without constraint ador’d,
 “ Held high the steady scale, but sheath’d the sword,
 “ No spies were paid, no special juries known,
 “ Blest age! but oh! how different from our own!”

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

AN awful and alarming period in the history of mankind, agitates the councils of Europe, whose eye watches with fearful anxiety, the movements of the greatest power that ever shook the thrones of monarchs. In an hour so portentous,

portentous, **THE PRESS**, which stands the centinel of Ireland, is an organ best fitted to convey truth, and call you to a sense of your importance. Those only who have plunged you in calamity, will conceal their crimes, or deny that their aggressions have provoked danger. Let tyranny tremble, for it has much to dread; you have sublimer views; you have that in view, which makes nations great and respectable. Ireland, we are told, is now to be made a theatre of war, as she has long been a stage of blood.

Interested men would degrade the dignity of the people, as if they were no weight in the scale of mankind, or but served like "the feather in the crown," to swell the pomp of Kings. But your proper weight already begins to be felt, and its authority will soon be acknowledged in Europe. When hordes of foreign mercenaries are introduced into a country, for the purpose of "*keeping down*" the people, can there be a stronger proof of the jealousy and the terror with which the government eyes the conduct of *United citizens*? When I inform you, that a wish has been expressed in a great assembly, that you *might* be provoked; when I inform you that an English Lord has lately said, "the people of Ireland are *not* oppressed, for if they were, they would resist,"—What conclusion will you draw? Will you not infer that *some* persons dread nothing so much as your patience or your silence? But I trust you will not be *led away by high authorities*; when the *English Lord* preached *resistance* in your ears, he was insidious; he but expressed his wishes to sanction military executions. I recommend then, I beseech you, to a continuance of that patience you have shewn, a patience beyond example, under the calamities you have endured. Be steady, my friends, for without steadiness resolution is a weak virtue. Your sufferings cannot always last, and Europe may yet see you *forgiving* those who now whip and scourge you. Prove by your enduring virtue, that you have not deserved your sorrows, and thus teach to the nations that surround you, both the folly and the crime of oppressing a brave and generous people.

people. Government, even the worst and wickedest, is still government, and while it lasts, some respect is due to it. Submission to present circumstances, will demonstrate how worthy you are to participate of that reform, in pursuit of which the best have bled, and which be assured your virtue must *attain*.

In proportion as you have elevated your minds to liberty, a flowing benevolence, mutual kindness, and undivided union of affection have banished the grosser passions from your breasts, and bound you to one great and prevailing interest. In the language of your Divine master, you have been *provoked to love*; and it is your struggle for freedom that has produced this beneficial harmony. Long may that harmony continue to exalt your understandings, and *unite* you together! May the charities of the Christian religion, that knows no distinction among those who worship the same God, proclaim to bad men that the last prayer of the pious Oza was offered up for that communion of which he was *not* a member.—Like the Orangeman with his oath of murder, that good man did not exterminate at a breath all who differed from him, nor present himself before his maker, stained with the blood of his fellow-christians.

I have mentioned Orange-men. Compare yourselves with those Maroons and you will see the wide distinctions between virtue and vice—between the religion of Christ, and the religion that is of darkness. I accuse no man of setting on those blood-hounds that snuff you in your peaceful dwellings, and track you to the fields of your honest industry. Perhaps their murders are their own, and their employers have no concern in them; but *their* justice is blood—yours is slow though sure—it hangs on the heels of the murderer, and finally will fasten on him.

If some amongst you, exasperated and driven to despair, have suffered your resentments to retaliate injuries, the infirmity lay in *human nature* not in *the man*. Let the proud

proud moralist affect what despotism he may, and tell you that satisfaction in the poor man is a crime, but a virtue in the rich ; I as proudly tell him, that morality belongs to no class of men ; and that the people whose families have been taken off, by *power beyond the law*, are as much entitled to redress as the Peer who has *not* been taken off ; and I tell him farther, that while *enlightened* aristocracy issues orders of blood, and then steals indemnity, *that* aristocracy hath no right to accuse others of violence, or to expect that men will not feel as men, and express their resentments. Do not, however, afford the instruments of vengeance a pretext for shedding your blood : better to endure an evil, than to give way to provocation.

Yet while I recommend forbearance, and would enjoin its necessity, you must not shut your eyes against your real situation. Knowledge will best instruct you in your duty ; though Orange-men withhold that knowledge from you, and then punish you for your ignorance. But if I advise forbearance, it is for your own sakes, not for the sake of those sanguinary masters. I shall not admire a system of taxation and terror, and then say with the Orange-men, " this is the Constitution." Ask him what is the Constitution ? and he will answer—aristocracy, the overbearing influence of the Crown, the resistance of reform in the people's house, the pomp and the luxury of Bishops. What more ? He will tell you he knows no Constitution but martial law, the butchering of the citizen, the indemnity of the Peer, the violation of your wife, the cries of the orphan, the flames of the cottage, the perjuries of informers, chains, bastiles, dungeons, and death—in a word, he will tell you, you are to fight for your " hearths and your altars"—those hearths that are taxed if they warm you ; those altars on which your liberties and your families he sacrifices.

This is his system, which he calls on you to preserve. If you love it, you will defend it ; but the night of sorrow is succeeding, and the day-star of Liberty rises fast upon it.

The

The philosophy that has enlightened the Continent approaches to illuminate your isle. She rides upon the waves, and navies sink before her; she steps upon the shore, and armies disappear: her virtue is your own, for philosophy is truth and truth is success.

Like the mustard-seed, from small beginnings the tree of liberty stretches to the heavens: the fowls of the air free as the air itself, build in its branches, man rejoices in its shade, and Europe will repose under it: there will the citizen carrol his song of peace, and there the hero bind his temples with its leaves: its boughs are the laurel of the soldier, and the vine of the happy husbandman.

I am, my dear countrymen,
Your sincere friend,

MARCUS.

TO THE RT. HON. GEN. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE,
COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S
FORCES IN IRELAND.

SIR,

I am an Irishman and an Officer, and therefore in the two-fold character of citizen and soldier, do I now claim your attention: nor let this union beget in your mind any prejudice against the advice I mean to offer you, as proceeding from a person disaffected to the government of this country, and effecting French phraseology, for the purpose of introducing French principles. The cause in which I write, is purely Irish; and too deeply is my heart interested in its success to admit of the frippery of affection, borrowed from any nation on earth. My country, my wounded bleeding country, absorbs every feeling of my soul: and to you, as to the person on whom much of that country's happiness depends, and who must shortly become the object of its blessing or execration, do I now offer that counsel, of which from your critical and important situation,

tion, you must stand in need. As a soldier, I owe you every obedience consistent with my obligations to my country; and to both I shall best discharge my duty, by faithfully laying before you the real situation, the moral and political topography of the island, into which you are sent for the achievement of an arduous design. You are surrounded by false guides, whose interest it is to deceive you; if you trust to their conduct, you are undone. They have already betrayed the British forces into a situation, from which it will require the utmost of your abilities to extricate their characters; nor should I be at all surprised to see the usual summary punishment for such treachery inflicted on those wretches, by the repentant honor of a British soldiery.

Before I proceed to give my proffered counsel, let me justify an interference, which to some military persons may appear inconsistent with the service, to which we both belong. A soldier of any rank is, I know, deemed by some as a mere executive instrument, in the hands of others, and should never question the propriety or rectitude of any act, which he is ordered by his superior to perform. This, indeed, was the opinion of your predecessor, and of all those, whom from similitude of disposition, he selected from the execution of his orders. Though you have condescended to be the successor, be not the imitator of the indemnified Carhampton.

A blind and implicit compliance with every command of a superior, has in all ages and countries, but particularly in this, disgraced the military name; and the bloody deeds that have been committed under the sanction of this horrid principle, have severed from the rights of humanity every being concerned in their perpetration. What, Sir! Has not a soldier, in every rank, a right to question the morality, though not the wisdom, of the orders he is required to execute? Is there no point at which his obedience as a soldier should cease, and his feelings as a man, begin to act? When part of the American army, in the late

war, was ordered to commit reprisals on the British prisoners of war, for the inhumane slaughter of Lady Washington's Light-horse, was its refusal criminal? When a similar order, issued by the sanguinary Robespierre, was disobeyed by the French troops in Brest, was their declaration, that they were soldiers, not *assassins*, contrary to military discipline? But these are the sentiments of our enemies, and of the soldiers of liberty, and may not therefore be considered applicable to the present case; I will try to be more correct. I will suppose a British mercenary, ordered to bury his steel in the breast of unresisting age, to stab and shoot, or involve in one general conflagration, whole families, without distinctions of age or sex, for no other crime than that of been suspected of uniting in brotherly affection, and of burying all religious distinctions in the love of their country; if, I say, a British soldiery be ordered to commit these deeds of horror, (and thousands of such they have committed), What *should* be their conduct?

Your answer to this question, Sir, is important; for from the private in the ranks to the Commander in Chief inclusive, the same principle applies, though responsibility encreases in proportion to the discretionary powers of the individual. If for such acts you condemn the wretched being, whose poverty or crimes compelled him to become a soldier; whose ignorance and separation from the society of all others, but those engaged in the same trade of blood, naturally tend to destroy his finer feelings as a man, what criminality, beyond all possible atonement, will you not annex to that wretch by whom the murderous command shall be uttered. An officer, whether subaltern or superior, has none of those extenuations to plead. If in him obedience would be criminal, he has it at all times in his power to retire from the service, and resign that commission which his conscience and God forbid him to retain. The higher his rank, the greater his responsibility, because the greater his power of doing and preventing mischief. Hence, Sir, it follows, that instead of considering you as a mere executive instrument

instrument in the hands of others, and irresponsible for the miseries which you, as Commander in Chief, may inflict on this unhappy country in pursuance of any orders you may receive to that effect, you are answerable before God and man in an eminent degree, for every act committed under your authority; and it likewise follows that this address to the highest military character in the country, is appropriate and just. It is appropriate because you are responsible, and it is but just to warn you that this nation considers you so. Despise not its judgement; for, believe me, the time is not distant when its judgement shall be rigorously executed.

Let me then, Sir, beseech you, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of the government you are come to support; for the sake of your own honour, and that of the British forces, to guard yourself against the sanguinary counsels of men whose sole view is to exasperate this nation, and urge it to resistance. I do solemnly declare that there is a conspiracy of the blackest die against the peace of this country, in which a junto of traitors are leagued for the purpose of instigating the people to rebellion, that themselves may still retain that power, which was obtained and is supported by the religious dissensions of Ireland. Those dissensions were once real, they now are merely nominal; being only supported by a band of exterminating assassins, called Orangemen, hired and maintained by the wicked patrons of disunion. Do you doubt the existence of this guilty faction, or has your native good sense already discovered them? Yes, Sir, it is whispered that you have found them out, or at least discovered that you and your Royal master have been deceived as to the true situation of this country. You came to extinguish a flame that did not exist, and you are now required to kindle one. The torch of the incendiary is presented to you, and all the baseness of the land, collected into one mass, for every profession and description, stands ready at your command. But these have already been used in vain, though wielded by the most consummate and hardened monster that ever dis-

graced the name of man. One, whose soul was stained with every private and public vice, and panted for the commission of every new crime that could be suggested to him. Drunk with blood, he staggered from the perpetration of one enormity to a greater, and knew no rest but in the charnel house of his own creation.

Around him soon collected all the Sympathetic demons of distraction in the country, whether native or exotic. Military assassinations attended with every horrid circumstance that could shock the human mind, hourly multiplied, and thus instigated to barbarous reprisals a goaded and suffering people. The good, the humane and the truly brave, both military and civil, shrunk back with horror. Among the unthinking of both parties, an indiscriminate hatred began to propagate itself, and thus part of the infernal object, proposed by the prime Machiavels, was nearly accomplished. But the good sense of the nation, and of the army, happily interposed. The latter became conscious of the unworthy and disgraceful purposes, to which it had been converted and now cordially execrate their deceivers; while the former, ever ready to embrace the honest and really gallant soldier, who feels the generous principle of humanity in his heart, distinguishes between the guilty instigator and the deceived instrument of oppression.

In this situation of affairs you are appointed to command the army of Ireland. Are you prepared to tarnish your name by the support of a system, flagitious in its object, base and criminal in its means, and ultimately incapable of accomplishment? Or are you inclined, if these facts be proved, to reject with disdain the proffered dishonor, and to convince the world that whatever steps you might have thought it your duty to take, to render your country triumphantly in its contest with a foreign foe, you are above the meanness of fomenting civil discord, and turning your sword against defenceless breasts? Read with attention and prejudice this address and what I shall submit to you on the same subject.—Enquire of impartial men concerning its truth.

truth. The eyes of the nation are fixed on you. Your first movement will teach it what it is to expect, and it will act accordingly. In doing so it shall never want the aid and fidelity of

— A MILITIA OFFICER.

FROM THE COURIER.

The following petition was presented to his Majesty at the levee, on Wednesday last, by Mr. Fox.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE UNDERSIGNED
FREEHOLDERS OF THE COUNTY OF DOWN.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, take this opportunity of expressing our loyalty and attachment to your majesty's person and family, and those principles which placed them on the throne of these realms; and, at the same time, of declaring, that, in such a period as the present, we should think it little short of treason to be silent on the state of this your Majesty's kingdom of Ireland.—It is not merely of a long, disastrous, unjust, and unnecessary war, which has destroyed public credit, commerce and manufactures, we complain: your Majesty, in your wisdom, must have perceived the evil consequences of that war through every part of your dominions.—It is not the melancholy waste of blood and treasure of which we complain; because those calamities cannot now be remedied—but we beg leave to approach your throne with a plain unexaggerated state of our present grievances—Ever since the administration of the great Lord Chatham, almost all good and wise men have concurred in the absolute necessity of a Parliamentary Reform, as well for the security of the Throne as the People. Your Majesty's present Minister has given lessons to the Empire on that head which can never be forgotten; and the ruin which has accompanied his deviation from that principle has demonstrated the necessity of that measure. The dutiful and loyal petitions of your people have not been attended to—The most constitutional and

and loyal means of seeking redress have been opposed by the most unconstitutional and illegal coercions.—Every right for the establishment of which our forefathers shed their blood, and for the protection of which your Majesty's ancestors were called to the Throne, has been successively taken away by the undue influence of your Majesty's present Ministers;—the right of petitioning greatly invaded by the Convention Bill;—the trial by jury, by summary convictions, under the most unconstitutional laws;—the Liberty of the Press, and the Freedom of Speech, by the shameful encouragement of Spies and Informers;—the right of Habeas Corpus has been suspended; and the great right which is the security of all other rights, the right of bearing arms, has been grossly violated, not only by a series of laws repugnant to the written and acknowledged compact between the Crown and the People, expressed unequivocally in the Bill of Rights, but, in a late instance, by an act of state avowedly illegal. We therefore, humbly entreat your Majesty to dismiss from your councils and presence your present Ministers, as the first step towards restoring peace, prosperity and happiness to this distracted country, and thereby firmly securing the interests of the Crown and People, which are both at present in the most alarming danger; and we further entreat your Majesty immediately to call such men to your councils as may assist your people in obtaining a Reform of Parliament, embracing every religious persuasion, as the sure and only means of rendering this kingdom prosperous and happy.

AR. JOHNSTON, Chairman,
ED. POTTINGER, Sec.

By and on the behalf, and at the desire of four thousand eight hundred and three freeholders of the County of Down, who subscribed their names to the above Petition.

EPIGRAM.

When first, at great P—r's and D—nd—'s command,
Our yeomanry arm'd they determined to stand:
But now since rapes, plunders, states assassination,
Have shewn P—h—m's fears and the strength of the nation,
One corps, long since stain'd ev'ry flaw to espy,
Wisely claps on white wings, well assured it must fly.

M. M.

TO THE IRISH NATION.

COUNTRYMEN,

SINCE the conviction and sentence passed on the printer of the Press, a clause has been pointed out by the commissioners of stamps, which lay lurking in one of the late Parliament's acts, unknown to the lawyers; whereby a printer convicted of a libel shall be deprived of his property, in the paper in which it had been inserted. By this law, in such perfect conformity with all the other acts of a parliament, which in the words of a great and a good man, "has taken more from the liberties, and added more to the burdens of the people," and I may say, stained the Statute book with more penal laws, than any Parliament that ever yet existed; it has become necessary that on the spur of the instant, from this unforeseen clause, another proprietor should come forward to save the Irish PRESS from being put down. To perform that sacred office to this best benefactor of mankind, has devolved upon me; and rest assured I will discharge it with fidelity to you and our country, until some one more versed in the business can be procured.—Every engine of force and corruption has been employed by these ministers, into whose hands unfortunately for the present peace, and the future repose of the nation, unlimited power has been invested, to discover whether I was the proprietor of the Press. Had they sent to me, instead of lavishing your money amongst perjurers, spies, and informers, I would have told them, what now I tell you; I did set up the Press, though in a legal sense I was not the Proprietor; nor did I look to any remuneration; and I did so, because from the time that, in violation of property, in subversion of even the appearance of respect for the laws, and to destroy not only the freedom of the Press itself, the present ministers demolished the Northern Star; no paper in Ireland, either from being bought up, or from the dread and horror of being destroyed, would publish an account of the enormities, which these very ministers had been committing: where
they

they not only suffered a lawless banditti of sworn extirpators to destroy the property, to rase the habitations, and to drive thousands of ruined families to the most distant parts of the country, for want of protection; but where the strongest suspicions rested, that they had given encouragement to such diabolical acts, under the name of loyalty, and the mask of religion; where they let loose an *excited* soldiery, to commit acts of outrage which no invading army of any country in Europe, would have practiced, without violating those laws established amongst civilized nations; where the torch had consumed their houses and property in entire districts, and summary murders had been wantonly perpetrated; where thousands have been hurried into those multiplied dungeons, and thousands sent to the gallows, on "*suspicion of being suspected*" of REFORM and UNION; and above all, where TORTURE has been applied in numerous instances to extort confession, of what by the insurrection act has been judged worthy of death, but as I read it, by the strictest rules and injunctions of christian morality has been enforced as a paramount duty. "THAT TORTURE" which our ancestors held in such inveterate abhorrence, that its utter exclusion was esteemed so fundamental a part of our constitutional code, that neither that Stuart, nor his Ministers whose heads paid the forfeit of the crimes they committed, nor the ministers of that Stuart who was expelled, durst introduce it. I could cite myriads of facts to substantiate the suppression of the publication of these enormous atrocities; but I will confine myself to the mention of one, which was come within my own knowledge. Whilst I was confined in the tower, the soldiers who were stationed all around it, fired up at the prison; and on being asked why they had fired, without having challenged, or any pretext for so doing, they answered, "*that they had acted according to the orders they got.*" As I was the only person confined in the prison, no doubt could remain that these orders were issued for the purpose of assassination. A gentleman who had been an eye-witness of the attempt, took a statement of facts to the Evening Post, which was at that time esteemed the

least

least corrupted paper in Dublin; but the Editor told him, that fearing that his house and his press might experience the fate of the Northern Star, he would not insert it; although the next day not only that print, but every other paper in town, contained an account of the transaction; in which there was not one word of truth, except the admission that the shots had been fired! From the moment I was enlarged from the tower, I determined to free the Press from this dastardly thralldom; that the conduct of those ministers might be faithfully published; and whilst a beloved brother is confined in a cell nine feet square, against every form of law, and the plighted faith of this administration, I take this opportunity to call on Lord Camden to tell you and the world, what enquiry has been made, or what punishment has been inflicted, on the perpetrators of an act, which, if brought home to his administration, must affix a greater stain on his name, than the ever memorable days of September have indelibly left, on Robespierre and his gang of assassins; whose government was supported by *burning of houses, destruction of property, massacring the people, and crowding the galleys and dungeons*, but for which he **EVEN ROBESPIERRE**, disdained to employ torture to extort confessions of patriotism, which this sanguinary usurper punished as treason. Whenever it shall happen that one or a few base usurpers, shall have seized on a nation's civil and political rights; and that they shall have sold them to a neighbouring country, in the rankest and foulest corruption and treason: whenever it shall happen that to heal religious dissension, to promote universal philanthropy, true christian charity, and national union; and to establish the imprescriptible right of being represented, which no people can forfeit, shall be punished by lawless or legalized murder; trust me, the most drowsy conscience, stung by public exposure, will make every effort by bribery, by violence, by persecution, and even by bludgeon and robbery, to put down the Press. But, in regarding it as the great luminary which has dispelled the darkness in which mankind lay brutalized, in ignorance, superstition, and slavery—regarding it as that bright constellation,

Religion, which, by its diffusion of light, is at this moment restoring the nations amongst whom it has made its appearance, to knowledge and freedom; whilst I can find one single plank of the scattered rights of my country to stand on, I will fix my eyes on the PRESS, as the polar-star which is to direct us to the haven of freedom. With these sentiments engraved on my heart; alive to the honest ambition of serving my country; regardless whether I am doomed to fall by the lingering torture of a solitary dungeon, or the blow of the assassin; if the freedom of the Press is to be destroyed, I shall esteem it a proud destiny to be buried under its ruins: But if there be any men so base or so stupid as to imagine that they can usurp or withhold your civil and political rights; that they can convert truth into sedition, or patriotism into treason—if they imagine that this is a period favourable for abridging the freedom of mankind, or establishing despotic power on the ruins of Liberty, let them look round them, and they will find, that amongst the old and inveterate despotisms in Europe, some have been destroyed, and that the rest are on the brink of destruction. They may make martyrs, and Liberty's roots will be fertilized by the blood of the murdered; but if their deeds and their blunders have not made reflection a horror, let them look back on the five years that are passed, and they will see, that they have been the most destructively rapid revolutionists that ever existed; they will see that Great Britain and Ireland, from the portion of rights they enjoyed, which were the nations of Europe where revolution was least necessary, and where it might have been most easily saved, are now nearest the danger. But let them reflect ere it is too late, and it is never too late to abandon a ruinous course, that if they could establish without opposition *lettres de cachet* in place of habeas corpus and trial by jury; if the galleys and bastiles of despotism could be erected in place of the prisons of law; if they could abolish every idea of representation, and establish chambers of registering their requisitions and edicts, if instead of the Press of the Nation, they could set up the Gazette of the Court; if they could abolish that great constitutional principle,

that

that no man could be forced to his own crimination, and establish the TORTURE to extort confession; they should recollect that, like France, instead of preventing a Revolution, they would but create so many powerful causes to excite the people to make one;—and whilst tyrannic despots talk so much of supporting the constitution they have done so much to destroy, let them remember that if it owes much to obedience, it owes more to resistance; and that the feelings of a people must determine where crimes and sufferings shall end the one, and begin the other.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

GENERAL MOREAU.

THIS young hero has lately been brought before the public, in consequence of his supposed friendship and connection with Pichegru. Considering his setting out in life, it is difficult to say whether his rise or his fall, had the suspicions of his fidelity been well founded, would have been most surprising.

He was born at Morlaix, in *Basse Bretagne*. His father was a man of very great respectability, and on account of his integrity, disinterestedness, and various private virtues, was commonly called the *father of the poor*. On the breaking out of the Revolution, such was the general confidence in his honesty, that he was selected by the gentry and nobility of Morlaix and its neighbourhood, principally those who proposed to emigrate, as the properest person to be intrusted with the management of their affairs. The great number of commissions and deposits which he received on this occasion from the nobles and emigrants, contributed not a little to bring him afterwards to the guillotine, under the government of Robespierre. He was put to death at Brest, and eye-witnesses declare, that the people present at his execution, shed torrents of tears, exclaiming several times, “they are taking our best father from us!”—Such
a worthy

a worthy father could not be disappointed in the liberal education which he gave his son on account of the excellent example which he constantly set before him.

Young Moreau had from his early youth a strong prepossession for a military life, and at the age of eighteen he enlisted himself as a soldier. His father, however, who considered this conduct as the effect of imprudence, bought his *congé*, and sent him back to resume his studies. Whether the study of law was an unpleasant task to him, or whether his propensity for arms got the better of every other inclination, it is certain that he soon enlisted again. His father, hurt at this second act of rashness, with a view that he might feel the hardships of the life he had chosen, suffered him to serve as a private, during four months, or thereabouts, after which he was prevailed upon, by his friends, not to let the young man continue any longer in that low condition, as it would occasion him to lose the benefit of his early education. Before the Revolution, a man who was not of the *cast of the Noblesse*, had little hope of advancement in the army, whatever might have been his conduct or merit. Moreau was therefore, almost in spite of himself, compelled again to return to the dry study of the law, and to follow the profession of his father, who was, as we have already noticed, an eminent lawyer.

When the Revolution broke out, Moreau was *Préfet de Droit* at Rennes, a mark of superiority among the students in law. In that office he acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of his fellow-students. It is said that, when M. le Chevalier de Brémières brought the *Edicts of May, 1788*, to the Parliament of Rennes, to be registered, Moreau, then a supporter of the privileged order, against the Court, went to the literary chamber, and offered the students, together with a great number of other young people, to the Parliament, as volunteers, to support it against the measures of the Court. Observing, however, the stubbornness and want of principle among the privileged orders, he soon relinquished his concern for their interest, and espoused the party of the people.

In

In the month of October, 1788, the States of Brittany assembled at Rennes: but the *Tiers Etat* were not then willing to sit with the two other orders, composed of Nobles and Priests. The latter, therefore, summoned the Syndics of all the Corporations to appear among them, but were constantly opposed; and the summons, instead of quieting, increased the dissatisfaction of the people against the two orders. At length, with a view to force them to put an end to their sittings, the people assembled on the place called *Le Champ Montmorin*, and at the same time, about 1200 young men of Nantz, zealous supporters of the new order of things, arrived armed at Rennes. The City Magistrates were unwilling at first to let them enter the city; upon farther consideration, however, they received them, and lodged them in the houses of the bourgeois. These young men lost no time in joining the people, who continued assembled on the *Champ le Montmorin*, and who were preparing to besiege the hall of the States.

In these circumstances, the States sent out a deputation to request the people to send delegates into the hall, to examine the register of the deliberations, and to make their report to the people. Young Moreau, who enjoyed not only the confidence of the people of Rennes, but that of the young men of Nantes, was the first person chosen, and was sent with three others into the hall, where the States were sitting. He there conducted himself with so much ability, that the result of this conference was the complete triumph of the people. It was agreed on both sides, that the States should dissolve; and that the young men of Nantes would return home peaceably. Such was his moderation on this occasion, that even the most inveterate enemies to the popular cause, bestowed on him the greatest praises.

From that time his reputation daily increased; and upon the formation of the National Guards, in 1789, he was made Colonel of one of the battalions. This honourable situation furnished Moreau with the opportunity of indulging

ing his inclination for a military life. He accordingly soon abandoned the dry and torturous study of the law, and applied himself to military affairs and tactics, with such steadiness, that in less than two months he was perfectly master of the command which had been entrusted to him. Expert military men have assured the writer, that Moreau became so great a proficient in his new study, that he was better acquainted with the management of a battalion, and knew better how to execute all the evolutions and manœuvres, than many old officers.

Such, at that time was the persuasion of Moreau, of his capacity for military affairs, that he was heard several times to exclaim, I shall soon be a General in the army!" He indeed laboured so successfully to attain his object, that his skilfulness and courage were not long unnoticed, especially when serving under Piehegru.

Moreau was not disappointed in his expectations, for, in June, 1794, he was promoted to the rank of General in Chief, and conducted the siege of Ypres, which he took in twelve days after the opening of the trenches. The garrison, consisting of 6000 men, were made prisoners; and 100 pieces of cannon, and twenty-nine standards were taken. This event occurred on the 29th Prairial, second year. (17th June, 1794.)

In the following August, he took the *Fort L'Ecluse*, containing 152 pieces of artillery. If, however, this young General distinguished himself in a striking manner in all the different commands with which he was entrusted in 1794 and 1795, the campaign of 1796 was destined to eclipse all his other achievements. In June he commanded three columns of the army of the Rhine and Moselle: with one of these he attacked the Fort of Kehl, which soon after surrendered; with the second, he crossed the Rhine at Watzzenau; and with the third, at Selt.

On the 28th of June, the great battle of Kenchen was fought, in which General Moreau, after having been joined
by

by his cavalry and artillery, forced the Austrians to retreat in great disorder, with the loss of twelve-hundred men prisoners, ten pieces of cannon, all their artillery, &c. The field of battle was covered with the slain.

July the fifth another general engagement took place between General Moreau and the Archduke Charles, when the Austrians were again completely defeated. From this victory he flew to a third, equally glorious, and more profitable to the French Republic. Upon the Upper Rhine he forced the Duke of Wirtemberg to solicit a suspension of arms, on conditions which were at once both honourable and useful to the Republic ; and while the army of the Sambre and the Meuse were retreating under Jourdan, that of the Rhine and Moselle, under Moreau, was pursuing its victorious career, even to the gates of Ratisbon, thus shaking the Germanic Empire to its centre.

It would occupy too much space in this paper, to give a detail of all those military operations in this campaign, which contributed to crown the brow of Moreau with unfading laurels. The most glorious epoch of his military history, was his masterly retreat out of Bavaria, which in the judgment of his most inveterate enemies, and of all military men, was far more honourable to his talents, than any of the victories which he had gained. Like Turenne, Moreau served the interest of his country, more by that retreat, than by the most dazzling conquest ; and if we account Turenne a consummate General, rather for his having kept in check superior bodies of the enemy, by his well-concerted marches and counter-marches, than for any splendid victories obtained by him, we should in like manner, attribute to Moreau the character of a great General, for his memorable retreat of 1796.

About the middle of September, affairs began to take an unfortunate turn ; and Moreau, till now victorious, was forced to quit his position on the left bank of the Yser. He was pursued by the Austrian General Latour, and on 29th, the enemy having made themselves masters of the highest
part

parts of the mountains of the Black Forest, and of the rivulets, which, running westward to the Rhine, form the only passes whereby an army can descend from these mountains to the Brisgau; Moreau had no other alternative than either to attack the Austrians, in order to gain the *Valled' Eser*, which descends into the Brisgau by the town of Fribourg, or to make his retreat by the territory of Switzerland. Finding himself closely pursued by Latour, Moreau attacked him, but was repulsed with great loss, while, on the other side, the Austrian General Pernsch, posted between the sources of the Neckar and of the Danube incessantly harried the rear of the French. At this critical moment it was reported and believed by the Austrians; that his army, in consequence, could not escape; that they must capitulate; that no possible art nor exertion could prevent our total defeat; and that not one of his soldiers would ever reach France to bring the news of the misfortune. Europe, however, soon witnessed the inexhaustible means and resources which are in the power of a truly great General.

Early in the 2d of October the left wing of the army crossed the Danube at Reidlingen, and repassing it at Murrkingen, turned and defeated the corps which General Latour had posted betwixt the Federsee and the river. Moreau then attacked Latour in front and after an action of six hours, maintained with great obstinacy, forced him to abandon his ground, and retire behind the Rothambach. Thus a retreating army, by the unexpected audacity of its General, took more than five thousand of its pursuers prisoners, together with twenty pieces of cannon.

Gen. Moreau, having thus far succeeded in his design, recommenced his march by the rout of Stockach, and on 18th of October reached Fribourg, and established his headquarters at Furg.

This retreat will always be a memorable epoch in the annals of the Republic; and the name of Moreau will stand conspicuous among the Buonapartes, the Turennes, the Marlboroughs,

Marlboroughs, the Eugenes, the Villarbes, the Fredericks, and others the most celebrated of modern Generals.

We shall finish this article by recounting an anecdote, which does no less honour to the character of Moreau, than this various military exploits atchieved within the compass of so short a period.

His unfortunate and virtuous father, before he was guillotined, made a will, in which he advised, with paternal affection, that his son should marry a lady whom he named to him. Moreau, alike the dutiful son and able General, quitted the army as its duty would permit, came to Morlaix, shed tears upon the grave of his father, and married the amiable lady who had been recommended in his father's will ! Filial obedience is in common men a duty ; in great men heroism.

In a despotic state every man must be a slave or a rebel ; and in a country like this, where foreign influence prevails ; three millions of the people not yet sufficiently initiated, not yet contented slaves, may be long suffering, and disappointed hopes, be driven to embrace the latter desperate alternative.

BEAU. BAGNAL.

I warn ministers of the present example in a neighbouring country, where twenty-four million of people, galled by their oppressions, have risen up in vengeance at the great call of Nature, and rend their chains upon,—upon the heads of their oppressors.

J. P. CURRAN.

A Lord Lieutenant's Secretary has no official pretension to an Irish pension ; chosen without public confidence, continued without public advantage, he may retire without public gratitude.

H. GRATTAN.

I know of no benefits conferred by Great Britain on this country, for which she has not ample compensation. I know indeed that rights have been usurped and withheld from this country, after having been recovered by the spirited exertions of the people—and therefore I will acknowledge *no boon*.

GEO. PONSBY.

It may be said that I am a speculatist; is there a man amongst us in private or public station, who can say I am not a *speculatist*—every man who asserts he is not a *speculatist*, is a fool. There are men whose fond speculation will be found upon a bribe—and others who speculate to counter-act the effects of it. The hireling of a court may say that *Hamden* and *Sydney* were speculatists—the revolution itself was speculative; but it is such speculation as established the liberty of England.

H. FLOOD.

FOR THE PRESS,

A report being spread that the Sambre's great Chief
 Was descending to Lucifer's Realm,
 The friend heard the news with mix'd terror and grief,
 Left himself should be push'd from the helm.
 Public orders he gave all Hell's portals to bar,
 And to shut out the wise, and the brave;
 But safe-conduct he issued to all near and far,
 Who would act as a *tyrant* or *slave*.
 But ROCHE was not fitted for such a vile place,
 For his valour, his *truth*, and his name,
 Had so furnish'd each action with worth and with grace,
 They put Hell's grizly Monarch to shame.
 Yet the Dæmon was wary, for ROCHE, and such men
 Must disorganize all things infernal——
 They have spoke, they have fought, they have died and what
 then?
 They have made human Freedom eternal.
 Well might Lucifer fear for his *damnable State*;
 (Harden'd sinners to fear are most prone.)
 For he knew that if ROCHE should once enter his gate,
 He'd demolish the tottering throne,
 All tyrants infernal—such tyrants as he,
 Will, of course dread that Hero's advance
 Who clip'd treachery's wings; (as appear'd at *Vendee*.)
 And completed the freedom——of
 But the fear of Invasion was foolish enough,
 For the Fiend might have easily known
 That great ROCHE was compos'd of that rich precious stuff
 Which *Heav'n* ever claims as its own.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE VARIOUS OPINIONS, CONCERNING THE HONORS
OF JACK TOLLERTON'S HEIRS MALE.

Some say Jack's Son will be a Peer,
His title Baron *Brass*;
'Tis also said his lady dear
Says *no*, you bloody Ass.

Some others say, 'tis *Wood*, or *Lead*;
But that opinion's good
Which says that neither brass nor lead;
The title is *NORWOOD*.

MARCUS' SECOND LETTER
TO LORD GRENVILLE.

MY LORD,

THE promise I made you, that you should have a second letter from me, I now fulfil. A good patriot will keep his word under every circumstance; and I assure your Lordship, that neither yourself, nor any of your colleagues in office, shall fail to be noticed in a *proper manner*, and at a *proper time*, by the friends of their country.

You accuse Lord Moiré of improper conduct, in making our calamities the subject of debate, because, in the opinion of Ministers, the "discussion could tend to no one profitable advantage; but, on the contrary, was pregnant with mighty mischief, and productive of every danger and evil." This was a short way of disposing of the business. Shut out from our right of petitioning, we are "*put down*," if we attempt to tell our own story; and if an illustrious peer, undertakes to tell it for us, he is accused by Ministers of inflaming the country, and exciting danger. Things my Lord, come to an alarming pass indeed, and it is high time for us to take care of ourselves, when neither the people, nor any peer for them, shall presume to state their grievances; because Ministers dread a discussion, that might

expose their own incapacity, or render them objects of popular resentment. But if, as your Lordship asserted, the facts stated by Lord Moira, had no foundation in truth, where was the evil of discussion? if there existed no grievance, there could exist neither alarm nor danger. What inconvenience could result from a question that was inoffensive, and disclosed nothing? Had you been conscious that no guilt attached to Ministers, you had nothing to apprehend from the enquiry; you should have invited the proof and met the question in its most fearful shape. Thus while your character received new lustre from the investigation, your spleen would have been gratified; and Lord Moira might have suffered the reprehension of the House, for his "rash and insolent attempt" to sully the purity of Ministers, and stain *burning* loyalty with suspicion of blood.

But, my Lord, in spite of mean evasion, in spite of ministerial artifice, grievances most serious and bitter do afflict this bleeding country; and this was the very reason why the discussion *ought* to have been gone into. Assure yourself, that your proud refusal to hear our complaints, has at this moment been productive of more danger, than could possibly have risen from the fullest exposure of our situation. And is it dangerous for Ministers to hear the wrongs of three millions of people? Is it dangerous for Ministers to redress injuries? Is it dangerous for Ministers to retrace the steps that have led to misfortune? Is it dangerous for Ministers to review the calamities that pernicious and obstinate counsels have engendered? Is this the wisdom of that nation, whose pride you swell and flatter, but whose dignity would be lost, should it condescend to regard us? and shall that presuming country imperiously call upon Ireland to sustain her in the bloody conflict, that herself has provoked, against our repeated prayers and advice? And this too in the very moment that her own crimes have reduced her to a situation so abject and degraded, that the very power she affects to despise and pity, insults her embassies, and disdains to treat with her? shall that overbearing country, that bankrupt in character as in purse, arrogantly deny our demands on her justice—yet meanly
supplicate

supplicate our support in her profligate and frantic war? And all this that we may have the honor and glory of being whelmed in the same ruin with herself? Think you, my Lord, that taunts and scoffs, and contumely, are calculated to procure attachment? Or that a little respect to the prayers of a brave, but suffering nation, had not been more likely to engage their love than either abuse or an obdurate ear? This was the moment of conciliation, this the crisis you should have seized, to embrace an ardent and affectionate people. O my Lord, you never rejected with a worse grace—you never insulted in a more unfortunate hour!

And how long must our blood continue to flow? And for whom? Not for ourselves; but for a proud, unnatural step-mother, that haughtily spurns us from her presence, saying that she knows us not; that we bear her no relation, and have ceased to be dependant on her. This Irishmen, is your reward! the reward of your suffering and patient obedience; of all the filial duty and kindness you have shewn to an ungrateful and unfeeling *old woman*, palsied with madness, and fouled with disease. For that step-mother, yes, my Lord, for that hard-hearted step-mother; we have bled in our persons and in our purses, and she would have us bleed in what is yet dearer to us than either—in our *reputations* and in our *liberties*. We have victualled her navies; we have manned her fleets; we have recruited her armies; and, unjust to ourselves, we yet support her in her own unjust and obstinate war.—Ours is the splendour of her naval victories, and ours the burthen and heat of the day; but not ours the renown or the reward. Without us, her power had long since perished in that gulph to which her crimes and her corruptions are hastening her. Yet she arrogates all honor, all authority to herself—and we are but the ballast to her ships; the page that she permits to hold up the train of her greatness. She allows us nothing but the liberty of wasting our blood and treasure on her minions and the panders of her power, that close their ears to our cries, and scorn to be moved either by compassion or gratitude.

We

We could tell that falling, that fallen power, that by adding to *her* strength, we have weakened *our own*, and diminished those energies that might be more successfully employed in another direction; we could tell that fallen power, that the army of England has done us more injury in our own country, than it can do us in another—and that as I before told your Lordship, Ireland is competent to her own protection. Did you therefore do well to decline one discussion that may provoke another—and might indeed be “productive of every danger and evil.”

A great statesman, to whose opinion the wisest may subscribe with safety, thinks that a change of measures would restore tranquility to Ireland. “Send them, says he, a Lord Lieutenant of their own choice, who will reform their Parliament, that fond object of their hopes and wishes.” With this great authority I would advise a change, but let it not be the old beast returned, with a change only of the rider. It were better to persist in the same course of violence, than by the affectation of a change, to mock the people a second time with hopes never intended to be realized. Were a *radical* change sincerely entered on, the experiment might be made with safety: it would prove that Ministers were neither incorrigible, nor seriously designed to extirpate public virtue;—they would have the credit at least of good intentions, and if it succeeded, the advantage would be great beyond all calculation. I do therefore most heartily concur with that great statesman in recommending concession; but it must be large and ample, quick and immediate. One difficulty indeed I foresee—that Ministers will not be very apt to remove *themselves*, and throw power into the hands of exasperated enemies; nor will they chuse that their lives and properties should be left to the disposal of a *virtuous* Parliament. The experiment, however, is worth trying—and Satanides with some others brought to the block, might satisfy the country.

I am, my Lord, &c.

MARCUS.

FOR

FOR THE PRESS

A N O D E.

Hark! heard ye not those dreadful screams?
 And heard ye not that infant cry?
 'Tis sure, some neighbouring cot in flames
 Which with crimson tints the sky.

Oh God! an aged corpse I see
 Naked, wounded, stained with gore,
 Hanging on a blasted tree
 Before the burning cottage door.

Have ERIN's sons failed in the field?
 What foreign foe lays waste the land?
 Say, where was Britain's guardian shield
 When ERIN sunk beneath their hand?

But see untouch'd yon palace stands
 While all around the hamlets burn;
 And lo! those military bands
 Back to the flames their victims spurn.

Say, why against the humble cot,
 Is all their ruthless fury bent?
 Sure nought that falls to peasants lot
 Can plunder lawless savage tempt?

No foreign foe lays waste the land,
 And ERIN's sons have fled no field,
 Their blood is shed by Britain's hand;
 Her's is, a destroying shield.

Know that within the humble cot,
 The sacred ark of UNION stands;
 And peasants guard the hallow'd spot,
 From hostile Britain's ruffian bands.

The abject sons of wealth and pow'r,
 Are to insidious Britain sold;
 And they in ERIN's trying hour,
 Against their country are enroll'd.

Not

Not unaveng'd will ERIN fall,
 Nor e'en in ruin be alone;
 Be Britain's will accomplish'd all,
 ERIN's destruction seals her own.

Yet ERIN falls not, but her sons,
 In arms assert, their rightful claims;
 With hasty pace, lo! vengeance comes,
 Indignant ERIN breaks her chains.

SARFIELD.

E P I G R A M,

Written extempore on seeing the picture of a certain
Orange Lord, (leaning on a cannon) whose only military
 exploit was killing five of the Kerry militia.

No more let the Church give the honor of Saint
 To persons peculiarly holy;
 Since B*** by discarding each christian restraint,
 And killing *five Kerry-men* solely
 Assumes to himself the *church militants* fame
 And thunders his worth to the skies;
 By *murder*, not *martyrdom* seeks for that name
 That *painters*, not *popes* canonize.

MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH,

ON THE TRYAL OF MR. FINNERTY.

THE evidence being closed, Mr. Curran addressed the Court and Jury on the part of the Traverfer. Never, said he, did I feel myself so sunk under the importance of any cause; to speak to a question of this kind at any time, would require the greatest talent and the most matured deliberation, but to be obliged without either of these advantages to speak to a question that hath so deeply shaken the feelings of this already irritated and agitated nation, is a task that fills me with embarrassment and dismay. Neither my learned Colleague or myself received any instruction or license until after the Jury were actually sworn and ;

and we both of us came here under an idea that we should not have taken any part in the Trial. This circumstance I mention not as an idle apology for an effort that cannot be the subject of either praise or censure, but as a call upon you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to supply the defects of my efforts by a double exertion of your attention.

Perhaps I ought to regret that I cannot begin with any compliment that may recommend me or my Client personally to your favour. A more artful Advocate would probably begin his address to you by compliments on your patriotism, and by felicitating his client upon the happy selection of his Jury, and upon that unsuspected impartiality in which, if he was innocent, he must be safe. You must be conscious, Gentlemen, that such idle verbiage as that could not convey either my sentiments or my clients upon that subject. You know, and we know upon what occasion you are come to try an accusation professedly brought forward by the state, and for that purpose you have been chosen by a sheriff who is appointed by our accuser. (Here Mr. Attorney General said the sheriff was elected by the city, and that that observation was therefore unfounded.) Be it so; I will not now stop to inquire whose property the city may be considered to be, but the learned gentleman seems to forget, that the election by that city, to whosoever it may belong, is absolutely void, without the approbation of that very Lord Lieutenant who is the prosecutor in this case. I do therefore repeat, gentlemen, that not a man of you has been called to that box by the voice of my client; that he has had no power to object to a single man among you, though the Crown has, and, that you yourselves must feel under what influence you are chosen, or for what qualifications you are particularly selected. At a moment when this wretched Land is shaken to its centre by the dreadful conflicts of the different branches of the community; between those who call themselves the partizans of Liberty, and those who call themselves the partizans of Power; between the advocates of infliction, and the advocates of suffering; upon such a question as the present,

present, and at such a season, can any man be at a loss to guess from what class of character and opinion a friend to either party would resort for that Jury which was to decide between both. I trust, gentlemen, you know me too well to suppose that I could be capable of treating you with any personal disrespect; I am speaking to you in the honest confidence of your fellow citizen. When I allude to those unworthy imputations of supposed bias, or passion, or partiality that may have marked you out for your present situation; I do so in order to warn you of the ground on which you stand, of the point of awful responsibility in which you are placed, to your conscience and to your country, and to remind you that if you have been put into that box from any unworthy reliance on your complaisance or your servility, you have it in your power before you leave it, to refute and to punish so vile an imputation by the integrity of your verdict; to remind you that you have it in your power to shew to as many Irishmen as yet linger in their country, that all law and justice have not taken their flight with our prosperity and our peace; that the sanctity of an oath, and the honesty of a juror, are not yet dead amongst us, and that if our Courts of Justice are superseded by so many strange and terrible Tribunals, it is not because they are deficient either in wisdom or in virtue.

Gentlemen, it is necessary that you should have a clear idea first of the law, by which this question is to be decided; secondly, of the nature and object of the prosecution. As to the first, it is my duty to inform you that the law respecting libels has been much changed of late.—Heretofore, in consequence of some decisions of the judges in Westminster-Hall, the Jury was conceived to have no province but that of finding the truth of the innuendoes and the fact of publication; but the libellous nature of that publication, as well as the guilt or innocence of the publication, were considered as exclusively belonging to the Court. In a system like that of law, which reasons logically, no one erroneous principle can be introduced, with-
out

not producing every other that can be deducible from it. If, in the premises of any argument, you admit one erroneous proposition, nothing but bad reasoning can save the conclusion from falsehood. So it has been with this encroachment of the Court upon the province of the Jury with respect to libels. The moment the Court assumed as a principle that they, the Court, were to decide upon every thing but the publication; that is, that they were to decide upon the question of libel or no libel, and upon the guilt or innocence of the intention, which must form the essence of crime, the guilt or innocence must of necessity have ceased to be material. You see, gentlemen, clearly that the question of intention is a mere question of fact. Now the moment the Court determined that the Jury was not to try that question, it followed of necessity that it was not to be tried at all; for the Court cannot try a question of fact. When the Court said that it was not triable, there was no way of fortifying that extraordinary proposition, except by asserting that it was not material. The same erroneous reasoning carried them another step, still more mischievous and unjust; if the intention had been material, it must have been decided upon as a mere fact under all its circumstances. Of these circumstances the meanest understanding can see that the leading one must be the truth or the falsehood of the defalcation; but having decided the intention to be immaterial, it followed that the truth must be equally immaterial—and under the law so distorted, any man in England who published the most undeniable truth, and with the purest intention, might be punished for a crime in the most ignominious manner, without imposing on the prosecutor the necessity of proving his guilt, or getting any opportunity of shewing his innocence. I am not in the habit of speaking of legal institutions with disrespect; but I am warranted in condemning that usurpation upon the right of Juries, by the authority of that statute, by which your jurisdiction is restored. For that restitution of justice the British subject is indebted to the splendid exertions of Mr. Fox and Mr. Erskine—those distinguished supporters of the Constitution

and

and of the law ; and I am happy to say to you, that though we can claim no share in the glory they have so justly acquired, we have the full benefit of their success, for you are now sitting under a similar act passed in this country, which makes it your duty and your right to decide upon the entire question, upon its broadest grounds, and under all its circumstances, and of course to determine, by your verdict, whether this publication be a false and scandalous libel ; false in fact, and published with the seditious purpose alledged of bringing the Government into scandal, and instigating the People to insurrection.

Having stated to you, Gentlemen, the great and exclusive extent of your jurisdiction, I shall beg leave to suggest to you a distinction that will strike you at first sight ; and that is the distinction between public animadversions upon the characters of private individuals, and those which are written upon measures of government, and the persons who conduct them. The former may be called personal, and the latter political publications. No two things can be more different in their nature, nor in the point of view in which they are to be looked on by a Jury. The criminality of a mere personal libel consists in this, that it tends to a breach of the peace ; it tends to all the vindictive paroxysms of exasperated vanity, or to the deeper and more deadly vengeance of irritated pride.—The truth is, few men see at once that they cannot be hurt so much as they think by the mere battery of a newspaper. They do not reflect that every character has a natural station from which it cannot be effectually degraded, and beyond which it cannot be raised by the bawling of a news-hawker. If it is wantonly aspersed, it is but for a season, and that a short one, and it emerges like the Moon from a passing cloud to whatever original brightness it possessed. It is right, however, that the law, and that you should hold the strictest hand over this kind of animadversion, that forces humility and innocence from their retreat into the glare of public view ; that wounds and terrifies ; that destroys the cordiality and the peace of domestic life ; and that

that without eradicating a single vice, or a single folly, plants a thousand thorns in the human heart.

In cases of that kind, I perfectly agree with the law, as stated from the bench; in such cases, I hesitate not to think, that the truth of a charge ought not to justify its publication. If a private man is charged with a crime, he ought to be prosecuted in a court of justice, where he may be punished, if it is true, and the accuser if it is false; but far differently do I deem of the freedom of political publication. The salutary restraint of the former species, which I talked of, is found in the general law of all societies whatever; but the more enlarged freedom of the Press, for which I contend in political publication, I conceive to be founded in the peculiar nature of the British Constitution, and to follow directly from the contract on which the British Government hath been placed by the Revolution. By the British Constitution, the power of the state is a trust, committed by the people, upon certain conditions; by the violation of which, it may be abdicated by those who hold and resumed by those who conferred it; the real security therefore of the British Sceptre, is the sentiment and opinion of the people, and it is consequently their duty to observe the conduct of the government, and it is the privilege of every man, to give them full and just information upon that important subject. Hence, the Liberty of the Press, is inseparably twined with the Liberty of the People. The Press is the great public Monitor; its duty is that of the historian and the witness; that "*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere*;" that its horizon shall extend to the farthest verge and limit of truth; that beyond that limit it shall not dare to pass; that it shall speak truth to the King, in the hearing of the people, and to the people, in the hearing of the King; that it shall not perplex either the one or the other with false alarm, lest it lose its character for veracity, and become an unheeded warner of real danger, lest it should vainly warn them of that sin, of which the inevitable consequence is death. This, gentlemen, is the great privilege upon which you are to decide, and I have detained you the longer, because of the late change of the law,

Now, and because of some observations that have been made, which I shall find it necessary to compare with the principles I have now laid down.

And now, gentlemen, let us come to the immediate subject of the trial, as it is brought before you, by the charge in the indictment, to which it ought to have been confined; and also, as it is presented to you by the statement of the learned counsel, who has taken a much wider range, than the mere limits of the accusation, and has endeavoured to force upon your consideration extraneous and irrelevant facts, for reasons which it is my duty to explain. The indictment states simply that Mr. Finerty has published a false and scandalous libel, upon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, tending to bring his government into disrepute and to alienate the affections of the people; and one would have expected, that without stating any other matter, the counsel for the crown would have gone directly to the proof of this allegation, but he has not done so; he has gone to a most extraordinary length indeed, of preliminary observation, and an illusion to facts, and sometimes an assertion of facts, at which I own I was astonished, until I saw the drift of these allusions and assertions. Whether you have been fairly dealt with by him, or are now honestly dealt with by me, you must be judges; he has been pleased to say that this prosecution is brought against this letter signed Marcus, merely as a part of what he calls a system of attack upon government, by the paper called the PRESS. As to this, I will only ask you whether you are fairly dealt with? Whether it is fair treatment to men upon their oaths to insinuate to them, that the general character of a newspaper, (and the general character founded merely upon the assertion of the prosecutor), is to have any influence upon their minds, when they are to judge of a particular publication? I will only ask you what men you must be supposed to be, when it is thought that even in a court of justice, and with the eyes of the nation upon you, you can be the dupes of that trite and exploded expedient, so scandalous of late, in this country, of raising a vulgar and mercenary cry, against whatever man, or whatever principle it is
thought

thought necessary to put down ; and I shall therefore more-ly leave it to your own pride to suggest upon what foundation it could be hoped, that a senseless clamour of that kind, could be echoed back by the yell of a jury upon their oaths. I trust, you see that this has nothing to do with the question.

Gentlemen of the jury, other matters have been mentioned, which I must repeat for the same purpose ; that of shewing you that they have nothing to do with the question. The learned Counsel has been pleased to say, that he comes forward in this prosecution as the real advocate for the Liberty of the Press, and to protect a mild and merciful government from its licentiousness ; and he has been pleased to add, that the Constitution can never be lost while its freedom remains, and that its licentiousness alone can destroy that freedom. As to that, gentlemen, he might as well have said, that there is only one disease of which a man can die ; and when he comes forward to extinguish this paper in the ruin of the Printer by a state prosecution, in order to prevent its dying of licentiousness, you must judge how candidly he is treating you, both in the fact and in the reasoning. Is it in Ireland, gentlemen, that we are told licentiousness is the only disease that can be mortal to the Press ? Has he heard of nothing else that has been fatal to the freedom of publication ? I know not whether the Printer of the Northern Star may have heard of such things in his captivity, but I know that his wife and his children are well apprized that a Press may be destroyed in the open day, not by its own licentiousness, but by the licentiousness of a military force. As to the sincerity of the declaration that the state has prosecuted in order to assert the freedom of the Press, it starts a train of thought, melancholy retrospect and direful prospect, to which I did not think the learned Counsel would have wished to commit your minds. It leads you naturally to reflect at what times, from what motives, and with what consequences the government has displayed its patriotism by these sorts of prosecutions. As to the motives ; does History give you a single instance in which the state has been provoked to these conflicts, except by the fear of truth, and by the love of vengeance ?

vengeance? have you ever seen the rules of any country bring forward a prosecution from motives of filial piety, for libels upon their departed ancestors? Do you read that Elizabeth directed any of those state prosecutions, against the libels which the Divines of her times had written against her Catholic Sister, or against the other libels which the same gentlemen had written against her Protestant father? No, gentlemen, we read of no such thing; but we know she did bring forward a prosecution from motives of personal resentment, and we know that a Jury was found time-serving and mean enough to give a verdict, which she was ashamed to carry into effect. I said the learned Counsel drew you back to the times that have been marked by these miserable conflicts. I see you turn your thoughts to the reign of the second James. I see you turn your eyes to those pages of governmental abandonment, of popular degradation, of expiring liberty, of merciless and sanguinary persecution, to that miserable period, in which the fallen and abject state of man, might have been almost an argument in the mouth of the Atheist and the Blasphemer, against the existence of an all just and an all wise first cause, if the glorious æra of the Revolution that followed it, had not refuted the impious inference, by shewing that if man descends it is not in his own proper motion; that it is with labour and with pain, and that he can continue to sink only until by the force and pressure of the descent, the spring of his immortal faculties acquires that recuperative energy and effort that hurries him as many miles aloft. It is at that period that the state seeks for shelter in the destruction of the Press; it is in a period like that, that the tyrant prepares for the attack upon the people, by destroying the liberty of the Press; by taking away that shield of wisdom and of virtue, behind which the people are invulnerable; in whose pure and polished convex ere the lifted blow has fallen he beholds his image, and is turned into stone. It is at those periods that the honest man dares not speak, because truth is too dreadful to be told. It is then the proud man scorns to speak, but like a Physician baffled by the wayward excesses of a dying patient, retires indignantly from

from the bed of an unhappy wretch whose ear is too fastidious to bear the sound of wholesome advice, whose palate is too debauched to bear the salutary bitter of the medicine that might redeem him, and therefore leaves him to the felonious piety of the slaves that talk to him of life, and strip him before he is cold.

I do not care, gentlemen, to exhaust too much of your attention, by following this subject through the last century with much minuteness, but the facts are too recent in your mind not to shew you that the liberty of the Press, and the liberty of the people, sink and rise together; that the liberty of speaking, and the liberty of acting, have shared exactly the same fate. You must have observed in England that there fate has been the same in the successive vicissitudes of their late depression, and sorry I am to add that this country has exhibited a melancholy proof of their inseparable destiny, through the various and further stages of deterioration down to the period of their final extinction when the Constitution has given place to the sword, and the only Printer in Ireland, who dares to speak for the people, is now a prisoner in the dock.

Gentlemen, the learned Counsel has made the real subject of this prosecution so small a part of his statement, and has led you into so wide a range, certainly as necessary to the object, as inapplicable to the subject of this prosecution, that I trust you will think me excusable in somewhat following his example. Glad am I to find that I have the authority of the same example, for coming at last to the subject of this trial. I agree with the learned Counsel, that the charge made against the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is that of having grossly and inhumanly abused the royal prerogative of mercy, of which the King is only the trustee for the benefit of his people. The facts are not controverted. It has been asserted that their truth or falsehood is indifferent, and they are shortly these, as they appear in this publication.

William Orr was indicted for having administered the oath of an United Irishman. Every man now knows what that

each is ; that it is simply an engagement first to promote a brotherhood of affection among men of all religious distinctions ; secondly to labour for the attainment of a Parliamentary Reform ; and thirdly an obligation of secrecy, which was added to it when the Convention law made it criminal and punishable to meet by any public delegation for that purpose. After remaining upwards of a year in gaol, Mr Orr was brought to his trial ; was prosecuted by the state ; was sworn against by a common informer of the name of Wheatly, who had himself taken the obligation, and was convicted under the insurrection act, which makes the administering such an obligation felony of death.—The Jury recommended Mr. Orr to mercy ; the Judge, with an humanity becoming his character, transmitted the recommendation to the noble prosecutor in this case. Three of the Jurors made a solemn affidavit in Court that liquor had been conveyed into their box ; that they were brutally threatened by some of their fellow-jurors with capital prosecution if they did not find the prisoner guilty : and that under the impression of those threats, and worn down by watching and intoxication, they had given a verdict of guilty against him, though they believed him in their conscience to be innocent ; that further enquiries were made, which ended in a discovery of the former infamous life and character of the informer ; that a respite was therefore sent once, twice, and thrice to give time, as Mr. Attorney General has stated, to his Excellency to consider whether mercy *could* be extended to him or not, and that with the knowledge of all these circumstances, his Excellency did finally determine that mercy should not be extended to him, and that he was accordingly executed upon that verdict. Of this publication, which the indictment charges to be false and seditious, Mr. Attorney General is pleased to say that the design of it is to bring Courts of Justice into contempt. As to this point of fact, gentlemen, I beg to set you right.

To the administration of justice, so far as it relates to the Judges, this publication has not even an allusion in any part mentioned in this indictment. It relates to a department

ment of justice that cannot begin until the duty of the Judge is closed. Sorry should I be, that with respect to this unfortunate man any censure should be flung upon those Judges who presided at his trial with the mildness and temper that became them upon so awful an occasion as the trial of life and death. Sure am I that if they had been charged with inhumanity or injustice, and they had descended at all to prosecute the reviler, they would not have come forward in the face of the public to say, as has been said this day, that it was immaterial whether the charge was true or not. Sure I am their first object would have been to shew that it was false, and ready should I have been, an eye witness of the fact, to have discharged the debt of ancient friendship, of private respect and of public duty, and upon my oath to have repelled the falsehood of such an imputation. Upon this subject, gentlemen, the presence of those venerable Judges restrains what I might otherwise have said, nor should I have named them at all if I had not been forced to do so, and merely to undeceive you if you have been made to believe their characters to have any community of cause whatever with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. To him alone it is confined, and against him the charge is made, as strongly I suppose as the writer could find words to express it, that the Viceroy of Ireland has cruelly abused the prerogative of royal mercy, in suffering a man under such circumstances to perish like a common malefactor. For this Mr. Attorney general calls for your conviction as a false and scandalous libel, and after stating himself every fact that I have repeated to you, either from his statement or from the evidence, he tells you that you ought to find it false and scandalous, though he almost in words admits that it is not false, and has resisted the admission of the evidence by which we offered to prove every word of it to be true.

And here, gentlemen, give me leave to remind you of the parties before you. The traverser is a printer, who follows that profession for bread, and who at a time of public misery and terror, when the people are restrained by law from debating under any delegated form; when the

few constituents that we have are prevented by force from meeting in their own persons to deliberate or to petition; when every other newspaper in Ireland is put down by force or purchased by the Administration (though here, gentlemen, perhaps I ought to beg your pardon for stating without authority—I recollect when we attempted to examine as to the number of newspapers in the pay of the Castle, that the evidence was objected to,) at a season like this, Mr. Finerty has had the courage, perhaps the folly, to print the publication in question, from no motive under Heaven of malice or vengeance, but in the mere duty which he owes to his family and to the public.—His prosecutor is the King's Minister in Ireland; in that character does the learned gentleman mean to say, that his conduct is not a fair subject of public observation? where does he find his authority for that in the law or the practice of the sister country? have the virtues or the exalted station, or the general love of his people preserved the sacred person, even of the royal master of the prosecutor, from the asperity and the intemperance of public censure, unfounded as it ever must be with any personal respect to his majesty, in justice or truth? have the great abilities of Mr. Pitt, have the gigantic talents of his great antagonist, Mr. Fox, protected either of them from the insolent familiarity, and for ought we know, the injustice with which writers have treated them? What latitude of invective has the King's Minister escaped upon the subject of the present unhappy war? Is there an epitaph of contumely or of reproach that hatred or that fancy can suggest that are not publicly lavished upon him. Do you not find the words, advocate of despotism, robber of the public treasure, murderer of the King's subjects, debaucher of the public morality, degrader of the Constitution, tarnisher of the British glory, destroyer of the British Empire, by frequency of use lose all meaning whatsoever, and dwindle into terms, not of any peculiar reproach but of ordinary appellation! And why, gentlemen, is this permitted in that country? I'll tell you why. Because in that country they are yet wise enough to see that the measures of the state are the proper subjects

subjects for the freedom of the Press; that the principles relating to personal slander do here apply to rulers or to Ministers; that to punish an attack upon a public minister, without any regard to truth, but merely because of its tendency to a breach of the peace, would be ridiculous in the extreme. What breach of the peace, Gentlemen, I pray you, in such a case? Is it the tendency of such publications to provoke Mr. Pitt or Mr. Dundas to break the head of the writer if they should happen to meet him? No, Gentlemen, in that country this freedom is exercised, because the people feel it to be their right; and it is wisely suffered to pass by the state, from a consciousness that it would be vain to oppose it; a consciousness confirmed by the event of every incautious experiment. It is suffered to pass from a conviction that in a court of justice at least, the bulwarks of the Constitution will not be surrendered to the state, and that the intended victim, whether clothed in the humble guise of honest industry, or decked in the honours of genius, and virtue, and philosophy; whether an Hardy or a Troke, will find certain protection in the honesty and spirit of an English Jury.

But, Gentlemen, I suppose Mr. Attorney will scarcely wish to carry his doctrine altogether so far. Indeed I remember he declared himself a most zealous advocate for the liberty of the Press. I may, therefore, even according to him, presume to make some observations on the conduct of the existing government. I should wish to know how far he supposes it to extend: Is it to the composition of lampoons and madrigals to be sung down the gates by ragged ballad mongers to kitchen-maids and footmen. I will not suppose that he means to confine it to their ebullitions of Billingsgate, to these caracacts of ribaldry and scurrility that are daily spouting upon the miseries of our wretched fellow-sufferers, and the unavailing efforts of those who have vainly laboured in their cause. I will not suppose that he confines it to the poetic license of a birthday ode, or lampoon upon the people, in which case I do entirely agree with him, that the truth or the falsehood is

as

as perfectly immaterial to the law, as it is to the honour, as perfectly unrestrained by the law of the land, as it is by any law of decency or shame, or modesty, or decorum. But as to the privilege of censure or blame, I am sorry that the learned gentleman has not favoured you with his motion of the liberty of the Press—Suppose an Irish Viceroy acts a very little absurdly—May the Press venture to be respectfully comical upon that absurdity? The learned Counsel does not at least in terms give a negative to that. But let me treat you honestly, and go further, to a more material point: suppose an Irish Viceroy does an act that brings scandal upon his master, or that fills the mind of a reasonable man with the fear of approaching despotism, that leaves no hope for the people of preserving themselves and their children from chains, but in common confederacy and common safety. What is that honest man in that case to do? I am sorry *the right honourable Advocate for the liberty of the Press* has not told you his opinion: at least in any express words. I will therefore venture to give you my far humbler thought upon the subject. I think an honest man ought to tell the people frankly and boldly of their peril, and I must say I can imagine no villainy greater than that of his holding a traitorous silence at such a crisis, except the villainy and baseness of prosecuting him, or of finding him guilty for such an honest discharge of his public duty. And I found myself on the known principle of the Revolution of England, namely, that the Crown itself may be abdicated by certain abuses of the trust reposed, and that there are possible excesses of arbitrary power which it is not only the right but the bounden duty of every honest man to resist at the risk of his fortune and his life. Now, Gentlemen, if this reasoning be admitted, and it cannot be denied, if there be any possible event in which the people are obliged to look only to themselves, and are justified in doing so, can you be so absurd as to say that it is lawful to the people to act upon it when it unfortunately does arrive, but that it is criminal in any man to tell them that the miserable event has actually arrived, or is imminently approaching? far am I,
Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, from insinuating that (extreme as it is) our misery has been matured into any deplorable crisis of this kind, from which I pray that the Almighty God may, for ever preserve us. But I am putting my principle upon the strongest ground, and most favourable to my opponents, namely, that it never can be criminal to say any thing of the government but what is false, and I put this in the extreme in order to demonstrate to you, *a fortiori*, that the the privilege of speaking truth to the people, which holds in the last extremity, must also obtain in every stage of inferior importance; and that however a court may have decided before the late act, that the truth was immaterial in case of libel, that since that act no honest jury can be governed by such a principle.

Be pleased now, Gentlemen, to consider the grounds upon which this publication is called a libel, and criminal. Mr. Attorney tells you, it tends to excite sedition and insurrection. Let me again remind you, that the truth of this charge is not denied by the noble prosecutor. What is it then, that tends to excite sedition and insurrection? The act that is charged upon the prosecutor, and is not attempted to be denied. And, gracious God! Gentlemen of the jury, is the public statement of the King's representative this? I have done a deed that must fill the mind of every feeling or thinking man, with horror and indignation, that must alienate every man that knows it, from the king's government, and endanger the separation of this distracted empire; the traverser has had the guilt of publishing this fact, which I myself acknowledge, and I pray you to find him guilty. Is this the case which the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland brings forward? Is this the principle for which he ventures, at a dreadful crisis like the present, to contend in a court of justice? Is this the picture which he wishes to hold out of himself, to the justice and humanity of his own countrymen? Is this the history which he wishes to be read by the poor Irishman of the South and of the North, by the sister nation, and the common enemy.

With

With the profoundest respect, permit me humbly to defend his Excellency, even against his own opinion. The guilt of this publication he is pleased to think, consists in this, that it tends to insurrection. Upon what can such a fear be supported? After the multitudes that have perished in this unhappy nation within the last three years, and which has been borne with a patience unparalleled in the story of nations, can any man suppose that the fate of a single individual could lead to resistance or insurrection? But suppose that it might, what ought to be the conduct of an honest man? Should it not be to apprise the government and the country of the approaching danger? Should it not be, to say to the Viceroy, you will drive the people to madness, if you persevere in such bloody councils, you will alienate the Irish nation, you will distract the common force, and you will invite the common enemy. Should not an honest man say to the people, the measure of your affliction is great, but you need not resort for remedy to any desperate expedients; if the King's Minister is defective in humanity or wisdom, his royal master, and your beloved Sovereign is abounding in both; at such a moment, can you be so senseless as not to feel that any one of you ought to hold such language, or is it possible you could be so infatuated, as to punish the man who was honest enough to hold it? Or, is it possible that you could bring yourselves to say to your country, that at such a season, the Press ought to sleep upon its post, or to act like the perfidious watchman on his round, that sees the villain wrenching the door, or the flames bursting from the windows, while the inhabitant is wrapt in sleep, and cries out that "the morning is fair, and all well."

On this part of the case, I shall only put one question to you. I do not affect to say it is similar in all its points, I do not affect to compare the humble fortunes of Mr. Orr, with the sainted names of Russel or of Sydney; still less am I willing to find any likeness between the present period, and the year 1683. But I will put a question to you, completely parallel in principle; when that unhappy, and misguided Monarch had shed the sacred blood, which
their

their noble hearts had matured into a fit cement of revolution; if any honest Englishman had been brought to trial for daring to proclaim to the world his abhorrence of such a deed, what would you have thought of the English Jury that could have said—We know in our hearts that what he said was true and honest; but we will say upon our oaths that it was false and criminal, and we will by that base subserviency, add another item to the catalogue of public wrongs, and another argument for the necessity of an appeal to heaven for redress.

Gentlemen, I am perfectly aware that what I say may be easily misconstrued, but if you listen to me with the same fairness that I address you, I cannot be misunderstood. When I shew you the full extent of your political rights and remedies; when I answer those slanderers of British liberty, who degrade the Monarch into a despot, who degrade the subject into a slave, who degrade the steadfastness of law, into the waywardness of will, when I shew you the inestimable stores of political wealth so dearly acquired by our ancestors, and so solemnly bequeathed; and when I shew you how much of that precious inheritance has yet survived all the prodigality of their posterity. I am far from saying that I stand in need of it all upon the present occasion. No, Gentlemen, far indeed am I from such a sentiment. No man more deeply than myself, deplores the present melancholy state of our unhappy country. Neither does any man more fervently wish for the return of peace and tranquillity, through the natural ways of mercy and of justice. I have seen too much of force and violence, to hope much good from the continuance of them on one side, or the retaliation from another. I have seen too much of late of political rebuilding, not to have observed that to demolish, is not the shortest way to repair. It is with pain and anguish that I should search for the miserable right of breaking ancient ties, or going in quest of new relations, or untried hot adventures. No, Gentlemen, the case of my client rests upon these sad privileges of despair. I trust that as to the fact, namely, the intention of exciting insurrection, you must see it cannot be found

found in this publication, that it is the mere idle, unsupported imputation of malice, or panic, or falsehood. And that as to the law, so far has he been from transgressing the limits of the constitution, that whole regions lie between him and those limits which he has not trod; and which I pray to Heaven, it may never be necessary for any of us to tread.

• Gentlemen, Mr. Attorney General has been pleased to open another battery upon this publication, which I do trust I shall silence, unless I flatter myself too much in supposing that hitherto my resistance has not been utterly unsuccessful. He abuses it for the foul and insolent familiarity of its address. I do clearly understand his idea; he considers the freedom of the Press to be the license of offering that paltry adulation which no man ought to stoop to utter or to hear; he supposes the freedom of the Press ought to be like the freedom of a King's jester, who, instead of reproving the faults of which his Majesty ought to be ashamed, is base and cunning enough, under the mask of servile and adulatory censure, to stroke down and pamper those vices of which he is foolish enough to be vain. He would not have the Press presume to tell the Viceroy that the prerogative of mercy is a trust for the benefit of the subject, and not a gaudy feather stuck into the diadem to shake in the wind, and by its idle waving amuse the vanity of the wearer. He would not have it say to him that the discretion of the Crown as to mercy, is like the discretion of a court of justice as to law; and that in the one case, as well as the other, wherever the propriety of the exercise of it appears, it is equally a matter of right. He would have the Press all fierceness to the people, and all sycophancy to power; he would have it consider the mad and phrenetic depopulations of authority, like the awful and inscrutable dispensations of Providence, and say to the unfeeling and despotic spoiler in the blasphemed and insulted language of religious resignation—the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!!! But let me condense the generality of the learned gentleman's invective into questions that you can conceive. Does he mean that

that the air of this publication is rustic and unworthy ? Does he mean that when Marcus presumed to ascend the steps of the Castle, and to address the Viceroy, he did not turn out his toes as he ought to have done ? A Jury of dancing-masters might decide that question, and gentlemen of that profession might be witnesses ; or does the learned gentlemen mean that the language is coarse and vulgar ? If this be his complaint, my client has but a poor advocate. I do not pretend to be a mighty grammarian, or a formidable critic ; but I would beg leave to suggest to you in serious humility, that a Free Press can be supported only by the order of men who feel the prompting sting of real or supposed capacity ; who write from the enthusiasm of virtue, or the ambition of praise, and over whom, if you exercise the rigour of a grammatical censorship, you will inspire them with as mean an opinion of your integrity as your wisdom, and inevitably drive them from their post—and if you do so, rely upon it, you will reduce the spirit of publication, and with it the Press of this country, to what it for a long interval has been, the register of births, and fairs, and funerals, and the general abuse of the people and their friends.

But, gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied where it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject ? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the Viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never to be forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended, the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-labourers in that enterprise ; that you had seen him upon that

that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a gaol, that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months you had seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air and of his own limbs; that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sound but the cries of his family, or the clinking of chains; that you had seen him at last brought to his trial; that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life; that you had seen the drunken, and worn out, and terrified Jury give in a verdict of death, that you had seen the same Jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the Bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat, where mercy was presumed to dwell; that new, and before unheard of crimes, are discovered against the informer, that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner, that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not! that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third reprieve is transmitted; that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family that he had adored, to a character that he had never stained, and to a country that he had ever loved; that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude, which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of eternal providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children. "Alas! nor wife, nor children more shall he behold, nor friends nor sacred home!" No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life, but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame; where, unmoved by
the

the hostile array of artillery and armed men collected together, either to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaint;—would you have been mean enough; but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you; had I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done; had I thought you that base and vile instrument, attuned by hope and by fear into discord and falshood, from whose vulgar string no groan of suffering could vibrate, no voice of integrity or honor could speak, let me honestly tell you, I should have scorned to fling my hand across it; I should have left it to a fitter minstrel; if I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you; I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen I am not unconscious that the learned Counsel for the Crown seemed to address you with the confidence of a very different kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the Castle and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps gentlemen he may know you better than I do; if he does he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that if the reprobation of this writer is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger; he has been right in telling you that his language has not been braided and feathered as elegantly as it might; that he has not pinched the miserable plates of his Phraseology, nor placed his parches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with the Gentlemen of the Jury, if you think that the man who at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honour of his country, must not presume upon

upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it up by the locks, I have no more to say; do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the Printer! and when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow citizens to your own homes, and bear their books as you pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example; teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the Jury box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging from your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster—who had dared to publish the transaction! Gentlemen I believe I told you before that the conduct of the viceroy was a small part indeed of the subject of this trial. If the vindication of his mere personal character had been as it ought to have been, the sole object of this prosecution, I should have felt the most respectful regret at seeing a person of his high consideration come forward in a court of public justice in one and the same breath to admit the truth and to demand the punishment of a publication like the present; to prevent the chance he might have had of such an accusation being disbelieved, and by a prosecution like this to give to the passing stricture of a newspaper, that life and body and action and reality, that proves it to all mankind and makes the record of it indelible. Even as it is down I feel the utmost concern that his name should have been soiled by being mixed in a question of which it is the mere pretext and scape goat. Mr. Attorney was too wise to state to you the real question or the object which he wished

to be answered by your verdict. Do you remember that he was pleased to say that this publication was a base and foul misrepresentation of the virtue and wisdom of the government, and a false and audacious statement to the world that the King's government in Ireland, was base enough to pay informers for taking away the lives of the people. When I heard this statement to day; I doubted whether you were aware of its tendency or not. It is now necessary that I should explain it to you more at large.

You cannot be ignorant of the great conflict between prerogative and privilege which hath convulsed this country for the last fifteen years, when I say privilege you cannot suppose that I mean the privileges of the House of Commons, I mean the privileges of the people. You are no stranger to the various modes by which the people laboured to approach their object. Delegations, conventions, remonstrances, resolutions, petitions to the parliament, petitions to the throne. It might not be decorous in this place to state to you with any sharpness the various modes of resistance that were employed on the other side; but you all of you seem old enough to remember the variety of acts of parliament that have been made by which the people were deprived, session after session, of what they had supposed to be the known and established fundamentals of the constitution; the right of public debate, the right of public petition, the right of bail, the right of trial, the right of arms for self defence; until at last, even the relics of popular privilege became superceded by military force; the Press extinguished; and the State found its last entrenchment in the grave of the constitution. As little can you be strangers to the tremendous confederations of hundreds of thousands of our countrymen, of the nature and the objects of which such a variety of opinions have been propagated and entertained.

The writer of this letter has presumed to censure the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, as well as the measures of the present viceroy. Into this subject I do not enter; but you cannot yourselves forget that the conciliatory measures of the

the

the former noble lord had produced an almost miraculous unanimity of this country ; and much do I regret, and sure I am that it is not without pain you can reflect how unfortunately the conduct of his successor has terminated. His intentions might have been the best ; I neither know them nor condemn them, but their terrible effects you cannot be blind to. Every new act of coercion has been followed by some new symptom of discontent, and every new attack provoked some new paroxysm of resentment, or some new combination of resistance. In this deplorable state of affairs, convulsed and distracted within, and menaced by a most formidable enemy from without, it was thought that public safety might be found in union and conciliation, and repeated applications were made to the parliament of this kingdom for a calm enquiry into the complaints of the people ; these applications were made in vain. Impressed by the same motives Mr. Fox brought the same subject before the Commons of England, and ventured to ascribe the perilous state of Ireland to the severity of its government. Even his stupendous abilities, excited by the liveliest sympathy with our sufferings, and animated by the most ardent zeal to restore the strength with the union of the Empire, were repeatedly exerted without success. The fact of discontent was denied ; the fact of coercion was denied ; and the consequence was, the coercion became more implacable and the discontent more threatening and irreconcilable. A similar application was made in the beginning of this session in the Lords of Great Britain by our illustrious countryman, of whom I do not wonder that my learned friend should have observed how much virtue can sling pedigree into the shade, or how much the transient honour of a body inherited from Man, is obscured by the lustre of an intellect derived from God. He, after being an eye-witness of this country, presented the miserable picture of what he had seen ; and to the astonishment of every man in Ireland the existence of those facts was ventured to be denied ; the conduct of the present viceroy was justified and applauded ; and the necessity of continuing the conduct was insisted upon, as the only means of preserving the constitution, the

peace

peace, and the prosperity of Ireland. The moment the learned Counsel had talked of this publication as a false statement of the conduct of the government, and the condition of the people, no man could be at a loss to see that that awful question which had been dismissed from the Commons of Ireland and from the Lords and Commons of Great Britain, is now brought forward to be tried by a side-wind, and in a collateral way by a criminal prosecution.

I tell you therefore gentlemen of the Jury, it is not with respect to Mr. Orr that your verdict is now sought; you are called upon your oaths to say; that the government is wise and merciful, that the people are prosperous and happy, that military law ought to be continued, that the British constitution could not with safety be restored to this country, and that the statements of a contrary import by your advocates in either country were libellous and false. I tell you these are the questions, and I ask you can you have the front to give the expected answer in the face of a community who know the country as well as you do! Let me ask you, how you could reconcile with such a verdict the gaols, the tenders, the gibbet; the conflagrations, the murders, the Proclamations that we hear of every day in the streets, and see every day in the country? What are the processions of the learned Counsel himself Circuit after Circuit? Merciful God what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land! You may find him perhaps in a goal, the only place of security; I had almost said, of habitation; you may see him flying from the flames of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ears, and staring in the face of the prosecutor, you are called upon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, or truth, or honour to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths; you are upon your oaths to say to the sister country that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly what do you feel when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward: I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this Commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government;—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried, a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up as a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his

voice

voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death ; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent ; there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamant chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informers mouth ; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror, consults his own safety, in the surrender of the victim:—

Et quæ sibi quisque timebat,

Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

Gentlemen, I feel I must have tried your patience, but I have been forced into this length by the prosecutor who has thought fit to introduce those extraordinary topics, and to bring a question of mere politics to trial under the form of a criminal prosecution. I cannot say I am surprised that this has been done, or that you should be solicited by the same inducements and from the same motives as if your verdict was a vote of approbation. I do not wonder that the government of Ireland should stand appalled at the state to which we are reduced. I wonder not they should start at the public voice, and labour to stifle or to contradict it. I wonder not that at this arduous crisis, when the very existence of the empire is at stake, and when its strongest and most precious limb is not girt with the sword for battle, but pressed by the tourniquet for amputation ; when they find the coldness of death already begun in those extremities where it never ends, that they are terrified at what they have done, and wish to say to the surviving parties of that empire, “ they cannot say that we did it.” I wonder not that they should consider this conduct as no immaterial question for a court of criminal jurisdiction, and wish anxiously as on an inquest of blood for the kind acquittal of a friendly jury. I wonder not they should wish to close the chaos they have opened by flinging you into the abyss. But trust me, my countrymen, you might persist in it, but you could not close it ; trust me if it is yet possible to close it, it can be done only by truth and honour. Trust me that such an effect could no more be wrought by the sacrifice of

Z 2

a jury,

a jury, than by the sacrifice of Orr. As a state measure the one would be as unwise and unavailing as the other. But while you are yet upon the brink, while you are yet visible, let me before we part remind you once more of your awful seduction.—The law upon this subject gives you supreme dominion. Hope not for much assistance from his Lordship. On such occasions perhaps the duty of the Court is to be cold and neutral. I cannot but admire the dignity he has supported during this *trial*; I am grateful for his patience. But let me tell you it is not his province to fan the sacred flame of patriotism in the Jury box. Let me therefore remind you, that though the day may soon come when our orders shall be scattered before the winds of heaven, the memory of what you do cannot die; it will carry down to your posterity, your honour, or your shame. In the presence, and in the name of the ever living God, I do therefore conjure you to reflect that you have your characters, your consciences, that you have also the character, perhaps the ultimate destiny of your country in your hands. In that awful name, I do conjure you to have mercy upon your country and upon yourselves, and so to judge now, as you will hereafter be judged.

TO THE RT. HON. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, BART.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S
FORCES IN IRELAND.

SIR,

IS it difficult to guess, why you were selected by his Majesty's Ministers to succeed the virtuous, the peaceful, the humane Carhampton? If it be, you should give the Irish nation more credit for its sagacity, and for its candour in promulgating the discovery, than those who procured you the appointment, for their motives in conferring so distinguished a favour. To us, Sir, those motives are plain, as they are base; equally worthy of your indignation, and of our resistance.—But to their developement—

Ever since the rejection of Mr. Pitt's famous, (or as they are more justly and commonly entitled, infamous) propositions

propositions in 1785, it has been the fixed resolution of his soul, to accomplish an union between the legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland, that he may more easily extract the vital resources of the latter, without the heavy expence to the former ; to which it was obliged annually to submit for the corruption of the Irish parliament, and the maintenance of Irish traitors. To this plan of subjugation, however, he always found much resistance, even from the aristocracy itself. That description of men, loved too well the emoluments and *honors* of this base traffic, to resign them without a struggle. To them an union appeared the death-warrant of those hopes, which animated the representative to betray his constituents, and induced the legislator to sacrifice his country on the altar of British usurpation. Feeling themselves the hirelings of tyranny, they deprecated the introduction of any new machinery, which might facilitate its manufacture, cheapen the commodity, and discard many industrious workmen, from so lucrative, an employment. When the measure of an union, therefore, was mentioned as an object particularly grateful to their master, they raised an unanimous cry against it ; it was not indeed the voice of patriotism, but the clamour of rapacious corruption ; yet this resistance, when added to the popular reprobation of the measure, presented an obstacle, apparently invincible.

But a bad mind, unrestrained by any principles of justice or feelings of humanity, has many resources. Cold, crafty, and impregnable to compunction, Pitt saw and seized the advantages resulting from the tempest of the nation, at the commencement of the present war. The Catholic claims had been urged by all that was virtuous and unprejudiced in the land ; they were opposed by that aristocracy, that same monopolizing cabal, under the name of Protestant Ascendancy, from which he had received so much opposition to his plan of union. Even their corruption, all profligate as it was, fed that resistance ; and their source of compliance, hitherto perennial, having now failed, he restored to their fears. After having first made the parliament reject the Catholic claims with insult, he suddenly
ordered

ordered them to grant almost all that was required ; and this latter command was instantaneously and submissively complied with, by a large majority of the very men, who had a few nights before, in the foulest strain of invective, represented these pretensions, as treasonous and subversive of the constitution. By this manœuvre, two points were gained. The Protestant Ascendancy was alarmed ; at once the tyrant and the slave, it united in itself the two characters most susceptible of fear ; the monster accordingly became more tractable ; while on the other hand, the nation, it was imagined, must be better prepared to lose with indifference, a mere nominal representation, which had evinced that even its acts of justice, were dictated by servility to foreign authority.

The Catholic soon saw, that if all he had asked for himself were granted by Parliament, it would still be but the shadow of his right, until the destruction of boroughs, and a radical reform in the vicious and substantial possession of constitutional advantages. Every honest man, therefore, of every religious persuasion, now UNITED, to procure this reform, and by the tension of common interest, a harmony was produced, to which the Irish harp had been a stranger, since first untuned by English hands. Here too, tho' in a rising danger, the wily Minister of Great Britain, saw his advantage. While religious dissensions were maintained by every base art that could be practiced, the Protestant Ascendancy revelled in the plenitude of external union. Alarmed, but not sufficiently humbled by the progress of the Catholic alone, this wretched junto, was panic struck to the soul, when the genius of NATIONAL UNION began to raise himself above the horizon.—This was a moment not to be lost.—Their apprehensions must be augmented, till they become convinced that no alternative remains to them, than the choice of external or internal union ; by the former, they would lose only a part, by the latter, the whole of their usurpations ; and as to national dignity, independence, and prosperity, Pitt knew well they would not once be mentioned.

To complete his conquest, therefore, by augmenting their fears, he constantly withdrew from this island, large draughts from the standing army (the best support of such a cause as theirs) until our coasts were left so defenceless, that nothing but accident prevented the total acquisition of the country by the French. This enterprize of an active foe, was more than the Minister had foreseen; but its failure gave additional encouragement to proceed in his design. The panic this circumstance inspired, he improved by encouraging the popular demand of Parliamentary Reform, and the total emancipation of the Catholics. An imbecile and obnoxious governor was withdrawn, and succeeded by one, whose professed principles upon these subjects beat in perfect unison with the public pulse. The cheek of unsuspecting truth was flushed with hope, and even prudence stopped her ears against the voice of experience. Unthinking People! how oft will you suffer yourselves to be deceived by the generous simplicity of your own hearts? How could you believe that a wretch, who had vaulted into power by the profession of those principles, which he ever after betrayed and persecuted, would fail to practice on you the same artifice, that had succeeded so well against his own countrymen? When he affected to favor the cause of Reform, why did you not immediately conclude that he was plotting its destruction, and preparing for the murder of its champions? But to the fact:—

The Protestant Ascendancy was now laid prostrate, by their fears from abroad and at home. Defenceless and abhorred, conscious of its crimes, though impenetrable to remorse, and hopeless of mercy from an outraged nation, whose feelings it measured by the implacable cruelty of its own heart, it beheld with ghastly and breathless terror, the danger it had just escaped, as the warning of approaching fate. One way, however, remained, by which its hatred to the people, and its lust for revenge, could still be gratified; and of this it hastened to avail itself. Accordingly one of its most detested members, was dispatched to Mr. Pitt with the terms of capitulation, and *second treaty of Pilnitz* was then entered into and ratified, by which it was agreed

agreed that this country should again be partitioned among its old task masters, upon condition of their surrendering into the hands of a foreign monopolizing rival, the independence, commercial advantages, and even the national existence of Ireland. Yes, I say it plainly and fearlessly, that the blackest conspiracy that ever brought desolation and misery on any country, was then formed against this; and that the horrors which have since visited, and still await us, flow from the measures then agreed on.

I will not pretend to enumerate, much less to describe, the various acts that followed each other in black and hurried succession. Suffice it to say that Lord Fitzwilliam was immediately recalled; the cup of hope was dashed from the nation's lip, just as it believed itself about to taste the soul reviving draught. Coercion and terror became the order of the day. The astonished citizen beheld laws of death daily issuing from that seat of legislation, where a few weeks before he had fondly hoped to see the peace-offering of an united people, received with gratitude by an honored government. The lash, the prison, and the rope were rapid yet too slow in their devastations; foreign troops poured in from every quarter, and military superceded civil law.—But law of any kind, even military law was thought too kind; in short Carhampton was appointed Commander in Chief, and the raven croaked with joy.

An union with Great Britain then, Sir, and the destruction of national union within this country are the two objects, for which you were appointed to succeed a Lutterel. I say to succeed him, not only in point of time, but in the regular chain of measures intended to be executed in Ireland. Had you been appointed at an earlier period, your pride, and I trust, your feelings of humanity would have prevented you from escaping the office upon the degrading and cruel conditions of provoking the people to outrage.—Yes, Sir, I say your feelings of humanity, notwithstanding the sneer of those who exult in having chosen the extirpator of the Maroons as the instrument of their designs. I listen not to the brawling of distant fame. You are gallant,

gallant, and therefore I will believe you generous; you are come too among a generous people; and minds of such a cast hold a sympathetic and direct language with each other. Mr. Pitt chose you because you are a Scotchman, and possessed of high military talents; but he little knows that an enlightened mind will respect the rights of every country, though those of it's own have been subverted by force and fraud. I will not believe you possessed of so much national prejudice as to feel hurt, when you hear me declare that I would rather this Island were sunk in the bottom of the ocean that washes it, rather than it should be united with Great Britain or any other country.— But should I be mistaken in your character, should you become the instrument of Pitt for this detested purpose, and of the Irish faction for the completion of their still more horrid object, you shall be opposed as becomes a nation of freemen. The obstacles to your success are many, and while this hand can move they shall be increased by

A MILITIA OFFICER.

EPIGRAM.

On the Times are altered, or Jack Tellerton's case.

When Jack was poor, to Courts unknown,
He sang, and joked, and flattered;
His aim, in short, was *briefs* alone,
His morals unbespattered.

But now he's great, he lives in state,
And swears 'tis *now* no play day;
He hangs away the *Castle* prey,
And owns he keeps a *Lady*.

TO THE PRINTER.

THE VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

(*"Tune, Mary's Dream."*)

THE night was cold, keen blew the blast,
The rain in whelming torrents fell,
When Pat with sorrow overcast,
His plaintive tale was heard to tell:

"My

“ My tender wife, and children dear,
Are from my sight for ever torn.
How can I longer tarry here ?
My friends are all to dungeons borne.

I had a tyrant landlord, base,
Why saw my heart to Erin yearn'd,
Ev'n with the ground my cot did rase,
And fired my substance dearly earn'd.
Unmov'd, remorseless now he sees,
My cottage falling as it burns,
My wife for mercy, on her knees,
From her, with ruthless frown he spurns.

Ah ! when will that blest'd day arrive,
When UNION bright, on downy wing,
(UNION, for which we all should strive,)
Shall to old ERIN comfort bring ;
Ah ! when it comes, we'll all unite,
Corruption from our land to chase,
And then we'll see the prospect bright,
Of friendship, happiness, and peace.

The following letter, the simple, unadorned and genuine expression of misery, may serve better than the most laboured strains of eloquence, to shew that the hideous system of Marat was never practised in full vigour, but against the innocent and unresisting Irish peasant. We make no comment upon it ; our hearts are full of the sorrows of the poor sufferer—may Heaven comfort her in those afflictions which nothing but the grave can cure.

DEAR JAMES,

Moyvore, June 23, 1797.

To my great grief and sorrow I have to inform you of the untimely end of your two brothers, and alas ! deprived me of a good husband. It is tedious to insert all the miseries the enemies to United Irishmen has brought on this neighbourhood, but particularly on the town of Moyvore, where there was forty houses and tenements burned, and levelled to the ground, on Monday night last, totally, by
a boy

a boy of Pat. Ward's, who was taken for robbery, and to avoid being shot, turned informer, and brought in guilty and innocent. He first discovered where there was found arms, and that was found true, they gave his speech credit afterwards. The same day, after shooting three men, the father and two sons, where they found the arms, they took poor Jack and Harry, together with one Mick Murray, and when they could not get any information from them, after getting the rites of the church, they were shot on Ballymore-green. We waked them in the Chaple of Moyvore, when no man dare go near us—and applied to the Scully's, to shew us where we would bury them in Moran's town, and not one of them would come near us—nor could we get one to carry them, until Pat. Flanagan gave us a bed to carry them to Templepatrick, where we buried them. Harry's little effects were saved, but on account of my going backward and forward to Ballymore, all my effects were consumed to ashes, as there was no one to carry them out. So, my dear friend, I have no shelter here, and I will impatiently wait your answer, or if you can afford me any relief let me know it, as poor Jack relied on you to relieve his children—so no more at present from your poor disconsolate widow, who subscribes herself your loving sister-in-law,

MARY SMITH.

EPIGRAM.

When Liberty's dawn chear'd the region of Gall,
Mr. Pitt gave them leave to new model *internally*;
Yet he sought to corrupt both the great and the small,
And his gold and his promises worked most *infernally*.

So Grenville, when Moira told Ireland's sad tale,
A tale but *half told*—yet, erects human hair!
Flashes rage from those eyes that his horrors bewail,
When he says, “ *My good Lords we cannot INTERFERE.*”

TO THE
GRAND JURY OF THE COUNTY OF WESTMEATH.
GENTLEMEN,

THE page of history will record with indignation a late transaction of yours. At midsummer assizes you voted a service of plate to the officers of the Wicklow Militia, for their exertions in preserving the peace of your county. Before I animadvert on your conduct, I shall take a short review of some of those transactions which recommended these gentlemen to your gratitude and favour.

These men of blood, from the moment they entered the service of the present administration, (I can't say that of their country) foresaw that the high road to preferment, was to wade through blood, to burn houses, immolate victims (no matter whether guilty or innocent), to support the system of terror, perhaps upon the false charge of the basest of assassins or miscreants, called an informer, or perhaps their own suggestion, plunge the dagger into the breast of hoary and helpless age, and deprive, by fire and sword, numerous wretched families of the means of existence, and like their prototypes, the bloody Cromwell and Robespierre, hunt like wild beasts (or the maroons of Jamaica) the objects of their vengeance, whose greatest crime is perhaps their being Irishmen, and loving their country.

Amongst the many cruelties practised by the officers and privates of this regiment, I shall mention some few, which for enormity has not been exceeded by the most sanguinary savages that ever disgraced human nature.

A Lieutenant well known by the name of the Walking-gallows, at the head of a party of the regiment, marched to a place called Gardentown, in your county; they went to the house of an old man (named Carroll), of 70 years and upwards, and asked for arms, and having promised protection and indemnity, the old man delivered up to this monster three guns, which he no sooner received, than he with his own hands shot the old man through the heart,
and

and then had his sons (two young men) butchered ; burned and destroyed their house, corn, hay, and in short, every property they possessed. The wife and child of one of the sons were enclosed in the house, when set fire to, and would have been burned, had not one of the soldiers begged their lives from the officer, but on condition that if the *bitch* (using his own words) made the least noise, they should share the same fate as the rest of the family. This bloody transaction happened about two o'clock on Monday morning the 19th of June last. He then pressed a car, on which the three dead bodies were thrown. And from thence went to a village called Moyvore, took into custody three men, named Henry Smith, John Smith, and Michael Murray, under pretence of their being United Irishmen, and having tied them to the car on which the mangled bodies of the Carroll's were placed, they were marched about three miles, passing in the blood of their murdered neighbours, and at three o'clock on the same day were shot on the fair green of Ballymore, and so universal was the panic, that a man could not be procured to inter the six dead bodies ; the sad office was obliged to be done by women. The Lieutenant, on the morning of this deliberate and sanguinary murder, invited several gentlemen to stay and see what he called partridge shooting. It may not be improper to remark, that Lord Oxmantown remonstrated with the officers on the monstrous cruelty of putting these men to death, who might if tried by the laws of their country, appear innocent. He begged and intreated to have them sent to gaol, and prosecuted according to law (if any proof could be brought against them)—but his humane efforts proved fruitless ; the men were murdered.

On the fair day of Ballymore (7th of June) a poor man of irreproachable character, named Keenan, after selling his cow, had his hand extended to receive the price of her, when this valiant soldier struck him with his sword on the shoulder, and almost severed the arm from his body.

A young man named Hynes, a mason, passing through the fair, on his way home, was attacked by this ferocious
savage,

savage, and in the act of begging his life upon his knees, was cut down by the Lieutenant's own hands, and left lying for dead. A clergyman, at the imminent risk of his life, flew to the victim to administer the last consolation of religion, when three of the militia were ordered back, and to make use of a vulgar phrase, made a riddle of his body; the clergyman however escaped unhurt. The Lieutenant got somewhat ashamed of this business, and by way of apology for his conduct, alledged that some stones were thrown, though it is a notorious fact that no such thing happened.

The clerk of Mr. Dillon, of Ballymahon, being in the fair transacting his employer's business, was so maimed by this valiant foldier and his party, that his life was despaired of. Sixteen persons (whose names I have carefully entered) were so cut, maimed, and abused, that many of them are rendered miserable objects for the remainder of their lives. So much for keeping the peace of the country, to create inhabitants for the hospital or the grave, seems to be the favourite measure of tranquillizing a nation.

A village called Moyvore was almost at the dead hour of the night set on fire, under the direction of Captain O—— and the humane Lieutenant, and burned to the ground except six houses. Captain O—— possessing a little more humanity seemed to feel for the unparalleled distress thereby occasioned, while this modern Nero only laughed at the progress of the destructive element, and called his brother officer a chicken-hearted fellow for his seeming compassion, for feeling a pang at the miseries he himself created, seeing numbers of his fellow-creatures petrified with horror at viewing their little properties consumed, and afraid to make the least complaint, seeing that military execution was their inevitable fate should they make the least murmur. Good God! is this the way to make the constitution revered or the government respected? *Had Lord North still lived, and had the confidence of Majesty, he would never recommend the practice of those measures to save Ireland, which lost America.*

Now

Now gentlemen of the Jury, if these and such like are the meritorious services, which have rendered the gentlemen of the Wicklow Militia so amiable in your eyes—I blush for the country that gave me birth; and must declare that his Majesty has not greater enemies than the men who would commit, or the men who abet and encourage such crimes. What do you teach the great mass of the people to believe by such conduct; that the coercion of a foreign enemy would be mercy compared to “the generous efforts (beyond the Law” as they are called) of our own military.

But gentlemen let me ask you, would it not have been more decent and even complimentary to the objects of your esteem had you made a collection amongst yourselves for this service of plate; than to attempt to saddle upon an injured county a tax for the remuneration of murder, conflagration and calamity? Shall the owners of near five hundred houses destroyed by fire, and the relations of those victims sacrificed by those sanguinary instruments of oppression, be obliged to pay for enormities which will cast an indelible stain upon a county which could produce a Grand Jury capable of becoming accessaries to such unheard of cruelties.

But gentlemen though you have voted the tax, it is not yet raised, but will I hope be traversed with effect—you may thereby have the satisfaction of purchasing out of your own pocket, and affixing a motto suitable to the occasion,

Written in blood and cemented by fire,

The wrath of Heaven and the scourge of men.

As you dont seem to be well acquainted with the early character of the objects of your regard, I shall take leave to insert an address very different from yours to those gentlemen—Copied from the Dublin Evening Post, and dated 28th May, 1795.

To such of the OFFICERS of his MAJESTY'S WICKLOW REGIMENT of MILITIA, as authorized the insertion of the following CHEF D'ŒUVRE of wit and decency in the Strabane Journal, of 20th of April, 1795;—

“Wanted

" Wanted for the service of the Officers who compose
 " the mess of his Majesty's Wicklow Regiment of Militia,
 " **TWELVE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS**, who have not inha-
 " bited the town of Strabane, since the 5th of April, 1794.
 " As Wages is by no means the object, it is expected that
 " none will apply who do not produce a Certificate, signed
 " by eight respectable matrons, of their having their
 " **VIRTUE, PURE and UNSULLIED**. No Girl will answer
 " above the age of 18, or under that of 14.—Application
 " to be made to the Regimental Matron, Mrs. Catherine
 " Smyth, Bowling-Green, Strabane.—N. B. Growing
 " Girls of the age of 13, if approved of, and highly recom-
 " mended, may possibly be taken.

Away! no woman could descend so low;
 A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
 Fit only for yourselves—you herd together;
 And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
 You talk of beauties that you never saw,
 And fancy raptures that you never knew.
 You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
 Hate you like age, like ugliness, and impotence;
 Rather than make you blest, they would die Virgins,
 And Stop the propagation of mankind.

Polite and Gallant Gentlemen,

As a native of the town of Strabane, I shall make no apo-
 logy for thus offering to your notice, a few strictures on the
 above wanton and unprecedented outrage to the feelings
 of a respectable Community. And this I mean to do, with
 all the honest freedom of a mind indignant at the brutality
 of men—who could so far forget the dignity of their na-
 ture, as to wing a dastardly shaft at that honour, which it
 should be their chief pride to defend—to aim a cowardly
 blow at the happiness of that sex, to protect whom from
 insult, they should, (were it necessary), form a rampart of
 their bodies. Pray, ye trusty guardians of our venerated
 constitution and sacred Religion, which of the heroes of
 the Grecian or Roman Commonwealths, do ye propose to
 yourselves

yourselves as models? In what page of the history of those celebrated nations, have you discovered that it is meritorious to blight the characters of " God's fairest creation."

I will explain to you the motives of your conduct: motives, which even your baseness will blush at, and meanness disown. It was from a principle of sordid and unmanly revenge, for not being invited to the tables of the citizens of Strabane, that you endeavoured, by scandalous insinuations, to sully the virtue of their wives and daughters, virtue, over which, neither your personal nor your intellectual charms, enabled you to triumph. Imagine not that a red coat can metamorphose a Clown into a Mæcenas, a Therites into an Adonis. No! like gorgeous trappings upon an ass, it serves but to render elemental meanness still more contemptible.

Well indeed has it been said, " that the age of chivalry is gone." Scarcely does it admit of belief, that at the close of the eighteenth century, men bearing his Majesty's Commission, could have substituted the obscene manners of the stewards for the gentlemanly conduct, which ever characterises the true soldier. I here take my leave of you—trusting that I have infixed on you such a frontlet of infamy, as cannot fail to insure you a cordial reception from the inhabitants of the next town that shall experience the blessings of your protection.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

28th May, 1795,

THOMAS SINCLAIR.

No. 8, Trinity- place, Dublin.

I shall now take leave of you for the present, trusting that you are or will become ashamed of your conduct. The avenging hand of God has struck one of the principal springs which heretofore set you in motion, he was called like the tyrant of Russia before that tribunal where no ascendancy will prevail, but that of virtue, truth and justice.

A FREEHOLDER OF WESTMEATH.

A 2

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.

In *former times* the murderer's tongue
 Deny'd the deed, or silent hung
 Appall'd with fear and dolour.

But *now* the villain boasts his guilt
 When bells knell slow for blood that's spilt
 The murderer is the—TOLLER.

M A S S E N A

No nation in Europe has experienced a greater degree of degeneracy than the inhabitants of modern Italy. Does this proceed from superstition that degrades; tyranny that humbles and debases; or an unmanly refinement, that bursts into ecstasies at the warblings of a *castrato*, unman's the sex, in order to charm the ear, and cuts off the source of population, to gratify the momentary longings of a debauched appetite?

It has been asserted by a respectable traveller, that the descendants of a people which once enriched the world with science and the arts, and afforded the noblest monuments of human virtue and human skill, notwithstanding the cruel yoke of the Mussulmans, still called to mind the greatness of their ancestors. We are assured, they not unfrequently hint that they are sprung from those Greeks who were no less memorable in arts than arms, and not only recapitulate the feats of their progenitors, but actually point out the scenes of their glory.

Notwithstanding appearances, this is precisely the case, and perhaps in still greater degree with the descendants of the ancient Romans, among them, too, first arose the free and independent little commonwealths of Europe; and the seeds of early liberty have not yet been entirely choked by the triple servitude of civil, religious, and foreign domination, in addition to this, the foundation of a new Republic have lately been laid in a classic soil; and the names of Buonaparte, Massena, Cervoni, &c. may serve to remind them, in some degree, of the Brutuses, the Catos, and the Scipios of antiquity.

Massena

Massena is now about thirty six years of age. He was born at Nice, at a period when it appertained to the house of Savoy, into whose service he entered at an early period of life. The reproach is not peculiar to the court of Turin that, without *protection*, merit cannot make any progress there. How many officers of talents in our own country have beheld the bastard or legitimate son of a Lord taking rank and precedence of them, in consequence of superior interest? It was well observed by an English subaltern, "that, in order to attain a rapid promotion, he would rather be backed by a *rotten borough*; than possess the military talents of Turenne!"

Massena became an Ensign in the Sardinian army; and an Ensign he might have remained to this moment, had he chosen to continue in that service. But a better destiny awaited him, and in pursuit of that, he threw up his commission; and, entering into a French legion, soon distinguished himself.

It was at the capture of Sospello, that he first developed his military talents, and it was entirely owing to him, that Saorgia, in the campaign of 1794, yielded to the Republican arms. For this service, he was rewarded with the rank of general of Division.

No sooner was Buonaparte appointed to the command of the army of Italy, than the local knowledge, intrepidity, and experience of Massena, pointed him out as an able officer, capable of seconding his views, and advancing his progress. We accordingly find him, in the spring of 1796, acting a brilliant part, under the arms of that celebrated commander, at the battles of Montenotte and Monte Lexino, against the Sardinian army, in which he had formerly served as an obscure individual.

He was also present at the successive action of Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, and Cossaria; in all which he distinguished himself by the impetuous valor with which he attacked the armies under Provera and Boileau. He was no less successful against Wurmser, and contributed not a little to the capture of Mantua.

After being the companion of the glory, he acted as the proxy, of his General; in whose name he repaired to Paris in order to concert with the Directory relative to the preliminaries of peace, and the removal of the victorious armies of the Republic from such of the conquered provinces as were to be restored to Austria.

COUNTY OF CARLOW.

We have received accounts from the proclaimed, and other parts of this country; stating facts incredibly atrocious, of hanging, burning, and shooting. We shall be much obliged to our Correspondents to send us more specific details, and authenticated, with names, time and place; the names of Correspondents shall be guarded with the most sacred fidelity, but it is necessary for us to be fully satisfied, as our credit, not that of our authors is at stake—we should wish also to be able to produce witnesses, in case of any public enquiry; but this shall never be done without first apprising them, and previously obtaining their full consent; as it might, we well know, expose them to vengeance. The fearless intrepidity with which these persecuted sufferers, brave death and torture, and their inviolable loyalty to each other, makes their oppressors appear most truly hideous. The following is an extract of a letter from that quarter:

“This county has been excessively disturbed;” they have burned the houses of a number of rascals, suspected of being disaffected, and have taken up an immense number, who will, I dare say, be either capitally punished, or sent wherever they may be made most useful. In this they are aided by a fellow who has taken *an honest thought*, of informing; he says, he was at some of the meetings which were frequent at night, and therefore *must know* the people concerned. This man is carried by a military guard, through the country with a rod in his hand, and woe betide the wretch he points at; of this he is not sparing, and the number taken, is nearly proportioned to the number he meets at times.”

Another

Another letter of an antecedent date, recites a number of hangings, and burnings, and banishments, but not sufficiently particularized ; amongst others that the Inn in the town of old Leighlin, formerly the wrestling place of peaceful travellers, being (the owners first burned out) converted to a barrack—in short, the Wicklow Militia have been there.

TO THE REV. PHILLIP JOHNSON.

SIR,

HAVING seen an address to you, from a number of Orange Societies, which met at Derriaghty Church, on Sunday the 5th of November, 1797, and published in the Belfast News-letter of the 24th, containing very flattering encomiums in your conduct, and evidently calculated to conceal your true character, as much as possible, from public investigation and criticism ; I presume to present a counter address founded on facts, with the view, both to hold a true mirror to yourself, and also to do away any bad impression, which misrepresentations may have made on the public mind ; if indeed the flimsy address of the Derriaghty Orangemen, can be supposed capable of producing a doubt concerning the real views of the Orange faction.

Reverend Sir, the only part of your life that challenges public notice, commences with the establishment of the Orange Societies of Derriaghty and its neighbourhood ; prior to this period, your name was only heard within the bounds of a country parish, unless when you were seen endeavouring to cajole or influence the Potwallopers of Lisburn at an election ; your Orange addresses therefore, very properly pass over the greater part of your life, with the very vague compliment of “ your unremitting labours for the public good,” a sentence which rather looks as a subterfuge, than as a substantial approbation, especially as it is followed up by no specific works of goodness and merit.

As

As it is needless for me to dwell upon a period of your life, which your Orange addresses do not so much as glance at, I shall go on from the commencement of your Orange career, and state with candour the facts which I am well acquainted with.

I will not justify the tumultuous assemblies, and deplorable outrages of either Orange-men or Defenders, in their first openly splitting into opposite parties, in the County of Armagh, and the upper parts of the County of Down. I have good reason for thinking, that these outrages were the consequences of the machinations of designing men, and the want of political information in the two insatuated parties, however, the Catholics, or as they are called, the Defenders, were the *first* who laid aside their prejudices and animosities, and patiently expected when their Protestant brethren would likewise lay aside theirs—but alas for humanity, their expectations were in vain!—their patience was termed cowardice—the dignitaries of the Church, and the enslavers and oppressors of divided and insulted Ireland, dreaded this rising disposition in the Defenders—and, in order to continue their power and revenues, they proscribed the persons and properties of the Catholics under the *appellation* of Defenders, and steeled the hearts of the Orange-men, by giving up to their avarice and thirst for blood, the persons and properties of the reviled and persecuted Defenders.

Such Sir, was the state of matters in the places above mentioned; when your reverence began to look about you, in your own neighbourhood; and having heard some whispers that the *people* were uniting, for the purpose of banishing superstition and ill-will, and for obtaining a Reform in the Legislature upon a national basis, by fair and legal means, (and I appeal to yourself, if the constitution of the United Irishmen, which you procured from a wretch in Lisburn, had any other view) your fears took the alarm, you consulted the best means for repelling the approaching UNION, and found, that a deputation from the county of Armagh was necessary initiate your dupes and dependents into the
mysteries

mysteries of disunion and blood—hence the formation of the Derriaghty Orange society. From such a source of pure and immaculate philanthropy, who would have expected any thing else, than the following benevolent effects?

Your Orange addressers appeal to their Catholic neighbours, if they have at any time “injured them.”—Yes, I say they have, I myself have known an honest and laborious Catholic under the necessity of quitting his daily labour in a bleach green, the only means he had of procuring a subsistence for his family, after having received a wound by a bayonet, from a *Derriaghty Orange-man*, with an imprecation from the same Orange gentleman, “*that he would let the guts out of him, for a Papish rascal*,”—the poor man being a stranger, thought it prudent to retire, and returned home again to his own country: this was one act of your Derriaghty Orange friendship towards Catholics. I presume, Sir, you have not forgotten the figure you made, when in Gospel meekness and charity, you went into the country at the head of an armed train, about November 1796, and having discovered about twenty-four persons, men and women, busy in the God-like work of assisting a person in distress, and digging up the potatoes of a poor woman, you immediately ordered them to desist, took a number of them prisoners, kept them in Lisburn black hole, some of them even for three days, until they swore the Oath of Allegiance; and such was the opinion of these people, of the *mercy* of your Orangemen, that those who had to pass through that neighbourhood, solicited and procured a *military guard* for their protection. Do you forget, Sir, the circumstance of your attacking the house of Mr. James Cochran, a man of most *respectable character*, and explanatory industry; at two o’clock in the morning, hurrying him to Carrickfergus gaol, *where he languished twelve months*, without even the *remotest appearance of crime*, merely because you judged him a friend to the Catholics. And will your Orange addressers say, that it is no *injury* to Catholics to maltreat their best friends.

Do you, Sir, or your Orange addressers, forget the tumultuous, and bullying clubs into which they conglomerated

ated during the *Maze* races, and especially on Lifford fair day, which happened in that week, and the brutality committed on every person whom *they* suspected of being an United Irishman, or fesoother who had not up the Orange colour, especially three young men from Drumbo, whom they could not overcome, until they were so surrounded that they could not use their hands; and then your Orangemen, like cowardly assassins, basely made use of bayonets, and actually wounded one of the young men in the arm. These men were friends to the Roman Catholics, and they themselves are Presbyterians—and that was the very reason your Orange men gave for their usage of them; and yet these men will publish to the world, that they never injured the Catholics—*If vice could blush, now is the time.*

These, Sir, are a few, and a very few, of the many instances which I might adduce, to shew the futility and base effrontery of your Orange addresses; but I think I have given a sufficient number to shew the *spirit* of both *you* and your addressers, and the *love* and *attachment* which they have to the Catholick and their *friends*; but say your addressers, “the loyal and peaceable Roman Catholics shall find in us protectors.—Now, Sir, here is the mighty secret—your upright, learned, and judicious Orange-men of Derriaghty, come forward with great modesty, and say, “Roman Catholics, *we* are the judges of your loyalty and peaceableness; ’tis *we* who are the sole disposers of your lives and fortunes; ’tis to *our* jurisdiction, and sentence, you must bow with humble submission, and religious fear. Now, Sir, your Orangemen superceded all law, all trial by jury, and even the authority of General Lake himself; for if they be not judges of loyalty and peaceableness, how shall they either protect the man who is loyal and peaceable or punish him who is not. Thus your Orange-men have proclaimed themselves to be the judges of public opinion, and to be capable of discerning and rewarding merit. When I consider *these men*, I blush for their folly. What kind of protection the Roman Catholic may expect from the Orangemen, I submit to the bleeding experience of the Roman Catholics itself, to determine. Permit me now, Sir, to close

close this address, by the following remarks upon your zeal and attachment for your holy religion.

Your Orange addressers say, " that as a Minister of the Gospel, you inculcate upon your hearers the fear of God, and the love of mankind, together with a sincere respect and obedience for the Constitution and the Laws." All this, no doubt, is very good and praiseworthy; but, Sir, excuse me if I doubt that your practice says, that instead of loving your enemies, you do not even behave with common respect to those who never harboured an inimical wish against you. You, and your Orange train, have put and kept the whole neighbourhood in Lisburn and Derriaghry in a perpetual ferment, since your formation, by illegal imprisonment of some, by sending some to the tender, and by obliging others to fly from their homes, and every thing that was dear to them. If, indeed, we are to measure your fear of God, by your love towards your neighbour, I very much doubt that it would appear that he would fear *you*, rather than you *him*. But, Sir, your neighbours the Orange-men — aye, this is the qualification — the Orangeman is the neighbour for whom your love and affection bursts forth. Strange that a system whose every trace has been stained deep with blood, and whose friends and abettors are *execrated* by every *good* and *wise* man, so that their *very name* is become a *reproach*, should all at once, without any relinquishment of their principle, or of the men who had hitherto acted under its influence, become so very philanthropic, as to induce a Minister of the Christian faith, to become the supporters and encouragers of the once most bloody banditti that ever disgraced a civilized society.

The character which you and your Orange-men give of the principles and practice of the United Irishmen, is bold and open; but is it compatible with your profession of Christian benevolence? O fie, fie! Without *professing* myself an United Irishman, I can venture to assert that they look upon *you* and your banditti with the utmost indignation and contempt. And without pretending to the gift of prophecy, I will venture to say, that, long after the
Shamrock

Shamrock has blossomed on your grave, (if it would blossom there) the United Irishmen, with heart and with hand, will march to the tune of *Erin go Bragh*, over the ground that now fattens the slave of the British faction, and the oppressors of Ireland.

In fine, Sir, the plain language of your address to the Catholics is—“ *If you Catholics will endeavour all that is in your power to resist your own chains, and the chains of your posterity; if you be sensible of the great grace and favour of us your Orange lords and masters, in allowing you, as you and your forefathers have always done, to creep among our feet, and live upon the dust of our soles, why then we will graciously permit you to live; but if you presume to think of Liberty, of political consequence, of Irish independence, or of being friends with the Presbyterians, consider your awful doom, we have the means in our hands, and we will execute summary vengeance.*” Such, Sir, is the import of your address. Whether it be Gospel, you are the best judge; but sure I am, there is neither justice or mercy in it.

I am, Sir, with proper respect,

A PRESBYTERIAN.

Castlereagh, near Belfast,
Nov. 1797.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

A PEOPLE though tortured by the most cruel grievances that arbitrary power can inflict, should not despair; for though most nations have suffered great extremities, yet few have been completely exterminated under the tyrant's scourge; manly exertions having, in many instances, rekindled the active flame of Freedom, and produced Redemption. Therefore, when the sanctions of society and laws are found insufficient to restrain the violence and corruption of Despotism, such exertions constitute the criterion of Patriotism. Forbearance then becomes a national vice, and resistance a national virtue, justifiable upon a principle,

principle, common not only to the human species, but to the whole animal creation. The timid Deer, like the courageous Lion, will turn on its pursuers, and hold them at bay when hunted to the last extremity; and the most diminutive reptile or insect, under the afflictions of pain, or certainty of danger, will attempt a defence of life, and retaliate for its sufferings. Shall man then, the noblest work of creation—shall man, whom nature has formed naked and defenceless, be found more pusillanimous than a brute, an adder, or a worm; shall he not when oppressed, bring into action those means of self-preservation, which his reason, the gift of the Almighty God, in whose image he is formed, has enabled him to procure for the defence of his property, his liberty, and his life.

To arm against unlawful power, and to repel force by force, is a natural right, admitted by every politician who has considered the origin of governments.

Every society is in possession of primary rights, indefeasible, inalienable, and which never can be extinguished, and these consist in the free enjoyment and security of personal liberty, and private property. In the examination of those rights, Blackstone in his Commentaries on the law of England, says, “so long as these remain inviolate, the subject is perfectly free, for every species of compulsive tyranny and oppression, must act in opposition to one or other of those rights, having no other object upon which it can possibly be employed. To preserve these from violation, it is necessary that the constitution of Parliaments be supported in its full vigour; that limits certainly known, be set to the prerogative; and lastly to vindicate these rights when actually violated or attacked, the subjects of England are entitled, in the first place to the *regular administration* and *free course of justice* in the courts of law; next, to the right of petitioning the King and Parliament for the redress of grievances; and lastly to the right of having arms for self-preservation and defence.” On this principle of self-defence, the learned seldom being asked what law authorised the people of England, to arm when oppressed, answered in the trite style of a legal

gal antiquarian, "the common law, for common law is custom, and the people of England, time immemorially, have had a custom to arm when oppressed."

Arms, however, are not the only means by which a subjugated people may expel tyranny and regain liberty. Human nature shrinks from a prospect of blood and rapine; and, as experience has proved, will submit to the last extremity of forbearance, rather than bring the question of civil right to the arbitration of the sword. The most salutary means of re-establishing a people's rights is the PRESS, which on many great occasions has been found not less effectual than the bayonet, were tyranny seated on the throne, surrounded and guarded by hosts of foreign mercenaries and domestic assassins, and was that throne, raised upon the fragments of an overturned constitution, a FREE PRESS, directed by men of even moderate abilities, would be equal to pull down the one, and restore the other. Those writers who with their pens defended the privileges of the people of England, when violated, by the execution of general warrants, in the person of John Wilkes, defeated the Scotch soldiers in their exertions by force of arms to keep down the spirit of the people, extorted from the Chief Justice of England, as legal decision, that dissolved an authority usurped by secretaries of state, though the practice was sanctioned by a series of precedents, that had stood unquestioned, in the courts of law, for nearly a century.

Presuming, sir, that *your* PRESS steps forward as a volunteer, in the cause of the people, and that, with the intrepidity, caution and zeal of a true soldier, it will mount guard upon the bastions of the constitution, without feeling or neglect of duty, but ever watchful, and ever ready to give alarm, and to defend, I shall occasionally address to *you* my thoughts on the bold, as well as insidious attempts, which have been made, not only to destroy by force, but to undermine by sap, those great out-works which fortify the liberties of my country, *common law principles*.

In

In the exertion of this duty to my country, I shall *first* slightly touch on the conduct of those men, who exercised the judicial authority previous to the thirteenth year of King William the third, when an act was passed by the legislature, which emancipated the judges from the trammels of royal influence and restraint, by rendering them independent of the crown.

I will *secondly* state the statute of William, which in the present reign was also enacted in Ireland, with reasonings thereon.

Thirdly, I shall point out a *subterfuge* by which, in Ireland, the intention of the legislature, to render the judges independent of the crown has, in trials upon prosecutions for crimes, been superseded; whereby the people have been deprived of that "*regular administration, and free course of justice*," to which, Blackstone says, they are intitled, as a primeval right.

Fourthly, I shall conclude with observations on the conduct of a commissioner of Oyer and Terminer, and general gaol delivery, accompanied by an enquiry into the legality of appointing at this day, law officers who are dependant on the crown, to execute the duties of a judge.

In doing this, candor and plainness shall mark the discussion; and those who feel affected, will acknowledge that, though I shall nothing extenuate, there shall be nought set down in malice.

As to the *first* point—The generous and feeling mind reviews with horror, disgust and indignation—the judicial turpitude of many men who have filled the highest situation of the law, their proceedings are to be found in the state trials of England, which fill seven folio volumes, and which from the illegal doctrines and convictions they contain, have been filed records of legal murders.—The punishments which those monsters in poluted ermine have pronounced upon the unhappy objects of their rancour are marked with the most rigorous cruelty; and those outrages
on

on society, have not been confined to ignorant ferocity; No, extraordinary talents, professional learning, extensive knowledge have bowed subservient to royal influence; even the philosopher has suffered debasement by corruption, and steeled by ambition against the impulse of honour and the stings of conscience, has sunk into the sycophant, and become a traitor to the liberties of the people.

Trefilian we abhor, Jefferies we hate, and Coke we despise. But when we take into contemplation the judicial conduct of Bacon, we blush for the errors, and are shocked at those vices under which, as great mental abilities as ever illumined the human mind, sunk into filthy debasement. —The letters of this unfortunate man, this moralist without virtue, this scholar without honour, this jurist without conscience, affords a melancholy lesson to man, and shews that the most brilliant and extensive genius, placed in the most elevated situation is not exempt from corruption, and therefore man should not be trusted with the administration of public justice, until rendered so far independent as human prudence can place him.

By the confession of Bacon in his confidential communications, it appears that, when Attorney General to *James* the first, he was frequently influenced by the king to act against law, honour, and conscience. The case of Owen, executed for speaking treasonable words, the proceedings against Mr. Oliver St. John, touching the benevolence, the dispute between the King's-bench, and Chancery, in the case of *premunire*, and the prosecution of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, justly stamp him with having been the "greatest and the meanest of mankind." The case of Peachum is equally atrocious; this devoted clergyman was indicted and convicted of high treason. The evidence produced against him, on the trial, was a manuscript sermon found in his study, never, for aught appearing, preached or published, or intended to be so; yet the court of King's-bench, where he was tried, held this fact an overt act of treason in compassing and imagining the death of the King, and a slavish jury bowing with implicit obedience to the infamous charge of a corrupt Judge brought in a verdict of guilty.

guilty. "But little regard" (says Mr justice Foster in his first discourse of high treason) "will be paid to this case if it be considered that the King (*James the first*) who appears to have had the *success* of the prosecution much at heart, and took a part in it unbecoming the MAJESTY of the CROWN, condescended to INSTRUCT the Attorney General (Sir FRANCIS BACON) with regard to the proper measures in the examination of the defendant, that the attorney, at his Majesty's command, submitted to the drudgery of founding the opinions of the Judges upon the point of law, before it was thought advisable to risque it at an open trial, and the Judges were to be sifted, separately and soon, before they could have an opportunity of conferring together, and that for this purpose, four gentlemen of the profession, in the service of the Crown, were immediately dispatched, one to each of the Judges, Mr. Attorney General himself, undertaking to practise upon the Chief Justice (the great Lord Coke! the oracle of the law!) of whom some doubt was then entertained."

"Is it possible?" (exclaims Judge Foster) "Is it possible that a gentleman of Bacon's great talents could submit to a service so much below his rank and character! But he did submit to it, and acquitted himself notably in it!"

"Avarice!" (continues Foster) "I think was not his ruling passion. But whenever a *false ambition* ever restless and carving in the pursuits of honor, which the Crown alone can confer, happeneth to stimulate a heart otherwise formed, for great and noble pursuits, it hath frequently betrayed it into measures full as mean as avarice itself could have suggested to the wretched animals who live and die under its dominion, for these passions however they may seem to be at variance, have, or do rarely produce the same effects. Both degrade the new, both contract his views into the little point of self-interest, and equally steel the heart against the rebukes of conscience or the sense of true honor." Many are the men, indeed, in this country of high situation and extensive property, to whom this obser-

vation

vation applies with as strong a relation as the unworthy Sir Francis Bacon.

“Bacon having undertaken the service, informs his Majesty in a letter addressed to him, that with regard to three of the Judges whom he nameth, he had small doubt of their concurrence. *Neither saith he, am I totally out of hope that my LORD COKE himself, when I have, in SOME DARK MANNER, put him in doubt that he shall be left alone, will not continue singular.* These are plain facts, they need no comment, every reader will make his own reflections upon them, I have but one to make in this place” —MARK IT—“This method of *forestalling* the judgment of a court in a case of blood, then depending, and at a time too when the Judges were *removeable at the pleasure of the Crown*, doth no honor to the memory of the persons concerned in a transaction so insidious and unconstitutional, and at the same time is considerably weakened by the authority of the judgment.”

These were the Judges of whom Erskine on the late trials for high treason in London, said, “their memories sink in the upstirils of posterity!”

The case above quoted, and the conduct of Bacon, sufficiently shew that while the Judges were *removeable at the pleasure of the Crown*; they were liable to the undue influence and corrupt controul of the Crown. And that the Crown (in Foster’s words) did “*insidiously*” and “*unconstitutionally*” influence, bribe and coerce the Judges, and extort from their decisions contrary to law, and sentences militating with justice, in cases wherein the prerogative was to be extended, or an innocent devoted individual to be sacrificed a victim on the altar of despotism.

If the public wish for a nearer and more interesting example they will find it in the history of their own revolution. In the words of Curran, on the trial of Hamilton Rowan—“They have the example at that memorable period, when the Monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the *Liberty of the Press* was

was trodden under foot; when venal sheriffs returned packed juries to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many, when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness and sanity remained in them; but, at length becoming buoyant, by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination."

FORTESQUE.

FOR THE PRESS.

TO THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN,

IT is with the deepest and most heartfelt concern I hear it rumoured among my friends, that so enlightened and respectable a body of my countrymen as you are supposed to be, entertain, the horrid, cruel, and illiberal idea of exterminating that other respectable and numerous body of Irishmen, (the Catholics) of which I have the honour of being a member. My countrymen, what have we done to merit such unparalleled cruelty and unnatural treatment? — Or tell me, What have you or your religion to suffer from giving us leave to live and exercise ours? — Is it because we have been chained down in the most profound slavery and abject degradation, for so many years, by that cabinet whose enormities you seem to defend, and whose unjust orders you basely execute, that we should now receive no other requital than that of massacre and extermination? — Is it because we crowded round your standards, manned your fleets, and by taxes the most oppressive filled the coffers of the nation, to enable that infernal enemy of mankind to carry on a war the most destructive and calamitous this country wasever involved in; a war which has desolated the land, ruined our commerce, and left thousands to perish in your streets, that we must now be treacherously murdered in cold blood under the blasphemous pretence of promoting

B b

ting

ting religion?—Ah! my countrymen, how can you live with inward peace of mind, or expect salvation on that awful day when there shall be no distinction between the sons of men; nor crowns, nor sceptres save the guilty monarch from the wrath of God, whilst you endeavour by the most shocking, unnatural and unlawful oaths to carry into execution a system of murder and extermination against an already too much injured, insulted, debased, oppressed and suffering people, merely because we serve God in a different manner from you? I shudder at the thought, and am filled with astonishment when I think that Irishmen, supposed to be possessed of every tender feeling that can inspire the soul, could entertain but for a moment so shocking a sentiment.—I thought that long since, the demon of discord was hushed to sleep in the arms of union and brotherly love. I thought to have seen my countrymen bury in oblivion all religious contentions, and “protestants presbyterians and catholics melt down into one great and indissoluble mass of Irishmen.”—But my countrymen so long as those mercenary self-interested and designing men who sell their rights and liberties of their country for the base bribe of the King’s Prime Minister; who support in affluence themselves, families and a few favourites at the expence of thousands of their countrymen, whom they behold, with unrelenting hearts, reduced to the most deplorable state of misery and destruction, and look with complacency on the honest and industrious tradesman or mechanic expire in the street for want of bread! I say so long as those enemies to humanity remain in their present exalted stations, they will endeavour by bribery, perjury and every other corrupt means which such men are capable of employing to foment dissensions and frustrate that *union* which by putting an end to that system of corruption, villany, perjury and murder by which they live, would do away all the calamities with which this oppressed and unfortunate country is afflicted. They will by persecuting the PRESS, endeavour to blindfold the people and cast them back into that barbarous state of ignorance and superstition out of which they are so rapidly emerging. But their
endeavour

endeavour will be vain ; for as well might ministers attempt to keep down the waves of a raging sea during a tempestuous storm as to impede the progress of liberty when oppressed by tyranny and persecution.

In order to keep themselves in possession of the whole political power of the country, which they have basely usurped, they will, by every infernal means which the *Prime Minister of Hall* can invent, endeavour to promote that division which has so long enslaved our country, and divide the children of ONE land into parties to murder each other !!! But, my countrymen, I hope you will not be made the dupes of so vile an assemblage. I hope you have not lost every sentiment of humanity and tender feeling of the soul, and become the instrument of oppression, persecution, massacre, and extermination against your own countrymen, in order to keep a proud, insolent, and domineering kingdom, perpetually tyrannizing over a degraded and impoverished people. I hope that at a time when the light of reason has illumined nearly the whole creation ; when the Catholics of Ireland have risen from their bigotry, cast away their prejudice, and United with their PROTESTANT and PRESBYTERIAN countrymen, to obtain through just, legal and peaceable means, the rights and liberties of their country, that *you* will not blindly shun the rays of TRUTH, and remain in that darkness, ignorance, and bigotry, with which you have so long reproached *us*. I address you not through any *personal* fear of danger arising from your attempting to fulfil your oath (which I know would be impossible,) but I do it for the sake of humanity, and to save my countrymen of *ev* description from the evils that must ensue from such an attempt. I am not so blind as to imagine that the weak effort of a small *party*, against the United strength of a resolute and determined people could prove effectual. I am likewise far from imagining that Irish soldiers, though in the pay of an English government, could be brought to turn their arms against their parents, brethren, friends and fellow-citizens.—But my countrymen I hope that you are not so blind as not to perceive the impossibility of fulfilling

your engagement. You begin by swearing allegiance to your King, and in the same breath swear to exterminate one third of his naval force, together with a great portion of his army; for is it not a well known fact that these are composed of *Irish Catholics*. And now, my countrymen, seeing that it is impossible to serve your King, yourselves, your Country, or your God, by murder, let me entreat you to desist from such a vain attempt, and **UNITE** with us in obtaining that Reform which is essential for the redemption of the long lost rights and liberties of insulted Ireland. Renounce a detested and abominable system of murder and perjury, which must infallibly meet that fate it justly deserves, and engage in that of union and brotherly affection, which, while employed in the glorious cause of Freedom, cannot fail to triumph over Tyranny and Corruption. Do not stain that fair character which Irishmen have so justly acquired, nor pollute the soil that has given you birth, by embruing your hands in the blood of your countrymen. Let Religion be no longer a matter of contention amongst Irishmen; but let us all, as inhabitants of the same land, and as Christians, unite in beseeching that all-powerful Being, who can dispose of men, nations, and worlds, as may please his Divine will, to restore, and preserve unalterable, the rights and liberties of a brave but oppressed **PEOPLE**.

VINCENT.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

THOUGH it is little short of Treason for a Soldier to read your Paper, at least, very little short of a *thousand lashes* would be the fate of any man found with the **PRESS** in his possession. Yet we Soldiers some times contrive to read it; and though I cannot but acknowledge the justice of that severity, with which it censures men of my profession for the house burning, and shootings practised amongst the poor people in some counties; yet I can take upon me so far to vindicate the military—as to assure you that with a
 very

very great majority, even of the men employed in such horrid scenes, the business is if possible more disagreeable and shocking, than to those who view it with such horror from a distance.

I have been, myself, Sir, out with many commands—in search for arms amongst the country people—and at the burning of many houses—and the murder, as your paper very fairly calls it, of many innocent people, for no other reason that I could see, than because no arms were found in their houses—and thought it is the misfortune of the military profession to have its ranks sometimes partly filled with the most abandoned, profligate and unprincipled part of mankind—often the outcasts of gaols, and refuse of society; yet Sir, ALL Soldiers are not of this stamp: Heaven forbid they were—and I have seen, Sir, in many of those attacks to which I allude, the cheeks of brave men beamed with tears—and their lips gnawed with indignation while they even yielded obedience to their officers and attendant magistrates, in acts of cruelty, outrage and massacre, at which their honest souls revolted. But what could a poor detachment of *twenty or thirty* men do against the command of their officers? Individually they were told, in going out upon the command, that any man who flinched from his duty, or refused to comply with the commands of his officer, should be instantly ~~shot~~—and generally they were given to understand that any detachment that flinched, should be surrounded, disarmed and hanged. Resistance, you see Sir, was in vain, for often men, to my own knowledge, in being ordered to prime and load for attacks of this sort, have repeatedly bit off the balls from their cartridges, they have been forced at last to use the bayonet, where you know there was no shamming of matters any longer. And the Soldier that so often reluctantly pulled the trigger against the life of an innocent and oppressed countryman, was at last forced to plunge that bayonet into an honest and innocent bosom, which he would with less reluctance have plunged into his own.

Sir, the Militia of Ireland, because some of them have been employed in abominations of this sort, have been
branded

branded with the name of traitors to their country. Some bad regiments, no doubt there are, and if the parts of the country they came from, and the men by whom they were chosen, be only considered, the fact will not appear very wonderful. In many of the *best* regiments there are *some* bad members—men either so abandoned, so unprincipled, or so lost to all sense of country or conscience in the mere motions of military duty, that tis alike to them whether they burn the house, or blow out the brains, of a brother or an enemy. But thank God, Sir, the number of such men is comparatively few. Though we are clad in the livery of soldiers, and bear arms for the defence of our King and Country, you cannot suppose, Sir, that we so soon forget that we were citizens, and hope again to return to that once prosperous industry, from which we were forced by the badness of the times, and the want of employment, to adopt the much less profitable profession of soldiers. Surely, Sir, if our countrymen do not believe that red-coats have bereft us of all reflection, all principle, all natural affection for our country or kindred; they cannot suppose us such MONSTERS as to yield, with callous indifference, to the mandate which shall bid us turn those arms we took up for the defence of our Country, against the bosoms of our countrymen.

Believe me, Sir, that soldiers are not so bereft of reflection, of principle, of national honor, of private good nature, of the love of their native land—and whatever be the reluctant obedience of an odd regiment, poisoned by religious or party prejudice; or of a few detachments, terrified by threats, imposed on by exasperating falsehoods, maddened by drink, or cajoled by the promise of reward—believe me, Sir; the *native troops of Ireland* will never turn their arms against that country or home, whose honour, whose cause, and whose very name they would vindicate to the extremities of the earth.

That the foreign troops who came amongst us, should yield a cold and callous obedience to any orders of outrage against our poor countrymen, is not surprising—their minds
are

are prejudiced against the country by misrepresentation; they are taught to consider us as a nation of blood thirsty savages, and can hardly be persuaded to admit the evidence of their own senses to prove the contrary;—they are buoyed up by hopes of plunder and spoil—such as their adventurous countrymen obtained, who followed hither the fortunes of *Oliver Cromwell* and *William III.*—and they are taught that the speediest road to the acquisition of Irish fortunes, is by cutting the throats of *Irish Papists* and *Presbyterians*.

This, Sir, is their conversation in camps and other quarters; and often have I listened, with boiling blood, to such language from *Welsh*, *Scotch*, and *British fencibles*, sent hither to *protect* us.

I ask pardon, Sir, for trespassing so long on your attention; but I do it, that through your means the native troops of Ireland may be vindicated from the suspicion of being traitors to their country—and with the hope that others may also be apprized of their delusion, and think how soon they may be ordered against their country for similar purposes.

A MILITIA NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

FOR THE PRESS.

Ballymore, October, 1797.

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR,

Here our brother worthy lies;
Wake not *him* with women's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen *UNITE* he cry'd,
And dy'd—for what his Saviour dy'd.

God

God of Peace, and God of love,
 Let it not thy vengeance move,
 Let it not thy lightnings draw ;
 A Nation guillotined by law.

Hapless Nation ! rent, and torn,
 Thou wert early taught to mourn,
 Warfare of six hundred years !
 Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
 Or flung *reward* to human hounds ;
 Each one pulled and tore his share,
 Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless land,
 Heap of uncementing sand !
 Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
 And by worse domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
 Make the mad confusion cease,
 O'er the mental chaos move
 Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy fight !
 Brothers blood will not unite ;
 Holy oil and holy water,
 Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
 The widow'd mother with her child,
 Child new stirring in the womb !
 Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of this sacred place
 Calm her soul and whisper peace,
 Cord, or ax, or Guillotin
 Make the sentence—not the sin,

Here we watch our brothers sleep,
 Watch with us ; but do not weep ;
 Watch with us thro' dead of night,
 But expect the morning light.

Conquer

Conquer fortune—persevere !—
 Lo ! it breaks, the morning clear !
 The chearful cock awakes the skies,
 The day is come—arise !—arise.

Feminis lugere honestum est,
 Viris meminisse.

EPIGRAM, ADDRESSED to SAWNY.

The *Post Office* people were once very dull,
 And thought *news* as scarce worthy of heading,
 But of *politics* now their crazed brains are brim-full
 For they're most of them men of *deep reading*.

They stoop not to ope Swift or Chesterfield's letters,
 For these are on wit and politeness ;
 But *wafer* and *seal* are to them cobweb fetters
 To starchup *official uprightness*.

Ye ladies so kind ! then beware what you say,
 And correct what you've hasty indited ;
 For your sighs in the dark will breath out in broad day,
 And may blast him to whom you're *United*.

Z.

B—B D—Y charges the G—d J—, praises the *British Constitution*, and abuses the PRESS. So much the worse for the *British constitution*. So much the better for the PRESS.

What does your *Lordship* say to that ; BOB ?

Sub Major Sir Phngadothemas, and the juvenile Dog of the municipal journal are become as inseparable as *Nisus* and *Euryalus* ; they promenade the streets together prying into every corner.

“ Sure such a pair were never seen,

“ So justly formed to meet by nature

Like their great prototypes united in friendship, congenial in manners, and pursuing the same end, “ lovely in their lives ; in their deaths they should not be divided.”

THE

THE CATHOLIC ADDRESSES.

Mr. COOK's addresses; *from* the Catholic Parish priests, signed by each clergymen for sixteen hundred or fourteen hundred, or eight hundred others (as the case may be,) not going on to his thorough liking *within the realm*. He dispatched an Ambassador beyond the seas to the Island of Rathlin, to get the poor innocent Islanders to sign their *cries crosses*, + + +. And they were told it was a paper to bring the Armagh justices to justice; upon this they agreed *from the bottom of their hearts.*"

Such are the new insults offered to these persecuted and insulted people—with respect to the clergymen who sign these addresses, we respect their sacred offices and shall leave them to the consideration of those whom it may more immediately concern.

These poor people are made to talk of the *diabolical principles* of the *United Irishmen*, who have laboured to sow discord between them and that of the Protestant persuasion. Oh shame, shame! Did William Orr, at the moment of his death, sow discord? Does Protestant and Catholic, going cheerfully to death, hand in hand to the same scaffold to suffer together, and cement by their blood an eternal Union in virtue and in truth?—Does that deserve such epithets? We pity the poor people whose names any man dare so hideously abuse, we feel this new insult as the cruellest of their sufferings—it begets in our minds a degree of tenderness which we never felt before, and we shall continue to love them still better.

Mr. Kingsborough who informed against the printer of the PRESS, is an apprentice of Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor; and the identical gentleman who a few weeks ago attended *by order* in the Sheriffs office to go bail together with his master, for *Mr. Dutton*; after having by this means prevented this famous cadet from being conveyed to prison, he was foiled by a warrant arriving from Alderman Howison to apprehend Dutton for another heinous offence.

Leister

Leister of evidential memory, *Leister* who prosecuted *Hamilton Rowan*, has with his brother been dismissed his Majesty's service.—So much for this honourable *Adelphi*.

FOR THE PRESS.

AS the Irish nation feels highly interested in whatever relates to the unfortunate Mr. Orr, I take the liberty of sending you a description of his person, together with the substance of a conversation I held with him about a fortnight before the last Spring assizes. I called in to see the prisoners, accompanied by Mr. F——, a gentleman of Carricfergus. We were told, those whom we wished to see were walking in the jail yard; on going down we found about ten walking on one side of the yard, and Mr. Orr, arm in arm with a genteel-looking man, on the other. No sooner did Mr. Orr see us, than he left his companion, and accosted us in a very genteel and affable manner. The following description of that ever to be venerated martyr, may be relied on. I am the more scrupulous and minute as I understand some of the Irish artists are meditating an engraving of their countryman, than which a greater treat they could not give the public. His apparel appeared to be all new and fashionable; his shirt and stock were remarkably white, and the ruffle at his breast seemed to have been plated with great nicety and care; his coat was blue; his waistcoat was a fancy pattern, the ground of which was buff; his breeches were black kerfimerie; his stockings were white silk and worsted, with small stripes of blue; his shoes were tied with black tape. He wore his hair short, and well powdered, with a neat fashionable round hat, which he sometimes changed for a turkey-leather cap trimmed with rich fur, and tied with green ribbon. He was precisely six feet two inches high; nothing can be conceived more completely formed than every part of his body—his foot and leg, his thigh, his shoulder, his arm and hand, were proportioned with the completest symmetry, and bespoke at once both strength and gracefulness. His step was firm, his gait bold and martial, his carriage erect, and motion
alert

alert and easy. He could neither be said to be lean or fat, rather inclined to the latter.

His chin was round and small; his mouth little; his lips thin, and his teeth as white as snow; his eyes were dark brown, neither sunk nor full, but uncommonly lively and expressive; his brow was arched and beautiful; his nose was inclined to the aquiline, though very little; his forehead was smooth, round, and well proportioned to the other features of his face. In the whole countenance there was something inexpressively captivating and manly. He possessed a sound understanding, warm affections, and a most benevolent heart.

In all the countless legions of France, and in all those who were opposed to them since the commencement of the present war, it is a question of a finer fellow could have been found.

Talked him if he felt very unhappy under his confinement? At first, said he, it was very irksome, but time has made it more tolerable. I hope said I, that you have no fears for the ensuing trials. None, said he, if we get justice; but we understand they are using infernal measures to fill the grand panel.

He then asked me some general questions respecting the state of the country, talked of the dreadful bondage under which the people laboured, and the melancholy prospects that were before us. Have you heard, said he, of the dreadful vow of Colonel D——, of the——Fencibles, that he would murder all the prisoners in case the French landed. I answered, that I had, but did not believe it, as I could not conceive it possible that any man, however inhuman or unprincipled, could entertain such a shocking sentiment, much less put it in execution. He then assured me that it was a truth; and added, that one of the prisoners had said in the hearing of two or three soldiers, for the purpose of having it carried to the Colonel—“Yes, the cowardly villains may butcher us in our cells; but if there be a God in Heaven, the Irish nation will revenge our blood, sooner or later, while there is a Scotch or an English man

to be found in the land." I told him, I hoped matters would terminate more amicably between government and the people, than what was generally imagined. He remained silent for some seconds, shook his head, and then said, he had no such expectation—government would grant the people nothing; he saw clearly their system—Ireland must suffer. Do you recollect, said he, what a certain Lord uttered in a certain Assembly lately? (Not just now, said I!) "Much blood must be spilt in the North," said he. I observed, that expressions of that kind were sometimes thrown out for political purposes. No, no, said he, you may depend upon it that there is some system laid down, which has for its object murder and devastation.

I asked him if they were permitted to read newspapers, he told me they were, and that he had that morning read a speech of Mr. Fox's part of which brought the tear to his eyes; he speaks as feelingly of the distresses of Ireland, said he, as if he were an Irishman.

He then asked me if I had seen a statement in the papers, respecting the French being about to invade the three kingdoms; I told him I had, and said in that case, I doubted there would be bloody work. I wish to God, said he, that the people of Ireland could obtain their wishes, without any assistance from France. I told him it was not likely that a connexion with France would much better our condition. Connexion! said he, I would have connexion with none of them except a connexion that would secure to us independence, liberty, and commerce, O! if Ireland was wise and united, she would soon be free and happy; O! if God would give the king wisdom to change the ministry in due time, what a happy thing would it be for the country. What calamity and woe would it prevent. He said he never pitied the Catholics half so much as since he was put in prison; it was no wonder they complained for they had suffered cruelly; and now other people was suffering as much as them and it soon would be one universal complaint through all Ireland. Can any thing, continued he, be more dreadful than robbing the people of their arms? I told him that the
people

people considered it as the highest act of insult and injustice. Injustice! said he, it is both injustice and ingratitude to the bravest nation on earth; what have the people to expect now? Well, said he, smiling, all ground of jealousy between us and the Catholics is now done away. They have denied us reform, and their emancipation; they would not allow them to get arms, nor us to keep ours: they have oppressed *them* with penal laws, and *us* with military ones; we are all equally subject to the tender, to dungeons and to death. Well said I, it is likely that common sufferings will beget a common interest and a common cause. There is nothing surer said he, than, that *Irishmen of every denomination must now stand or fall together*. At saying these words his companion came up, and said it would be necessary for them now to retire.

In describing Mr. Orr's dress, I forgot to mention that he wore a very narrow bit of green ribbon round his stock, tied with a small knot under the chin, his companion had the same; I observed all the prisoners to have less or more of green in some part of their dress, the greater part wore green silk handkerchiefs about their necks. HUMANITAS.

To the above description of this truly esteemed and justly regretted patriot, we annex the following affidavits:

County of } The affidavit of the Reverend George Macart-
Antrim. } ney, Doctor of laws, a Magistrate for said
County, who being duly sworn and examined on oath, saith
that he took the depositions of Hugh Wheately against Wm.
Orr, now under sentence of death, for administering the
United Irishmans oath to said Wheately, in April 1796.
Examinant further saith that at spring assizes 1797 when it
was thought that said Orr's trial would have been brought
on by said charge, and said Wheately was desired by Mr.
Kemmis and examinant to attend the Court, that said
Wheately came to examinant in Court, and told him he had
something of importance to communicate to him; and on
examinant going out of court with said Wheately, he said
he had seen a Mr. Elder a clergyman whom he had seen
in April 1796, when he was on his way from Antrim

to Londonderry, to join his regiment at Rasharkin, a few minutes before walking in the street of Carrickfergus, and that he was certain, he was brought there to invalidate his testimony against Orr, from a conversation which had passed between him and said Elder, when at Rasharken, in April 1796, which conversation examinant believes must have been the conversation alluded to in Mr. Elder's affidavit mentioned below.

GEORGE MACARTNEY,

Sworn before us at Quarter Sessions,
3d October, 1797,

RICHARD DOBBS

JACKSON CLARKE

DOGHERTY GORMAN

GEORGE MOORE.

County of } The affidavit of the Reverend James Elder,
Antrim. } dissenting Minister of the parish of Finvay, in
the neighbourhood of Rasharken in said county, who being
duly sworn and examined upon oath, saith, that in the
month of April 1796, he was sent for by a Mrs. Huey, who
keeps a public house in Rasharken aforesaid, to visit a soldier
who appeared to be deranged in his mind; that he
immediately went before noon, and upon his way overtook
the Rev. Alexander Montgomery (who swore the annexed
affidavit before Lord O'Neil), to the said Mrs. Huey's
house, and on being informed that the said soldier had attempted
to commit suicide, he told him if he committed that crime
he would put himself out of the reach of divine mercy; and on
examinant praying by him by his approbation, he seemed more
calm, but said that his crimes were of such a nature that he
never could expect to be forgiven; on which examinant read the
parable of the prodigal son, and other passages in the New Testament,
to said soldier, intimating to him that the greatest crime might
be forgiven, through the mediation of Christ, if he sincerely
repented; and on the two soldiers and Mrs. Hueys who had
attended prayers, having left the room, and the deranged soldier
and the above-named Alexander Montgomery,

Montgomery, with examinant remaining in the room, he asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he was going, on which he said his name was Wheately, that he came from Maybole in Scotland, and was going to Derry to join his regiment, and that his colonel's name was Durham; and on being asked the nature of his crimes, he said he had been guilty of seducing women in Scotland, which he considered as a great crime, and was a great weight upon his mind, that he went out with a party from Londonderry, and seized an unstatutable still, under the direction of a revenue officer, that the party was surrounded by a number of people who made use of abusive language, on which the party fired on the people and missed them; but killed two innocent people, who were in an adjoining field, and that he (Wheately) ran a man through with his bayonet, which he considered as murder, and which hang heavy on his mind, that the revenue officer was wounded in the affray, and afterwards sent to jail where he died of his wounds; and that he the said Wheately, was prevailed on to swear a false oath against some of the persons who were taken prisoners, for which he was afraid they would suffer, which also hang heavy on his mind. Examinant further saith that he never heard that William Orr, was accused of any crime by said Wheately, until he saw the account of his conviction in the Belfast News-Letter, nor did he ever hear that a family of the name of Orr, resided in the neighbourhood of Antrim, except the family of Mr. Orr, the dissenting minister of Killad, until he saw the account of said William Orr, as a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Antrim, being convicted by the testimony of said Wheately.

Nor did Examinant to his knowledge ever see any of the family of said Orr, until this morning, the 3d of October instant, when a man who said he was brother of the said Wm Orr, came to examinant's house, and requested that he would come with him to Ballymena, to declare to a Mr. Macartney, the conversation which he had with the said Wheately at Ratharkin, in April 1796, with which request

request he complied out of compassion, having no other interest in the business.

JAMES ELDER,

Sworn before us the 3d day of
Oct. 1797, at quarter sessions.

RICHARD DOBBS

JACKSON CLARKE

DOGHERTY GORMAN

GEORGE MOORE.

County of } Alexander Montgomery made oath before me
Antrim. } this day, that he was present at Ratharkin, where
a conversation took place, between the Reverend James
Elder, of the parish of Finvoy, in said county, and Hugh
Wheately of the Fifeshire Fencibles, who appeared very
uneasy in his mind, and being asked by the said Mr. Elder,
the cause of his uneasiness, he replied, it was from some
great crimes which he had committed on which Mr. Elder,
asked him the nature of his crimes, when said Wheately,
confessed he had been guilty of seduction, murder, and
perjury. Examinant further saith, that the time when
said conversation passed was in the month of April 1796.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,

Sworn before me this 2d day of October, 1797. O'NEIL.

CATHOLIC ADDRESSES.

OF all the wretched attempts of the wretchedest tools of
the most abandoned administration, that ever curst the most
miserable country on the earth, that practice which is now
going forward, is the most thoroughly abominable—namely,
under the terror of fire and sword, in the absence of
the father, or the brother, or the example of the neigh-
bour, or the friend cast into the dungeon, kidnapped, or
hanged without trial by some band of cowardly and fana-
tical butchers, to extort from the miserable slavery to which
the Catholics beyond all others in this country are reduced,
addresses so humiliating, so sickening to the human soul, so
treacherous to the unfortunate monarch they are meant to
betray, that painful as the task is, and contemptible as
they are in themselves, we cannot consistently with our
C c duty,

duty, as the centinels of public freedom, pass them by in silence.

Is it at a time when by the government accounts of the transaction, four thousand Catholic inhabitants of Armagh banished from their homes, driven to despair, and exposed to every misery that spoliation and brutal insult could inflict: when this was stated by the Governor of the county of Armagh, Lord Gosford, in a public declaration doing him more honor than any other action of his life: when the magistrates of this county avowed in their public resolutions that justice had slept in their county: when the generous interference of *United Irishmen* of Antrim stepped in and rescued these bleeding *defenders* from the fury of their assailants; and at their own generous peril stopped the career of extermination, brought those hellish conspiracies to light, saved the lives of Mr. Coile and hundreds of others from the blackest of murders—murder by law and perjury: when the first hour of Catholic emancipation, as it was called, was stained by the most hideous persecutions against the Catholic Gentlemen of Drogheda and other parts, when these very exterminators for favouring whom *the injured* Mr. Greer was confined six months in Newgate, are now publicly paid from the Irish Treasury, reviewed by the King's English General of the North; when the system of an exterminating rabble has become the system of administration, and has been extended not only to the Catholic Cottage of every part of Ireland, but when the Irish soldier on his march has been cloven to the earth by an Anglo Irish ruffian Peer without any crime supposed against them, other than that they were *Irish Catholic Soldiers*? Is it at such a time that such addresses can be thought sincere.

If to be Protestants be to be Orange-men, if the word Protestant means an exclusion of any other class of citizens from the *Rights of man*, we abjure the word; we renounce the name. And if Catholic means universal love and charity to all mankind, we are Catholics in spirit and in truth, we glory in the appellation, and will perish in their cause. As to Mr. M'Illdowny who signs for himself and eight hundred Catholic inhabitants, of certain mountainous parishes

parishes in Antrim ; we request of the public to enquire three things. 1st. - Who this Mr. M^r Ildowney is ; who seems to have contracted with Mr. Cook for an address. 2ly. Under what circumstances it has been obtained. And lastly, whether such persons exist, as these he has exhibited ; for this we refer our readers to the late honourable, and unanimous addresses from Antrim, and Armagh : wherein the union and unanimity of Irishmen, and the glory that will through all posterity attach upon the promoters of it, is well displayed. And lest his little mischievous petty-fogging scheme should avail, to disgust any of the less enlightened of the Protestant communion ; we refer them to the unanimous address of the Catholics, published together with the royal petition from Armagh ; wherein that virtuous and oppressed body recite their wrongs, for no other cause than to forgive them. Oh ! you Governors, whose art consists in debauching the public morals, in fomenting public crimes, in torturing private virtue, and sowing civil dissensions through the land, which sustains you in sumptuous magnificence, do you not see how near an awful justice waits upon you ? Can you not, weak and deluded as you are, see the hand of providence ready to chastise you : And in the great events which chase each other with gigantic strides over the theatre of human existence, see your own insignificance, and your crimes ?

With respect to Mr. Brennan the Parish Priest, who has the misfortune to have his name coupled with that of Mr. M^r Ildowney, we make no remarks upon him, because we know nothing of him, nor of the cogent reasons which might have compelled him at this juncture, to compliment the castle.

As to the gentlemen of the once honourable profession of the army. who may be shortly called upon to give efficacy to these catch-penny addresses, we beg leave to remind them what they are to expect in a service, where the hatch-boys of gaols, the most abandoned of approvers, saved from the very halter of the hangman, by perjury and murder, and sent to corps among them, as fit companions

nions for them, and proper spies upon their actions. And we beg of them, for their own sakes, to think that if ever they should be called upon to oppose a foe flushed with past victories and panting for fresh successes, breathing generosity, union, and redemption, priding themselves upon high-minded honor, and enthusiastic in the cause of liberty (for with such profession they will not fail to strengthen themselves)—with what courage those gentlemen of the army of Ireland, will view the work of their own hands, or march under the banners of informers and spies, over the face of a country, where at every step they advance, wretchedness and ruin stare them in the face, where in spite of deception they must know, that in the Irish nation there is but **ONE** sentiment, and that is **LIBERTY**.

To Englishmen and Scotchmen who have caused such desolation, these objects can impart no very grateful feelings: but Oh ! Irishmen, what will then be yours !

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

IT is, as I am informed, law both statute and common, that any assault on his Majesty's Ministers, however hostile it may be, can not by any construction, be perverted into treason. Treason, as I am told, consisting in imagining or compassing the King's death ; levying war against him ; or holding correspondence with his enemies.—Little logic, and less eloquence, would suffice to shew that the most destructive war that can be levied against the King, is the alienation of his subjects' minds, and of this war, his Ministers, and his Ministers only, are capable—it is not the terse remark, the rounded period, or the bold assertion that can estrange a people from their Sovereign ; no, radical misrule on the part of administration, and oppressive sufferings beyond endurance on the part of the people, can only produce this tremendous effect. The resentment of individuals may be prompt, the chance of gaining or losing, being nearly equal. The resentment of nations is always
flow,

flow, and the records of mankind produce not to us a single instance of resistance in a nation, until the oppression has been so great as to surpass endurance; of this we have had a recent and melancholy example, waisted from a neighbouring shore, "when the wind's south-east we know a hawk from a hand-saw." As to the third head of constructive treason, q. v. holding correspondence with the King's enemies; I cannot conceive our present most gracious King has any enemies, except the tribe of evil advisers, and with these I certainly hold no correspondence. The first head is of too terrible and flagitious a nature to be canvassed, and I shall pass it."

Now, my Lord, this being the case, I take the liberty of addressing you at this critical period, because I have heard, and have reason to believe, that the men about you, whom courtesy has nick-named *great*, have their existence only in passing deceptions on the chief governor for the time being, I wish therefore, to address plain truth to your Lordship, and trust me, that until truth and justice operate as much upon your actions, as I am inclined to hope they do upon your mind, you will be *his Excellency* only upon paper.

But I will not indulge a doubt, I will not suppose it possible, that the English nation can be so severely scourged as it would be, by the simultaneous tergiversation of the descendants of *Chatham* and of *Camden*; such a visitation of God, would imply, as far as our limited understanding can conceive, a total dereliction of a country, which, by its political corruption, or its private vices, had drawn down upon itself so severe a chastisement.

That it has been the will of Heaven to give the great Lord Chatham, a successor of some talent, will not be thought extraordinary, but it cannot fail to be thought extraordinary, that providence has also destined that successor to *pace back* his illustrious father's steps, to hoodwink a generous and confiding Prince, to sow the tares of dissension in an unoffending nation, to destroy, (partly by military, partly

partly by parliamentary force) this confidence and aggregation of a whole people, to eradicate the very constitution for which he pretends to fight, by the introduction of *Lettres de Cachet, Gabelle* and *Termiers generaux*. But he is pious, and regularly (with some *other* of our benefactors) attends divine service! He is right, for no man living can with more propriety, join in the acknowledgment "*We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which we ought to have done.*"

But from you, my lord, the Irish nation expects something better: they hope and they believe, with that generosity which always accompanies honourable feelings, that though unfortunately CHATHAM has merged in *Pitt*, yet PRATT will arise out of CAMDEN. Your Lordship may judge as well as I can, whether the name of PRATT carries not with it more true dignity than the title of Camden.

My Lord, when your highly esteemed and justly regretted father stood first in the eye of England, (*then* a nation) he enjoyed no peerage, he was barely Lord Chief Justice PRATT. But he was too conspicuous and too honourable a character not to be a mark for the hostile shafts of ministers: his integrity they knew, well knew, was unassailable, ministers therefore assailed what the poverty of the English language forces me to call *vanity*; (if vanity it may be called in a man who must feel himself superior to any title or office his sovereign could bestow.) He descended from the almost sanctified dignity of Pratt Lord Chief Justice, to become the *Chancellor of an Hour*. The treacherous ministry, who for their own base purposes had cajoled him, (as their successors have cajoled you) determined to give him a temporary exaltation, as they pitifully supposed, they imposed upon that great and good man; and as villainy is always able to overreach honesty, they seduced him to quit a place independent of the crown which he then had, and accept of the seals, which were previously determined to be wrested from him, on the first stir of that integrity which administration knew he would soon exert. The event might be easily foreseen, he was honest, and he was

no longer Chancellor ; he retired with that coronet which borrowing its own lustre from the virtues of the wearer, appears at present rather dim about your lordship's brows.

It is in the hope that your lordship will see the errors that you have been betrayed into, that I address to you these few but well intended lines. Obscure and lowly as I am, it is not to be supposed I can see far, but my view is sufficiently large to give me cause to wonder how it happens that you, (whose elevated situation should produce a much more extended horizon,) cannot distinguish the criminality and gross folly of the acts that are daily and unjustly perpetrated under the sanction of your name and by your authority. Acts that I know are discordant to your feelings, and dishonourable, if not to your title and dignity, yet certainly to *your name*.

Your Lordship will perhaps attempt to take refuge, or at least flatter yourself that you have a refuge in the consideration, that these are official acts, which though you disapprove, you are obliged to countenance ; but my lord, your slack expectants, your chaplains have ill performed their duty if they have failed to inform you that cruelties committed under the sanctions of your authority are in the sight of God committed by yourself—and your great law officers have been grossly negligent if they have not represented to you that *necessaries before the fact*, are always considered by the law as principles in cases of murder or larcin ; murder and larcin have been perpetually committed in this devoted land for many months past, indeed almost ever since your arrival, and your name is produced to justify outrages not only against law but humanity.

These are proceedings which all agree that you do not approve, why then do you tolerate ? I cannot believe the English nation so ungrateful as to leave to the *son of your father*, the excuse of Romeo's apothecary :

“ My poverty, but not my will consents.”

Much less can I conceive it possible that any necessity, could induce an honourable mind to submit to compliances, so humiliating,

humiliating, so degrading, so damning. Rouse up the paternal spirit, my lord be no longer the stalking horse you have been; no longer suffer the rays of your delegated majesty to enlighten and cherish those ruffian reptiles who now crawl about you, crush them when you can, or quit them while you may. A subsequent letter will lay open the particulars of those crimes to which your lordship has unwarily been made accessory.

M. M.

TO THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE person who thus takes the liberty of addressing you, has the honour of being a member of your body. He has perceived with satisfaction amongst you that predominant spirit of liberty, which is the natural emanation of minds expanded and purified by erudition. He has seen the young patriot catching fire from the page of Demosthenes, and feeling with the orator, when he exclaimed, "*let us march against the Tyrant; let us conquer or die.*" He observed these emotions with delight, but he saw with equal disgust the exertions of monastic bigotry, to depress the maturation of this spirit; he saw the government of the university assimilate itself to the government of the country; its rulers goading and petulant—its measures coercive and arbitrary. A few generous youths opposed themselves to check this unauthorised oppression—but they were made the victims of scholastic tyranny, and the partizans of mental freedom exiled as rebels from your walls.

You had a society too—the only ornament of your college; where all its men of talents were assembled into one bright galaxy of genius. But they began to think for themselves—to speak for themselves—they promoted that collision of opinions, from which sentiments of truth are elicited—they became obnoxious to the board, and at length were arbitrarily expelled. Another society has succeeded to this—"*summa es fulgore*" where the energies of the youthful mind (Heaven knows!) are manacled enough—where every generous effluence of the heart is frightened back

back from the lips, without utterance, by the frowning frown of some monkish despot, whose malignant presence is intended to canker the germination of genius.—Such are the mounds, my fellow-students, they oppose to the progression of mind; such are their efforts to break that resiliency of spirit, which, I hope, nay I trust, will strengthen with resistance.

On *you* the eyes of all, who even in these days of persecution, still cherish a prospective hope and look forward to that hour of retribution, when the recreant agent of tyranny shall shudder before the sovereignty of the people. On *you* their eyes are expectingly turned. In *you* they behold the seeds of their statesmen—their heroes—their *Buonapartes*! In *you* they see the talents that will illumine the resurrection of Ireland; that will raise her to that rank in the climax of nations, from which she is fallen so many, so many degrees!—Do not disappoint their expectations—study to be a scourge to tyrants—study to “deserve well of your country”—And oh! my fellow-students, look to that country—that sunk, that injured country! and if your hearts are yet free from the infections of a court; if they are not hardened by ministerial frost, can you see poor Ireland degraded, tortured, without burning to be revenged on her damned tormentors? All her characteristic traits, by which Nature had distinguished her in Creation, sullied and effaced by the bloody hand of Oppression? Her courage emasculated, or made the unnatural instrument of wounding herself, and butchering her friends! her good nature abused and debased into imbecillity—her frankness, after betraying herself, succeeded by the sullenness of mistrust—Can you behold, without indignation, that hoard of foreign depredators, who murder the happiness of our country, and gorge on the life-blood of Ireland? who stretch us on the rack of persecution, and wonder when we struggle or groan amid our torments. Can you behold with patience those mercenary prefects, sent hither as to a province devoted to rapine and desolation? those wretches whose souls are the emblems of the government; rotted by pollution, and prolific in damnable machinations! who exult in the
wages

wages of prostitution, and, like an animal that feeds on its own ordure, live by the corruptions which themselves have generated.

Has not justice thrown away her scales, and exchanged her sword for the poinard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *established religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged, and murder legalized? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason? What is the trial by jury? a mere shew—a farce—where the jury is *acted by drunkards*, a villain personates the accuser—and the doom of the victim is hiccapped out by a Bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage-effect, amidst the tears of a dramatic judge!—even this scenic illusion is renounced as superfluous and dilatory; judiciary power is consigned to the soldier and the orange-man, and the fire and the bayonet are found to be more speedy than the gallows—Alas! our afflicted country! how long will her green plains be dyed with the gore of butchery, and obscured with the ashes of conflagrations! When will she profit by the lessons so brilliantly exhibited to her eyes, and which she has been so slow, so very slow in learning? Oh! when will “the Nemean Lion” rouse from his trance, and shake off the vermin that engender on his crest? That is the period we pant for—that is the goal we press to—and surely—surely it is not far distant—that deity who is the guardian of those imprescriptible rights, which he has imprinted on the heart of MAN, and charactered on his heaven-directed brow, that Deity will avenge those encroachments on the prerogatives of human nature—He will punish the hand that poisons the chalice of Religion with the amaritude of bloody dissension.

You, my fellow students, have explored the page of history, where the insect courtier is forgotten—the despot is blasted in infamy, and the glorious tyrannicide is immortalized—Can you remember one instance of a people naturally brave, and wanting but the will to be illustrious, succumbing

Yuccumbing to the domination of their own servants—their minions—and passively agonizing under the extremities of oppression? No—Ireland is singular in suffering and in cowardice—She could crush her tormentors, and yet they embowel her—She *could* be free—yet she *is* a slave.

At a period like this, then, when neutrality should alone be counted treason, in the name of our country—our liberty—our God—let us not, my friends, by a silent and criminal apathy, sanction the riveting of chains, which perhaps may be indissoluble for ever.—In spite of the informers and blood-hounds of administration—in spite of the drivilling despots of our monastery, let us cherish and diffuse amongst us that soul of liberty, that etherialized spirit of opinion, which eludes the grasp of the tyrant, and acquires elasticity by compression. Let us speak to the Nation—let us speak thro' the organ of the PRESS, as long as that echo of Freedom can reach the ears of Irishmen, and rally them round the standard of their country!—Let us shew those ministerial minions—those political calamities who insult us—that Ireland has sons untutored in the school of corruption, who love her Liberties, and, in the crisis, will die for them.

A SOPHISTER.

CATHOLIC VIRTUE.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

YOU have noticed the insults offered to the Catholics in some of the remote parishes in the county of Antrim, by extorting from them, or rather signing in their name, addresses derogatory to their characters as IRISHMEN and as CHRISTIANS, breathing a spirit of the vilest rancour, reprobating UNION, and complimenting the GOVERNMENT. The good people of Ballynahinch, of the Catholic persuasion, were on Sunday last conveyed by the Priest, who produced Mr. Cook's address, similar to those so shamefully and falsely called the address of the Catholics of other parishes, abhorring and despising them no less

less than we do. The Priest was seconded by Mr. M'Mullan, a *Catholic*, who has been for some years past residing as a tutor in the house of one of the Grand Jury Squires of this country. It would not do. The people almost unanimously declared that they loved their fellow citizens of all religious persuasions, except those who rendered themselves odious by their crimes against the people. They looked upon UNION as the first of virtues, and the enemies of it as the greatest offenders; they would pay no compliment to Ministers, who had brought such unheard of calamities and cruelties upon the country, and for the dismissal of whom the whole country, as well as the neighbouring ones, was *unanimous* to petition, till prevented by the threats of military attack; therefore they advised their spiritual pastor to refrain from political domineering, or time-serving intrigue. Whilst he continued to act up to the sacred character of a teacher of Christ's Gospel, the Prince of Peace and Union, they were willing to be directed by him; when he departed from that peaceful duty, he must look elsewhere for a support, and they must be driven to the necessity of looking for another instructor, for they would certainly continue to love their neighbours, and be in charity with all men.

They said they were more than ever unwilling to comply with any measure of this kind, after the gross and false contradictions which had been offered to the Earl of Moira, who had nobly stood forward, and stated with so much reserve and moderation, the enormous system of cruelty practiced against their native land. They said they knew of no such thing as Catholic interest separate from the interest of Ireland—and that they should always respect those clergy the most, who had the least to do with political domination, particularly when they set themselves up to controul the common sense of their flocks, and to censure that brotherhood of affection which rendered men dear to each other, and consoled them in their common sufferings.

The

The first meeting was adjourned. The second still further shewed to the Reverend Doctor his mistake, and he at length modestly withdrew from the pursuit.

Such, Mr. Editor, was the conduct of the Catholics of Ballynahinch. I am not used to write for publications, but you may make what use you please of my letter, and I will prove it to be true in substance, and what I have stated is as near as can be the sentiment which the people expressed, each in his own way. W. B.

Ballynahinch, 10th Jan. 1798.

TO THE PEERS of IRELAND.

IT would be idle to expect that the advice or the warnings of one of the swinish many, should arrest the attention, or determine the assent of any of our hereditary legislators; who, as soon as the creative breath of royalty has inspired them with nobility, receive and transmit to their remotest posterity, an inborn instinct and sagacity in the interests and direction of the state. But when he pleads the great name and authority of Chancellor Bacon, and enforces his claims to deference, by resting not so much on his learning as his nobility, his servility, and the intricacy of his political life, (pretensions surely that will weigh with those to whom this is addressed); when he obviates the suspicion which the philosopher may incur of being an innovator, and misled by any speculations, by an appeal to his conduct in life, marked by meanness, avarice, and the sale of justice; when, lastly, he refers to a known fact as decisive of his character; that when Solicitor General Bacon conducted the prosecution against the innocent Raleigh, with a keenness and a zeal for the *King's service* (so even then, it was called) exceeded but *by one Solicitor* since his days; listen then, ye shepherds of the people, to what this noble politician and courtier has thought concerning seditions and troubles. "Shepherds of people had need know the calendars of tempests in state, which are commonly greatest when things grow to equality, as natural
tempests

tempests are greatest about the *Equinoctial*. And as there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states." Shepherds of the people! so called, because they exercise the prerogative of driving, of penning, of close-sheering, and occasionally devouring their flock, their helpless, unresisting flock. Also, as Macchiavel noteth well, when princes, that ought to be common parents, make themselves as parties, and lean to a side, it is as a boat that is overthrown by uneven weight on the one side; as was well seen in the time of Henry III. of France; for first himself entered a league for the extirpation of Protestants, and presently after, the same league was turned upon himself. For when the authority of a prince is made but an accessory to a cause, and that there be other bands that tie faster than the bands of sovereignty, Kings begin to be put almost out of possession.

When any of the four pillars of government are mainly shaken or weakened; which are religion, justice, counsel, and treasure, men had need to pray for fair weather. But let us pass from predictions, and speak first of the materials of seditions; then of the motives; 3dly, of the remedies. Concerning the materials, it is a thing well to be considered—for the surest way to prevent seditions, is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come, that shall set it on fire. The matter of sedition is of two kinds, much poverty and much discontentment. It is certain so many overthrown estates, so many votes for troubles; and if this poverty and broken estate in the better sort, be joined with a want and a necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent and great, for the rebellions of the belly are the worst. As for discontentments, they are in the politic body, like to humors in the natural, which are apt to gather a heat, and to enflame. And let no Prince measure the danger of them by this, whether they be just or unjust; nor yet by this, whether the griefs whereupon they rise be great or small; for they are the most dangerous discontentments, where the fear is greater than the feeling. And as the Spanish Proverb noteth well, "the cord break-

eth

eth at the last by the weakest pull." The causes and motives of seditions, are innovation in religion, taxes, alterations of laws and customs, breaking of privileges, general oppression, advancement of unworthy persons, strangers, dearths, disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate, and whatsoever in offending the people, joineth and knitteth them in a common cause. The first remedy is to remove, by all possible means, that material cause of sedition whereof we speak; which is want and poverty in the estate, to which purpose serveth the opening and well balancing of trade, the cherishing of manufactures, the banishing of idleness, the repressing of waste and excess, by sumptuary laws, the improvement and husbanding of the soil, the moderating of taxes and tributes, and the like. A smaller number, that spend more or earn less do wear out an estate sooner than a greater number, that live lower and gather more; and therefore the multiplying of nobility, and other degrees of quality, in an over proportion to the common people, doth speedily bring a state to necessity; and so doth likewise an overgrown clergy, for they bring nothing to the flock; and in like manner when more are bred scholars than preferments can take off.

Will it be believed that this view of the materials, the causes, and motives of seditions, was not drawn by a living observer from an accurate consideration of the actual state of this nation? Will it be believed that human wisdom, or even prophecy, could have anticipated what *is*, with such preternatural accuracy? The philosophic mind of Bacon would recognize, as innovation in religion, the efforts of the Catholics for the removal of religious disqualifications, and their restoration to rights, of which they had been robbed on religious pretences. The same strong principle, not to be subdued, labours in both; it operates the same powerful effects in both. The conscience repels as impious the intrusion of human laws between it, and the Deity recognizes no mediator but the Son of the Godhead; and with loathing and horror, heaves high against the blasphemous violence which would abase the things of eternity, before the altar of a crafty ambition. The materials of sedition,

he

he states as of two kinds, much poverty and much discontentment. We have a plentiful fund in both. For the first, it is only necessary to refer to the reports of those charitable associations, formed for the relief of the wretched room-keepers, whose industry gave vigour and support to the state, and bread to their families; and who, if the sources of employment were not dammed up by this war, might have continued in the same useful and honourable course of occupation. It is notorious that numbers of these unhappy beings, under the hard pressure of famine, appeased the cravings of hunger with the husks of breweries and distilleries, defrauding the swine of their due, in the same metropolis where placemen and pensioners wallowed in luxuries drawn from the bitterness of the manufacturer's toil. These were not the street beggars, whose solicitations fatigue the ear of charity, which, unable to relieve the multiplied victims of this impoverishing war, grows torpid to the cry of supplication.

But, a share of the national calamity has at length touched those Placemen and Pensioners who have generated it. The accustomed regularity of payment has not been observed for some quarters back—Hence the Chariot rattles on the pavement with less éclat; the Phaeton is converted to a Noddy; the glaring flambeau is retrenched; the ball-room more faintly illuminated; but rarely admits the buzzing and fluttering groups. On the tables where Champagne once sparkled, the corked decanter of Sombre Port makes its second appearance; the tavern reduces its waiters; the brothels are but half tenanted: and the theatres but exhibit real quarrels in which the soured and cankered heart seeks vent and relief. Already to the unexplicable wonder of honest men, those very supporters of government, who, in public oblige it with their voice, their verdicts, and their poisoned invectives against Ireland and the cause of Ireland, in private companies not barely venture to admit faults in administration, but forwardly join in strong reprobation of their views and measures—such men still adhere to government, because they cling to the hope of having their arrears discharged; but if this hope should
desert

desert them, they would desert their God. Then would be seen, "*so many overthrown states, so many votes for troubles.*" The causes and motives of sedition are worthy of attentive notice, and the application of them is easy—but tis yet more worthy of remark that the remedies he proposes are the same, which were so repeatedly pressed on the cold ear of the senate, by whatever of eloquence, or of wisdom it contained. The regulation of the Channel trade; the opening of markets, and an intercourse with the East Indies; encouragements to labour by the abolition of destructive and devouring tythes: these are an everduring blister on the shoulders of the peasants—his quarter-acre of potatoes is tythed; *that is* the tenth of his tack rent, of the manure, of the seed, and of that labour, which often after having wearied his limbs, and unstrung his muscles, I may add too his *heart-strings*, as a hireling, he stole from rest and from twilight. All this to maintain in bloated ruddiness the fat jowls of a man who tells him he may, if he pleases, come to his church, and hear him preach in English on charity, humility, and poverty.—No one can complain that too many are bred scholars, yet few as they are, the government has shown no disposition to take them off (as Bacon terms it) by preferments. Never did a government pay less regard to learning; clerks make the best hacks; the liberalized mind might vent itself in demur and remonstrance.

Such was the picture which a man of quality, a philosopher, a rogue, a statesman, and an *aristocrat* drew of a tottering state, and such the true application of it.

A MALECONTENT.

The Bishop of Ossory's sermon, on Tuesday (January. 23, 1798) before the Lord Lieutenant, Lords and Commons, shews his lordship to be as staunch a Protestant as any O'Brien, alias O'Burne, and simple Byrne, that ever came or went before him; and as to christianity, the printer of the new edition of Josephus the Jew, can bear testimony of that.

FOR THE PRESS.

[*A portrait of Buonaparte, by a writer of discrimination and genius equal to the task, would be a valuable acquisition to literature and philosophy. But the following, though only a hasty sketch of some of the most prominent traits in that great Man's character, will perhaps not be uninteresting to our readers. It is written by an elegant but fanciful author, and exhibits that inequality which characterizes all his occasional effusions. The reader will doubtless be pleased to see the modesty of Buonaparte so happily contrasted with the vanity of Voltaire, and, for the fine figure of the Nation reposing under the shade of the Hero's sword, pardon many disgusting puerilities. It might have been expected, however, that a writer so fond of antitheses would have carried his comparison between those distinguished characters to a greater length, and have shown us some points of resemblance as well as of contrast. They have both combated Tyranny and superstition; and perhaps the one would not so soon have subdued them by his sword, had not the other rendered them odious by his pen.—This little article is remarkable in another respect. It shews that the wicked conduct of our ministers has excited an universal horror against them over all France, and that they are not only execrated by the ignorant multitude or violent republicans, but by men of letters, and those who are distinguished by the moderation of their political opinions*]

THE arrival of this illustrious vindicator of the Rights of humanity in the great city of the great nation, excites the same kind of enthusiasm that the arrival of Voltaire occasioned about twenty years ago; but there is a remarkable difference between these two great men. Buonaparte, yet a youth, arrives at Paris, while the nation reposes under the shade of his sword; and, wedded to victory, he comes, the olive branch in his hand, to terminate his glorious work, or to recommence it. He avoids the multitude which throws themselves in his way, and anxiously withdraws from their applauses: On the contrary, the prince of poets, proud of his *Aurcole*, which, like the setting sun,

fun, shot forth new rays at the close of life, wished to shew himself every where, possessed an insatiable thirst for fame, and seemed, as it were, to doubt that he had already acquired glory—Deaf when others were praised, he listened only to the eulogiums which were bestowed on himself.

The philosopher, the friend of toleration, hastened to see the defender of Calais.—The actor, the source of his talents and his fortune—the man of letters, his glorious model—the young lawyer, the author of *La Pucelle*—the priest, the famous infidel, whom he flattered himself he should one day convert and confess, or at least over whom he hoped to triumph by the sacerdotal trick of denying him sepulture—every one, indeed, wished to contemplate the man who was said to possess in himself alone as much wit as all other men had together: But they smiled when they beheld him, because he had about him that which always appeared ridiculous. Surrounded by a crowd of flattering authors, followed by a train of wondering fools, wherever he appeared, there was a constant and inexhaustible commerce of vanity.

Buonaparte commands at once admiration, respect, and gratitude. He has struck terror into Kings, and he has given them peace; he has shaken their thrones, and he has taught them that moderation by which they may yet preserve them a little longer. He never wishes to be seen, while all are eager to get a sight of the warrior, the able negotiator, the pacificator—the modest and extraordinary man, who, under the cannon of the enemy, planted the three-coloured standard on the Bridge of *Lodi*, because he felt that was the point which it became him to conquer: but, though the hope of seeing him be disappointed, the hero is not the less beloved by the people; joy sparkles on every countenance at the mention of his name.

He has not abused his wonderful successes. He has said to victory, “Thou shalt be still more useful than splendid—thou shalt not overstep this point.”

In the most solitary quarter of the city, he inhabits a house without pomp. There, along with some of the

companions of his high deeds in arms, he meditates the overthrow of the homicidal Cabinet of St. James's. Directed by him, the National Vengeance will strike a decisive blow. There is now one vast and universal cry raised against the British ministry; it is the powerful voice of all Europe—of all mankind.

Always master of his thoughts, Buonaparte is also master of his expression. He has no kind of affectation. As he reposes completely upon his own character, he is himself—he is never but himself.

Inaccessible to flattery, he receives praises without despising it, and displays neither pride nor indifference. He is always clear and precise, because his mind is always unclouded. Though mild in his disposition, he is not to be shaken when it is necessary to be firm. He said to the market-women who surrounded his house, "Take back your bouquets and your crowns; I am not a King, and I will not accept such homage—were there one here to-morrow, I am afraid you would carry to him the same offering."—This proves he knows well how to estimate character in Paris.

To the glory of Buonaparte, there is added something with which glory is not always accompanied; but it is a quality still more valuable—it is esteem.

Esteem is the reward of the legitimate exercise of our talents. Celebrity follows all splendid actions; but esteem is attached only to virtue. Thus, he who judges of things with discernment, though animated by a passion for glory, will still desire the esteem of his fellow-citizens, without being ambitious of a fame too brilliant; for that which goes beyond just esteem, is only imaginary advantage; and this Voltaire would have felt in the midst of his theatrical coronation, had he ceased to be a Poet.

Buonaparte is in the full possession of the highest esteem, sincerely bestowed upon him by all enlightened men. It appears to me that he knows how to distinguish between *esteem* and *reputation*—a delicate and profound discrimination.

tion at his age! Such qualities enter into the formation of a character truly Republican; and such would be the character of Buonaparte, were it only in gratitude for the love of his fellow-citizens; but he has already paid, and in advance, all that a citizen can offer to his country, in zeal and in courage.

He constantly meditates how to render himself useful rather than great. He seems to say to himself—"If all kings call themselves brothers, all nations should consider themselves as sisters: one nation ought not, it cannot be indifferent to the evils which afflict another. Thus, though Frenchmen, we will take an interest in objects which are said to be foreign to us; but they are not foreign to the cause of European Man, and France is in the midst of Europe."

A wise man endeavours to acquire esteem; but the ambitious labour only to procure renown, which is always liable to all the bursts of human caprice.

Buonaparte possesses a sound judgment—his carriage, his look, his language—a kind of concentration which is natural to him—all announce that he knows how to appreciate his character, his victories, and true glory. He has identified himself with the nation, because he loves it, and knows he is beloved by it. He will never exchange this sentiment for another—It will urge him to fulfil the high destiny of France!

Even his name presents the idea of good fortune; and there is much in names!

May the name of Buonaparte ever be great as that of the French Republic!—May he, the friend of mankind, be, in the decrees of Providence, destined to humble a perfidious, cruel, and iniquitous Government, and finally to sweep it from the face of the earth, since it cannot fraternize with those of Free Nations which have risen, or are about to rise, and of which Buonaparte has formed Nurseries!

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

I CAN state it as an undeniable fact, that the magistrates of Westmeath have had a custom of sending what they call the *death-warrant*, along with the officer who is to patrol through the country. This death-warrant is a list of the persons whom the military are to shoot; it has actually happened in a certain village, that seven men have in one night been called out of bed in the middle of the night, and as soon as these have answered their names, have been dispatched without mercy or delay; one person had a most fortunate escape; his surname was Martin, when he was on his knees the officer luckily discovered that the christian name was not that which he had in his list, he then respited the poor fellow on condition of his shewing the house of the person named in the death-warrant; having been obliged to do this, that person was raised from his bed and shot before the eyes of his miserable namesake. The dead and the living were sometimes conveyed together upon the same car,

Q.

We hear that the number of human creatures put to death in this county by the Wicklow Militia, is 72. The Grand Jury have presented a sum to be levied off the fathers, brothers, and sons of the murdered, to purchase a service of plate for their murderers. We have not words to express our indignation—Irishmen do you live?—have you hearts?—yet be still awhile; be firm and patient; encrease in love and affection to each other, and “he that tempers the cold wind to the shorn lamb” will sooth your sorrows, and crown your sufferings with victory.

 THE DISUNITED MEN.

THE disunited men say there can be no conciliation with traitors; we hope, however, that, traitors as they are, they will find

“That mercy which they did not show.”

Such of them at least as are not steeped to the very eyes “in crimes of deadly hue.” Arson, conspiracy, subordination, perjury, and murder, cannot be forgiven; libels and cheats may be forgiven; folly and malice despised. Ponder on this ye disunited men.

TO THE YEOMEN OF IRELAND.

GENTLEMEN,

THE English Minister, who made it treason to say that the French intended a visit to these kingdoms, has at length thrown off the mask ; and finding that neither his intiminations, nor his deceptions, could longer avail him, tells us in unqualified language, that this most formidable power will catch us *sleeping on our beds*. You then, who are Yeomen, should awake from your slumber, and shaking off your sloth, rise to your duty, as the soldiers and protectors of your country ; but your country and its administration are not the same ; for then the administration would be your country, and your country would be the administration, which is nonsense, though artful and interested men have laboured to confound them. They have no mutual relation, each may exist without the other. A man's country is every thing dear or desirable ; but its administration may be cruel and corrupt ; it may be full of rape and robbery, of burning and blood. Is this *dear* to you ? Is this *desirable* ? If it be not, depend on it that it is not your country. But your institution, gentlemen, originated in a patriotism of another sort—in an honourable independence.—I speak of it, not as it was offered to you by your masters, but as you met it, like virtuous citizens, who loved their country, and would preserve it from violation at the hazard of your lives.—This, however, was a light in which your rulers did not wish you to view it ; they cast it therefore into the back ground—and while the old institution of the *volunteers* gave them the first idea of embodying you, they resolved to weaken its effect, by detaching you from your *Country* to *themselves*—a sort of political cunning that wisdom might foresee would soon defeat itself. Recollect gentlemen, it was the *Volunteers* who with their swords demanded, and obtained independence for Ireland ;—that independence with the possession of which Lord Grenville now reproaches you—allowing it to you as the boon only and gracious indulgence of England. It is this independence you are appointed to defend. Your predecessors

predecessors in arms *wrested* it from England—it was theirs; it is now yours—and your COUNTRY expects you will return it as entire as you found it. But having embodied *themselves*, the precedent became alarming, and it was judged dangerous to trust *Volunteers* a second time. Influence therefore, British influence, whose invisible countroll has made Ireland more dependent than the acknowledged dominion of the English Parliament to legislate for her, had ever done. This intriguing influence caused it to be made high treason to assemble in arms, without a *permit* from government; a phrase which some of you do not require to have explained. Had your masters called you *Volunteers*, that word might have kindled in you a spark of the old flame, and a *second* independence would have flashed conviction, whose light had blazed stronger, and spread wider than the illumination of fifty hamlets. What was to be done? They steal upon you another title, less fatal to authority, but sufficiently alluring to capivate unthinking men; they call you *Yeomen*—then pass an act of Parliament to legalize your arming—make you dependent, where you had before been independent—give rank to favourites, and literally put influence into Commission; and finally, having familiarized you to the institution, subject you to laws unrecognized by Freemen.

It is thus, gentlemen, you have forfeited the dignified character of the old Volunteer, and sunk that proud title in one that humbles you with the lowest mercenary. But this is not all—your masters amused you with fine speeches, and fine cloathes, and to prove how disinterested they were, allowed you to lay out your own money on your own backs. This to be sure was very kind, and shews how independent they made you. But mark what followed—they presented you with a *musquet*; for that not being purchased by yourselves, the power that gave may resume it, should you be disposed to exercise it in a good cause; and do not be astonished if very soon indeed every Yeoman shall be dispossessed of his arms, who will not perform a duty which his *Country* does not require of him. With a musquet they give you an oath—you have not considered it;

it; but you have bought your regimentals, are before your officer, and cannot for shame refuse to take it. When they have seasoned you, they tender you a *second* oath; the slave snaps it; the brave man turns from it with scorn. But this serves to shew how deliberately, how systematically your masters would graduate you in slavery, and proves also how despicably they think of you in a body. Who will say, that they have presumed to treat an old Volunteer with the like indignity? Or if they had, which if their advocates will assert, that the spirit of *that* body would not have resented it?

Let us suppose for a moment that corruption had proposed to officer the old Volunteers, or had dictated oaths to *them* it has dictated to *you*:—what would have been the consequence? The life of him that proposed it, most assuredly would have smoked on the first sword that had met him. I will not impute degeneracy to you, for there is still a brave spirit in the country, capable of great actions; and I know there are amongst you those who bear their chains with indignant reluctance:—but you are not *Volunteers*:—you are *Yeomen*:—you belong to that order whose patriotism may be cashiered, or whose virtue disarmed at the whisper or suspicion of any sycophant. It is the slave only that finds confidence; that slave is the servant of any master, who may lead him any where, to any duty. Be *you* the soldiers of your *country*; but understand her interests, and judge for yourselves: while you are *free*, you cannot err. The oath of the old Volunteer was his honour, the honour of the new Volunteer is his oath: he knows no other honour, but goes by instinct to the mark as the blind puppy makes to the dug. Yet have all of you been faithful to your oaths! have none of you bit the dug that suckled you? Does, or does not the Yeoman's oath enjoin you to support the *laws*? Has that duty been strictly performed by every one of you? Are you very certain, that instead of supporting the laws, you have not supported others in the violation of them? Let me not be told, that necessity is the Soldier's justification, as is yours.—*Necessity* is the plea of every criminal; and were that admitted

mitted as an excuse for violence, society would soon become a state of lawless insecurity. Where was the *necessity* that none of our grievances should have been redressed by you? But that wrong should be heaped on wrong, insult on insult, and cruelty on cruelty; that murder should have followed murder, and rapine succeeded rapine; that Irishmen should be hunted by Irishmen, the protestant roasted in the flames of his own cottage, and the Catholic worried by the blood-hounds of a pursuing tyranny; that smiling at your rameness, counts you among its slaves, the slaves of its ferocious ambition?

Some of you, perhaps, may think you have an interest in a life of bondage. Grievously will you find yourselves mistaken: a day of reckoning will come, when the uttermost farthing must be paid. Look round you; count the millions that are bursting their chains, and say, which has the majority, *you* or the *nation*? Trust me, yeomen;—I may never again address you;—but trust me, yeomen, *you have no interest to countervail the interest of your country*; seek then, whilst it is yet in your power, to deserve it. Leave the bloody course to the wretched Orangeman and servile mercenary; but swerve not *you* from your honour;—an oath that requires no form of words to give it sanction. Adhere to that duty from which no oath can absolve you; *protect your country and its laws*.

But your King.—The history of your country has told you, that allegiance and protection are mutual; and, that could the monarch violate the laws, your oath of allegiance would become an oath of resistance. Will you be the Irish “gentry,” that Lord Grenville says, join in the murders of their country? or would you not rather be that generous Irish people, who, he says, *do resist abuse*? Before you take your final stand, before you march from your districts, and, in that step which carries you beyond their limits, become irrevocably subject to the ignominy of the picket, and the discipline of the scourge; shake off your fetters, open your eyes, and call up the energies of your mind. If there be amongst you, those who have sold themselves

themselves to bondage, let *them* go forward, let them join the Welch the English *fencibles*; but let them renounce the name of *Irishmen*, which they disgrace. You, indeed, who connect your fortunes with those of your country, and who would not subsist on alms or on speculation, BE IRISHMEN; do your duty, and trust to your country for reward. Above all things, rally round the freedom of the *Press*, the palladium, the bulwark, the last citadel of Irish Liberty.

I am, gentlemen, &c.

MARCUS.

THE REVOLUTION 1688,

GIVES an interesting example.—At that memorable period the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly.

The *Liberty of the Press* was trodden under foot.

Venal Sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many.

Devoted Benches of Public Justice, were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption, at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them! but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nations travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom; how pregnant is the example? The *Press* extinguished—the *People* enslaved—the *Prince* undone!

ERIN'S FRIEND.

EIGHT of the Antrim militia returning, some very short time ago, to Dunlavin, where they were quartered, called into a poor cottage on the high road, which was inhabited by an old woman of the name of O'Brien (between fifty and sixty years of age) and asked her for a drink.

The

The poor woman, generous to an extreme, went into her little dairy, where she had in the morning set the milk of one only cow which she was possessed of, and brought them the whole in a large jugg, on the side of which were the words *Union! Liberty!* This was sufficient to provoke the resentment of Orangemen. After having drank the milk, they immediately broke the vessel, and all trampled on it; at the same time calling her whore, bitch, &c. &c. and said she ought to have her house burned about her. The poor woman in vain solicited payment for her jugg, and still received the most vile abuse. She at length made some excuse to go to the door, where she knew there was a large spit, which she seized, and swore vehemently that no person should leave her house until she was paid. These brave foldiers seeing a weapon so destructive in the hands of a determined old woman, and finding no alternative, paid her the demand for her jugg, when she suffered them to depart in peace: So much for brave *Orangemen!!!*

THE following is an account of a transaction which took place in the co. of Wicklow.

In the morning of the 20th of October last, between the hours of one and two, Lieut. H*, of the Antrim Militia, Richard Fowler, of Dunlavan, and Thomas Butler, of the county of Kildare, went to the house of Michael Egan, and having broke open the door, desired him and his son Thomas Egan, to come down out of their beds—they were not even allowed to dress themselves; and on the very instant that they appeared, they were knocked down, and received many desperate stabs: naked, and bleeding as they were, they were then conveyed to the guard house of Dunlaven, and, on daring to complain of such treatment, were again knocked down, and beaten in a most unmerciful manner. On their arrival at the guard-house, they were offered rewards to swear against United Irishmen; but on the solemn declaration of the father and the son, that they had no connexion with persons of that description, they were again stabbed with bayonets.

After

After having nearly killed the father, they dragged the son to a private part of the guard-house, and by every kind of cruelty and torture they could invent, endeavoured to extort information from him; when, not receiving any (as the poor man had none to give) the barbarians a third time inflicted several wounds upon him. One of the party then used this remarkable expression, "I'll be damaged but *Barber* (who was the Cutler of the Antrim Militia) has sharpened my sword very well, and the next blow I'll take off his head." They then left the son, and went to the father, whom they used exactly in the same manner; and again returning to the son, they said that since he would not give them any information, they would hang him; to this they proceeded, and putting the rope round his neck, led him to a winding staircase; where again, not being able to obtain information from a person who had none to give, Lieutenant H** ordered *Mc. Causey*, a corporal to tie him up; which was instantly done;—he was then turned off. They then threatened the father that they would kill him also, if he would not inform; but at this time, a gentleman of profession, hearing the shrieks of the relatives of these miserable men, came to the window of the guard-house, and prevailed on the barbarians to let *Thomas Egan be cut down*. He was then cut down, but not before he was entirely deprived of his senses.

One would have imagined that an hospital or an infirmary would be the place to which the wretch would have been conducted. No such thing. He was hurried to the gaol of Wicklow, where he was confined thirteen weeks, and laden all the time with the most heavy irons; but we understand he has sworn examinations against the persons concerned in the above horrid transaction.

Michael Egan the father, a man upwards of seventy years of age, is lying in his bed, in a most helpless situation; his breast and shoulder-bone broke; and even, if he survives, will never be capable of benefiting either himself or his family.

We

We have delayed giving the above account to the public; until we know whether the unhappy victims of military fury had survived their sufferings; and understanding that they yet live, we should deem ourselves culpable, if we longer deferred to acquaint the public with so barbarous and horrid an outrage.

HOW TO BE A GREAT LORD.

WOULD you be a *Great Lord*? Let me shew you the way;
 Too proud to be honest, a debt never pay;
 Your fame and your fortune on prostitutes squander,
 With a pimp in your coach, at your table a pander.
 Or mount your own box, 'tis by far the less evil,
 That pimp and that pander drive post to the devil.
 Roast a child for your sport, set the hamlet on fire,
 Then cut down with your sword both the son and the fire:
 A terrible Colonel now bully and swagger,
 And plant in the heart of your country—a dagger.
 When sharpers have *done* you, regard my advice,
 Repair with a bribe what you lost by the dice.
 Think little—drink much—your best principles barter,
 And instead of a rope be preferred with a garter.
 Or a mime on the stage, and becoming your part,
 In *character* act, and be still what thou art.
 Does indigence ask? shut your purse and your door;—
 Distress is so shocking! God dam all the poor!
 Now job for a borough, now truck for a place,
 Or stoop to a pension, and rise by disgrace;
 And last to your *friend* let your kindness be shewn;—
 Be true to *his* wife—and be chaste to your own.

Now if thou art not a *great Lord*, by St. Peter
 Thou art a *great rascal*, in prose or in metre.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

I TRUST you will acknowledge, that I have not dealt unfairly with you—that I have not taken you by surprise: it is now nearly three months since I wrote to you respecting the treatment I had experienced: your answer has, at length, arrived—a long time to form an opinion on a very plain question. Let me assure you, that I consider the violence offered to myself as nothing, compared to the injury the community sustains by the violation of the law, in my person. I feel the public interest so deeply and materially concerned, that I think myself in duty bound to my Country, and to the friends of Freedom throughout the empire, to address you through the medium of the public prints. If you are warranted in your conduct, my appeal must serve your government; as far as relates to me, praise for your vigilance, and thanks for your determination, will be your due from the thinking part of society. If, on the contrary, your proceedings have been unjustifiable, perfidious, treacherous and illegal, your deserts shall be ascertained, not by you, nor by me; I shall not pronounce judgment, let the country by whom you are to be tried, pass sentence.

One or more of the following conclusions will, perhaps, be drawn: either that you have acted legally, though perfidiously; that you have acted illegally and perfidiously; or, that you have acted in such a manner, as clearly to prove to the people, that you are perfectly indifferent as to their opinion, and regardless of the legality, or illegality of their proceedings.

In the month of April last, my steward was taken into custody, on the information of one *Cullinane*, an approver, for administering the oath of Union; in a few days after I learned, that (though no information could be extorted, either from this approver or my steward concerning me) a warrant had come from you, and six of your Council, to Brigadier General Coote, to arrest me. From the previous information

information received by me of such your intention, I stepped aside on the night the attack on my house and person was to be made, and finding that Ireland was no place for a person who had ever openly avowed himself an enemy to the system adopted by your Excellency, I left my country, that unfortunate country where terror had raised her frightful throne on the ruins of law and justice. I preferred a temporary banishment from family and home, to a Bastile; and as proof of my being under no apprehension from the *justice* of the law, before I quitted Ireland I wrote to Mr. Verling, my law agent, to acquaint the Judge who was then holding his assize in this county, that I would come forward if I was assured of an immediate trial: as that assurance could not be obtained, I left my country. You, as well as many others, construed my flight into guilt, in so doing you were unmindful of the system you had regularly acted on—*terror was the order of the day*. I remained in England from the latter end of April, till the 18th of June, on which day I returned to Ireland, to comply with the proclamation of your Excellency and of your Council, of the 17th of May. I did accede to the terms of that Proclamation, in all its forms. What my motives were for surrendering myself under that Proclamation, you are not authorized to make enquiry of, or comment on; whether I did so for the purpose of adjusting my private affairs, or by my presence to discountenance perjury—to develop plans of legalized murder, by certain agents, who pretended to be high in the confidence of government, and thereby to be the means of saving the lives of innocent men, who were to be offered up as victims to exterminating administrators, is a matter of no moment in the present question. Suffice it to say, I *did* surrender myself under the stipulations contained in the Proclamation, and received a certificate from the magistrates of my having done so; of all which I forthwith made you and your secretary acquainted.

From the 18th of June till the 5th of July, I absented myself from home, expecting daily some answer to any of my many letters. Tired of delay, on the 5th of July I
went

went home, determined to wait the event, and on the 14th was arrested by B. G. Cooté, and detained in Bandon till the 21st, on which day I was removed to Cork, escorted by Capt. Roche, of the 30th regt. and from thence to Dublin. Here I should mention, that whilst I was detained a prisoner in Bandon, I received a letter from your secretary, written before my arrest was known in Dublin; "Requesting of me to repair to Dublin, as, if the information of government was correct, I could throw much light on Irish affairs, which was expected from me, and that I may rest assured of my person being perfectly secure."

This letter was dated in Dublin, the same day I was arrested in the country; which circumstance, when you knew, the *manner* merely of my going was changed—I went as a prisoner—I would have gone if at my liberty.—In a detail of this nature, though I studiously avoid prolixity, it is altogether impossible to be as concise as I could wish; much depends on reference to dates, to be perfectly understood; and I am the more particular in observing them, as your's and your Secretary's defence chiefly rests on confounding them.

On the 23^d of July I arrived in Dublin, with Capt. Roach, who was ordered by your secretary to conduct me on the day following to his house in the Phoenix-park, whither we went. At this interview with Mr. Pelham, I was questioned at considerable length, both respecting my own transactions, and my political opinions: he dwelt much on the information of one Hebert, a French prisoner of war, on parole in Dunmanway; the remainder of the conversation was curious, and convinced me that Mr. Pelham received his intelligence from very incorrect informers. Without entering into detail, it is fully sufficient for my purpose to affirm, that an hour of the time of conference was taken up respecting Hebert and his information. What was the result? I was liberated. On asking Mr. Pelham if he had any further occasion to see me, or if there was any necessity for Capt. Roach to attend me, Mr. Pelham's answer was—"Mr. O'Connor, you are at perfect liberty

to go when and where you please ; Capt. Roach has no further occasion to attend you as a prisoner ; but you will be so kind as not to leave town till three o'clock this day—after that hour, if you do not hear from me, you are entirely at your liberty." These were Mr. Pelham's words to me, in the presence of Capt. Roche, than whom there exists not a man of more real worth, or more nice honour, to his recollection I appeal for the certainty of what I advance. In Dublin I remained from Sunday till Thursday ; on which day, previous to leaving town, I requested an audience of Mr. Pelham, relative to my brother, whom your Excellency had dungeoned for six months, and who was at that time in the Tower.

At this interview with Mr. Pelham, nothing very material as to myself passed, except his having told me, that since my arrival in Dublin, the government had received informations of a very serious nature concerning us, but that no attention was paid to them, as they came from a quarter not to be depended on : though I make but slight mention of these informations, at this time, I must request that you will mark the passage with particular notice, as by and by I shall be under the necessity of recurring to it. After my making several demands of the Secretary, respecting my brother, I left Dublin, to return to the county of Cork. On my arrival at home, I met a letter from *Brigadier General Coote* to my Wife, in the words following :—

Camp, near Bandon.

My dear Madam,

July 26, 1797.

" As I know it will give you pleasure to hear of Mr. O'Connor, I send you a copy of a Letter this day received by me from Mr. Pelham, concerning him."

Phoenix-park,

" *My dear Sir,*

July 25, 1797.

" CAPTAIN ROCHE will report to you his arrival here with Mr. O'Connor : they will return to-morrow, but Mr. O'Connor is discharged from any arrest, and is out, on the bail he entered into at Mallow.

" T. PELHAM."

" I am, dear Madam, &c.

" EYRE COOTE."

Here,

Here, my Lord, I shall drop the thread of my narrative, till I make a few comments on the foregoing: from which it will appear that in violation of your proclamation, I was arrested; detained for a week a prisoner in Bandon, and then to Dublin.

The public will observe, that at the time of my seeing Mr. Nelham, on the 24th of July, he was in possession of Hebert's information against me; that he questioned me at considerable length relative thereto, and liberated me, having, as I must suppose, authority so to do; and in proof of having done so advisedly, and with sufficient thought, he wrote to *Brigadier General Coote*, on the day following, the above recited letter, wherein is mentioned my being discharged from any arrest, and being out on the bail I had entered into at Mallow; which he knew to be a Recognizance of the peace for seven years, *pursuant to the proclamation*, Mallow being the place where I had surrendered myself.

A few more remarks, this Letter shall be concluded, and your Excellency shall get time, before the receipt of my next, to ruminate on your conduct, and to consider of that of the Agents of your Government.

"Till such time as I could with certainty assure the public, that you had been apprised of what had been done in your name, and under the sanction of your authority, from my private communications to you, and your answers, I wished them to think you were innocent, as being ignorant of the circumstances attending my case. Now, my Lord, if blame attaches, you must bear your part of the weight; a receiver of stolen goods is deemed rather more culpable than the thief:—" When thou sawest a thief thou consentest unto him and hath been partaker with the adulterer."

Permit me to ask you, do you suppose I would have had returned to Ireland, in June last, was I not confident that no offence could be charged on me, within the exceptions of your proclamation?

Allow me to enquire of you, whether you think it probable, after being treacherously and perfidiously deprived of my liberty, after my compliance with the terms of your proclamation, that I would have suffered myself tamely to be taken to Dublin, by any one man, (to whom I again appeal, as to the possibility of forcing me thither,) if I had been under any apprehension, on an investigation of my conduct, of being detained?

Let me put the question to you; had *Mr. Pelham*, or had he not, power to liberate me; and, lastly, did not you write to my friend *Lord Kinsale*, that I had been liberated by your authority.

For the answers I shall thank you, if you can give them to your satisfaction; if you cannot whisper them to yourself in your closet.

I trust, for my own sake, there is nothing libellous in this letter. Truth, it seems, may be libel—and it contains nothing else. I could with the utmost difficulty, keep my pen within bounds; I governed it—happily it governed not me. Had I allowed it to etch my thoughts, I never should walk ten feet straight forward again. I live in the hope, however, of having my hand one day at liberty to manifest what my cogitations are.

I set at defiance all the machinations of conspirators against me.—

Nor, my Lord—

“—is there any terror in your threats,

“ For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

“ That they pass by me as the idle wind,

“ Which I respect not.”

I cannot prevail on myself to conclude this letter in the usual way that one gentleman expresses himself to another.

I cannot say I have the least respect for you, nor will I ever be your humble servant—I must only subscribe myself.

PRISON, CORK, }
Jan. 13, 1798. }

ROGER O'CONNOR.
TO

TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

I AM apt to think you would be to the full as well satisfied, if I discontinued my correspondence with you—an ardent love for my country forbid it. I hold the man guilty in the *first* degree, who from a masked battery, assails his fellow-citizens freedom; in the *second*, the open, bold, avowed invader of their just rights; and in the *third*, the silent, passive endurer of such wrongs.

There can be little difficulty in convincing you of my real concern for the necessity of addressing you; believe me, when I declare, that of the two, I think you will have to regret the occasion which has given rise to the correspondence, more than I shall; though, if ever you had nice feelings, they must become so callous since your arrival in my country, that you will not stand in need of much pity, for any shock they may sustain.

I hope no libellous matter was discovered in my former letter, which as the law officers of your vice-crown, have in all probability by this time reviewed; I may resume my narrative.

Permit me, then, through you, to inform the public (you are acquainted with most of the circumstances already), that I quitted Dublin, on the 27th of July, immediately after leaving Mr. Pelham, and returned to my own house in the county of Cork, where I remained but one day when I went with my wife and family to Kinsale, to be more out of the way of *spies* and *informers*, a body of whom there had been, during my absence from the country, an attempt made to *organize*, which in part succeeded; about fifteen *Orange*, or *bludgeon-men* having been raised, *attested* and furnished with daily hire, as the Rule of this respectable corps of observation and execution, is to swear to any thing, as matter of course, that may be written as matter of form, and as I did not stand well with the *gentlemen* of this fraternity, (for which in good truth, I do not blame them) I judged it prudent to leave home.

At

At Kinfale I remained till the commencement of the Cork affizes, when I came to this city, in order to expose as dark a conspiracy as ever was formed, against the lives of twelve innocent men. So fully had I investigated the charges alledged against these men, of the futility of which I was so confident, and so clearly did I see through the design of the conspirators, that I was determined to bring the whole transaction to light; by giving every aid which my labour, purse, or talents could bestow, in a fair, open, and I trust, honourable manner.—From the moment the party most anxious for the success of the prosecution, saw the host of witnesses, (*heretofore intimidated*) my appearance in behalf of the prisoners had produced, they despaired of being able to effect their bloody purpose—scarcely an hour passed till the day of trial, without a solicitation to me from one quarter or another, not to interfere between government and United Irishmen; or threats of informations hanging over my head, of which I was not aware, and which would certainly be let fall on me.

Solicitations I resisted, threats I despised—I did my duty—which, when I abandon from motives of private advantage or personal fear, I devoutly pray that I may cease to exist,

The event of this important trial justified my opinion; the men were acquitted by as respectable a jury as ever was impanelled, without the necessity of producing a single witness on their behalf. One of the witnesses for the prosecution, the principal ostensible performer to whom Brigadier General Coote had given twenty-seven guineas for *past services*, and had promised, on the conviction of the people, an hundred more, with the immediate possession of the surveyorship of Beerhaven, ran off from the Court-house, and has never since been heard of; the other was hurried from off the table into the dock, tried for perjury, convicted, and sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay for seven years.

It may, at first view, seem extraordinary that any person could be found so depraved, as to be sorry for the acquittal of

of those men, but so it was, a few who were deepest in the plot, enraged at its discovery and miscarriage, formed the resolution of putting the threats (already noticed) against me into execution; and now I came to learn *more particularly* the quarter from which the menaced attack was to be made.

Fellow-citizens, let not the tear stand in your eye, whilst I expose to your view this conspiracy against me, let indignation rouse, rather than sorrow depress you; feel for me—*feel for yourselves*, but let it be with the firmness of men, of *Irishmen*, not with the melting spirits of women; there is not a man of you unconcerned,

On the 17th day of the most protracted assizes ever known in this country, did five constables rush into my wife's bed-chamber, and arrest the father of eight children, on an information, taken by—whom? By no other than one whom the world has called my own *brother*. We did the citizens of Cork behold dragged from wife and children to this gaol, on such an information.—Rage seized the *tame* people of the South, when they came to know the truth. Hear how I became almost as soon dungeoned, acquainted with the means used in procuring the information, which, if possible, aggravates the enormous crime of taking it,

I had not been five minutes in this gaol, when a young gentleman of the name of Speare, a Lieutenant in the 8th regiment of foot, whom I had never known before, begged to see me. Being introduced, he told me of his hearing that my *brother* was the cause of my arrest; that he was present when Cullinane gave the information on which I was taken; that every persuasion and threat was made use of, to prevail on him to swear it; that on Cullinane's saying on his oath he knew nothing to my prejudice, my brother told him it was a mere matter of form, and should never appear; that his only motive was regard to informant, who must go to gaol, and be hanged, if he persisted in his obstinacy; and that he never ceased working upon the mind of Cullinane, till he prevailed on him to swear to the information; every charge in which was *suggested* to him
by

by my brother. Mr. Speare concluded with saying, that he was ready to come forward at any time, and swear to the truth of what he had related, which his conscience would not allow him to conceal.

Scarcely had Mr. Speare left the gaol, when a messenger from *Cullinane* himself came to let me know his astonishment on hearing that I had been arrested on an information of his; that my brother had been with him that morning, and desired him not to lose a moment's time in getting out of town, but that he would not go, as he feared (from the information appearing, which this magistrate told him should never be the case) some danger to me, and that if I should pardon him, he would tell the TRUTH. He then proceeded to acquaint me, by the desire of *Cullinane*, that on Wednesday the 19th of July, whilst I was a prisoner in Bandon, within nine miles of my own house, where I had left seven young children, (*within one mile of which my brother lives*), whom also their mother had quitted to come to me, at a time when every soul, *save one*, in the country, was touched with pity for her sufferings, did my brother *steal* to the house of *Cullinane*—and to this man did this brother say,

‘ O'Connor has returned to this country, and is shortly
 ‘ to go to Dublin, to give information against twenty-four
 ‘ United Irishmen. You are the first on the list, for swear-
 ‘ ing against his steward last spring. From my regard to
 ‘ you, I have devised a plan for your safety—be beforehand
 ‘ with him; give me some information against O'Connor,
 ‘ which shall never appear unless he shall attack you—in
 ‘ which case it will save you.’

In vain did the man urge his ignorance of me—he was answered with curses for his obstinacy, and threats of the gallows in case of refusal. At length he consented to attend a summons at this magistrate, my brother's house; and in the mean time he promised to think of the business—which summons he received, and answered; all the circumstances attending which, more fully appears by Mr. Speare's affidavit, sworn before the Mayor of Cork.

Such

Such is the history of this information; on which I was arrested, the very same which your Secretary told me on the 27th of July, had been received by government of me since my arrival in Dublin, and which he added met with no countenance, by reason of the quarter it came from, as mentioned in my former letter.

Tedious I must appear; not versed in composition, I could not express myself more concisely—with a few observations I shall conclude this letter, Mr. Pelham received this information of Cullipane's, from B. General Coote, on Monday the 24th of July, a little after I quitted him.—His letter to Mr. Coote, of the 25th, stated in my former letter, must consequently have been written *subsequent* to his knowledge of it. On Thursday 27th, he told me of the receipt of such an information—*yet he suffered me to depart unmolested, he discharged me "from any arrest," and suffered me "at large on the bail I had entered into at Mallow,"* which he knew was *only a recognizance of the peace for seven years, under the proclamation.* Pray, my Lord, is it an offence contrary to law, for a man of considerable estate to attend the assizes of his county? Is it penal for a lawyer of fourteen years standing at the bar, to appear in Court an advocate, *though unbired?* What is the *treason* I have committed?

I tell you to your very beard, the *avowed* charge against me is, *stretching forth my protecting arm between innocent men and death, in the shape of Irish legal murder.*

Permit me to enquire of your Excellency—if it is *Law* to keep back in Magistrates pockets, informations (taken full seven weeks prior to the Assizes) for the space of seventeen days of the actual sitting of a Judge of Gaol Delivery—the traitor appearing every day in the very Court, and to delay sending up bills of indictment on them till the Judges had quitted the county, whereby the accused must be deprived of trial, and doomed to a *Bastile for seven months*: though the longest Assizes ever known had passed over, after the alleged commission of the offence? where did you learn such *Law*? I am sure not from your father.

I do

I do not *directly* charge you, but I do charge some servants of your administration with *hiring* my unfortunate Brother to commit, this more than monstrous deed; but though your Excellency may not have *devised* the plan, you must be content to be considered as an accessory after the fact, by not divesting such a magistrate of his office, and by proceeding on an information so procured, of *all* the circumstances attending which I do publicly declare and aver I made you acquainted. The act of the magistrate countenanced by administrators, must be taken as the act of the administration. I could have viewed it in the light of *private malice of Individual Depravity*, I should have never *proclaimed* the infamy of a brother, whose sober reflections should have been his punishment—more than probable your Excellency knows nothing of our Irish History, *but that of your times*, open any page of it since the evil hour your Country-men first came amongst us, you will meet with a case similar to the present; our history is filled with such acts of English Viceroy's, Secretaries, Chaplains, Clerks, Runners, Spies and Informers. It was by such arts my *disunited* Country became enslaved by yours; this is but the revival, or to speak more properly a continuation of the old system of setting father against Son, Son against Father, Brother against Brother, Friend against Friend; but thanks to the grand Artificer, *Discord* that evil planet has nearly ran its course, and is about to sink below the horizon of our Island—*see it vanisheth*. Behold *Union's* propitious light risen in the North, moving thro' all the parts of our heaven, dispelling the mists of Bigotry and Superstition, which obstructed the rays of truth and reason, *directing and animating the Children of Erin*.

Wishing you in charity—Eyes to see, and Ears to hear, I take my leave of your Excellency for the *present*, hoping to bring my Correspondence with you to a final period in one more Letter.

ROGER O'CONNOR.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

FROM my two former letters addressed to *you* but designed for the *public*—the people in all probability will conclude that you have acted treacherously and perfidiously. Be it my duty in this letter to relate the proceedings after my arrest—from which my countrymen, perhaps, may be warranted in thinking that the law has been most flagrantly violated; and God knows, the last parliament of abhorred memory, gave you field wide enough to exercise every species of cruelty, without your being driven to the necessity of taking a range *beyond* the limits assigned you.

Without further preface, I proceed to state that being arrested on the 27th of September, and dragged to this gaol (as heretofore shewn) such a clamour was raised throughout this city, that evening and the following morning, that *even* the Grand Jury of this county were ashamed to see me brought to the Court-house, on such an information; and hit upon the expedient of bolstering it with the information of Hebert, and accordingly on the next day found bills of indictment against me on *that*; after which I was ordered up to the court from this gaol, by Mr. Sergeant Chaterton, who presided as Judge (Barons Smyth and Mege, having quitted the county the day before, but a few minutes prior to my arrest). When I had arrived at the Court-house, I made no doubt of immediate release, having taken the precaution to procure the attendance of Cullinane the prosecutor.—My counsel, Messrs. Henry Grady and Lysaght, required of the Court to discharge me according to the Proclamation, to give me an immediate trial, or to admit me to bail; with any of which requisitions the Judge refusing to comply, Mr. Grady rose and told such a tale of woe, as drew tears from almost every eye of a crowded audience—all his endeavours were ineffectual. Mr. Lysaght proved, in my opinion, incontrovertibly, that I could not *legally* be remanded to prison; his efforts were fruitless—I then addressed the Court

to which I briefly stated that no part of Cullinane's information placed me within the exceptions of your Proclamation of the 27th of May. That on Hebert's information, I had heretofore been in fact tried by your Secretary, and actually acquitted, and that though I had been in custody, not more than eighteen hours, I was ready for trial, to which, that there should be no delay, I had summoned the only witness against me, who then attended and was in my sight.

In short, I demanded an instant trial, liberation on bail, or a discharge, under the faith of your Proclamation; and lastly, I called on either counsel or agent for the Crown, to shew cause by affidavit—why my trial should not be proceeded on—no person appeared—all I could obtain was an adjournment of the Assizes for ten days, in order, as the Judge said, to give an opportunity to me to apply to your government for my liberation, *and to himself of enquiring from the executive, how he was to regulate his conduct*, as he found himself in a very painful awkward situation; and back was I conducted to this prison.

I then wrote to your Secretary, a plain statement of all the facts: I enclosed Lieut. Spears' affidavit. I reminded him of his knowledge in July of all the charges now brought against me, in the shape of bills of indictment, and his liberation of me, and concluded, with requesting an order from him for my discharge from custody, that I might prosecute my journey to England, whither I had intended to go, immediately after the assizes of Cork: to this I received Mr. Pelham's answer,—‘ That I had neither his consent or countenance to attend the assizes; on the contrary, that he imagined I had gone to England long since, that he had nothing now to do with the affair of my arrest, bills having been found against me, by the Grand jury of my county, that if I had been indicted for admitting unlawful oaths, I should of course be discharged under the terms of the proclamation,’ and concluded with saying, ‘ whether your conduct before or since the proclamation, warrants the charges now brought against you, must

must be determined by those on the spot who have the circumstances before them.'

This Letter (by which I was led to imagine my trial would be proceeded on "by those on the spot, who had the circumstances before them," when the Court should open according to adjournment), I sent to Mr Sergeant Chatterton, from whom, to my astonishment, I learned the assizes were over, and that the Court would not be opened again, though but six days of the adjournment had elapsed.

On my first arrest on the indictment I guessed what I had to expect; yet thinking it possible that this unwarrantable step might have been taken without you or your Secretary's knowledge by the petty tyrants, in the provinces, I did not give over all hopes of obtaining my liberty, 'till the communication by Mr. Sergeant Chatterton after his receipt of your *Secretary's instructions*.—I then found my conjectures verified—perceiving that your Excellency, ashamed of such a proceeding, endeavoured to sanction your conduct by the act of the Grand Jury (of whom I cannot think but with abhorrence) I gave myself no further trouble about you or your Secretary, determined patiently to wait the coming of better times, 'till the latter end of October, when getting *further* intelligence of the conspiracy formed against me, and having it in my power to give many *more* substantial reasons against my detention, I wrote to you in a stile very dispassionate, without any the slightest comment or observation, confining myself to a mere recital of facts, in substance the same as detailed in these my letters to you; and at the same time sent you an affidavit made by Mr. Dogherty, Uncle to Hebert's Wife—giving an account of a conversation, between him and Hebert a few days after my arrest, wherein Hebert disclaimed "any knowledge of me, and protested his ignorance of any thing to my prejudice," and disclosed to Mr. Dogherty, "the threats on the one hand, and on the other the promises of large sums of money, and a comfortable annual income to induce him to swear to a written paper, the contents of which he knew not."—I likewise sent you
Mr.

Mr. Pelham's letter to me, and Brigadier General Coote's letter to my wife, giving an extract of Mr. Pelham's letter to him of the 25th of July, and also a copy of Lieutenant Spearé's affidavit, lest your Secretary might have suppressed the original sent to him, of which I believe him truly capable: to this letter, and these papers which were handed to you by my friend and brother Arthur O'Connor, I received an answer—"that the offence I was charged with, namely, corresponding with the enemy, was not pardonable by the Proclamation; with regard to the affidavits and papers, that you would take them into consideration, and give such answers as you should be advised."

In this state did the matter rest till last Saturday, when, through my brother, I received an official notification, that I could not be liberated; which answer has induced me to publish the entire transaction, and to call on the People to be judges between you and me—"a round unvarnished tale have I delivered, whereof my Country had by parcels something heard, but not distinctively, nothing have I extenuated, nor have I set down aught in malice." The observations to be made on the foregoing will conclude this letter and correspondence with your Excellency: and first I shall take a view of Hebert's information, and how the law stands in this particular case.

The King's last parliament, in their last session, registered an edict, authorizing your Excellency, and six of your Council, to issue a warrant to arrest any person of whom in your wisdom or your jealousy you may think proper to have suspicion; in which case, and which *only*, as I apprehend, the suspension of the bill of Habeas Corpus operates: by virtue of such a Warrant or Warrants, or orders to a Brigadier General, one dated the 24th of June, the other the 1st of July, was I detained by Brigadier Gen. Coote, when invited to his tent, by his Aid-de-Camp; by virtue of such a warrant was I taken to Dublin by Captain Roche; the paper said to be an information, though never signed by Hebert, being the cause of suspicion, respecting which
your

your Secretary examined me on Monday the 24th of July; and liberated me with your Excellency's knowledge, as heretofore fully explained. If you and your Secretary had authority to discharge me from custody, and to set me at large on the bail given pursuant to the proclamation; was I not acquitted to all intents and purposes *legally*? If you and your Secretary were not empowered to liberate me, I charge you both with misprision of treason.

I admit the legality of my first arrest, however perfidious—The same act of the legislature which sanctioned the warrant, gave a discretionary power to you and your Secretary, (blessed confidence!!) either to discharge or imprison the accused: your discretion directed you to liberate me: by what law could I be molested again after acquittal before a legal (however extraordinary) tribunal?—If the law did not invest you with power to use your discretion, how could you answer to the public? how could your Secretary presume to liberate a person charged with High Treason in no less degree than corresponding with your King's Enemy?—Here ends Hebert's information, or whatever you please to call it, with this one remark, that it is dated on the 1st of June, and relates to circumstances *alleged by the Magistrate* to have happened on the 1st of February before, for the *truth* of which you are now referred to Hebert's affidavit hereunto annexed.

To Cullinane's information, (procured as aforesaid, bearing date on the 20th of July, giving a story of a conversation *told by the Magistrate likewise*, said to be holden on the 6th of April preceding, and received from Brigadier General Coote, by your Secretary, on Monday the 24th of July) the same reasoning applies as to Hebert's: your Secretary with knowledge of it liberated me, nay, added that Government paid no attention, by reason of the quarter it came from, yet was it *afterwards* to be made the instrument to deprive me of Liberty for seven months; though I made you acquainted with one very remarkable circumstance, namely, That on the examination of Cullinane by Lord Bantry, and the Rev. William Silleto, on Sunday the 9th

9th of April, the day after his arrest, and but three-days subsequent to the supposed conversation, he declared on his oath, to them, that he knew nothing of me, or to my prejudice: for the certainty of which I appeal to these two Magistrates.

Besides where was the occasion of putting my Steward to the torture in April last, to extort information of me, if Cullinane could have furnished you *at that time* with such documents as in four months after were miraculously brought to his recollection? Before I finally dismiss these informations, I desire of Mr. Pelham to call to mind his conversation with me respecting this Magistrate, and the testimony I produced to him, of actings and sayings of the man, which at the time very properly seemed to fill his Soul with horror, and I cannot avoid thinking, that the intelligence then given to your Secretary, of the indisposition of this unhappy man, induced Mr. Pelham to have recourse to him, and to make use of him (according to English custom) to destroy him.

Having given a faithful narrative of all proceedings of your government, respecting his transaction, the two last letters from your Secretary, since my arrest, demand consideration. I call on him to explain the import of the passage—‘That I had not his consent or countenance to attend the assizes of Cork; on the contrary that he thought I had gone to England long before their commencement.’”

Should our miseries continue to accumulate, I make no doubt of the establishment of offices for the distribution of license to *us Irish*, to go here, or stay there—*hiiberto* I did not know that *an Irishman* had occasion to ask permission of an *English clerk* to attend the assizes of his county. But I particularly require of Mr. Pelham to acquaint the public how he could suppose that a person charged with high treason, could have gone to England and not have been under *the absolute necessity* of attending the assizes—if he had not known that the person accused had been heretofore arrested, tried, acquitted, and *discharged*.

The

The truth is your government, ashamed of being under the necessity of liberating one, for whose apprehension thousands have been offered, propagated a report, that I made important discoveries, had manifested a sincere repentance for any offences I might have committed, and that I was obliged to quit Ireland during the war, as soon as the adjustment of my private concerns would allow—in other words, that I had submitted to obey a lettre de cachette—To which I answer, that had I any discoveries to make, I feel myself proof against any species of torture to extract—even a broken sentence; that as to my offence against my country, my maxim ever has been, “*Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*”—to which whether I have paid due observance or not, my Country must decide; and with regard to the last stipulation, I ask Mr. Pelham, was it demanded of me?—Perish, O'Connor, ere he would consent to it

The last letter is reviewed, and dismissed with one observation—that at length you surrender Cullinane's information, your only hold at first; and now intrench yourself behind Hebert's—which you had before abandoned, as untenable.

After seven month's imprisonment, *perhaps* it may be your *Virté*-royal will and pleasure to give me an opportunity of vindicating myself, and recovering the liberty of the common air, and the use of my own limbs; I say, *perhaps*, as you can, with precisely the same colour of law or justice, extend the punishment to next year, and from year to year in eternum, “*Gnaeus hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissimæ regnæ castigatque auditque dolos.*”

What, my Lord! were not all the laws in your statute-book, (the most bloody that ever defiled a nation) found sufficient to prosecute me?

Did you feel yourself reduced to the necessity of exercising a vigour beyond *even Irish law*?

What were your instructions to Mr. Sergeant Chatterton, *which he sent for*?

F f

What

What were the terms of your reprimand, for his imprudence in adjourning the affizes?

Why did he not open the court on the tenth day, *pursuant to adjournment*?

Will you tell the people of this land, that the will of an English oligarchy is Irish law, is Irish Constitution?

Will you tell them that to that oligarchy *alone* you hold yourself accountable?

Will you tell them that, that oligarchy considers Ireland as a conquered province, which they treat accordingly, which they have reduced to a work-shop, for the manufacture of soldiers and sailors, to fight the battles of their task-masters?

Tell them—but hold, spare yourself the pains—we know, what is still better, we *feel* our degradation. Thanks to the God of Nature, who works by means inscrutable to mortal ken, Grenville, Pitt, and Jenkinson have done wonders—THEY HAVE NEARLY REALISED OUR FOND HOPES OF SEEING THOSE ABUSES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO WITHSTOOD THE INEFFECTUAL STRUGGLE OF DIVIDED KINGDOMS, FALL PROSTRATE BEFORE THE MODERATE, BUT DETERMINED EXERTIONS OF UNITED NATIONS.

Britain, thou hast an inspired, prophetic Fox, a matchless Burdett—Are not Norfolk, Ruffel, Gray, and Sheridan, Erskine, Stanhope, Tierney, Oxford, Lauderdale, thy sons? Is not truly noble Suffolk thine——“thousands besides; but who can count the stars of Heaven?” May their influence reanimate; may their celestial light irradiate all thy children. Burdett of Foremarc, that land which gave you birth, must be ever dear to O'Connor; though his country now writhes and groans beneath the lash of thine, the Irish know how to discriminate between the cruelties and vices of a destructive and profligate faction, and the humanity and virtues of a generous and gallant people.

Tell

Tell England to bid farewell to Liberty, when Ireland is enslaved : three millions of Irish slaves, would rivet Britain's chains.

Countrymen, whilst *assassination* is bailed by authority, am I doomed to a Bastile, on charges, the futility of which I was ready to prove *according to law, which was denied me*—the groundlessness of which, I have made clearly appear to the executive, *without redress*. Behold me in a loathsome prison, in a cell nine feet square ; my fortune ruined ; my health impaired ; my constitution shattered ; with enough of all left, however, to be useful to my country.

Hear me through the grate of my gaol ; be watchful as owls ; resolute as lions ; gentle as lambs ; persevering as moles ;—be patient, sober, and discreet ; faithful and true to your engagements ; adore your Creator ; be ready to die for your Country ; fear a bad character—dread nothing else.

Let the World be your Republic,
Ireland your Country,
To do good, your Religion,
Be humane ;
BUT ABOVE ALL—BE UNITED.
Farewell Fellow-citizens.

Of you, my Lord, I take my leave, with saying that whoever advised you to take the steps you have taken against me, is no judge of law, a bad judge of politics, and a worse judge of human nature.

ROGER O'CONNOR.

**COPY OF
LIEUTENANT SPEARE'S AFFIDAVIT.**

SWORN BEFORE VESIAN PICK, MAYOR.
County of the } SAMUEL SPEARE, late of the coun.
City of Cork. } ty of Devon, in the kingdom of Great
Britain, and now a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 8th or King's regiment of Foot, this day came before me, and being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that

F f 2

in

in the month of July last, shortly after the Deponents return from England, Deponent was in the city of Cork, through the medium of a friend of his who was then in the house of Robert Longfield O'Connor of Fort Robert in the county of Cork, he the Deponent received an invitation to go on a visit to the said Robert O'Connor, for the purpose of seeing some friends of this Deponent who were of that said house. Deponent saith he accordingly went to said house where he remained for some days. Saith that although this Deponent previous to his arrival at said house had never seen nor was acquainted with the said Robert Longfield, he the said Robert Longfield, in some short time after Deponent came to his said house, in the course of conversation introduced the name of his brother Roger O'Connor, with whom this Deponent had not any previous acquaintance nor had he ever seen him, and saith in said conversation the said Robert Longfield related to this Deponent a variety of matters and charges highly prejudicial to the said Roger O'Connor, and represented the said Roger O'Connor in so infamous a light to the Deponent, that he the Deponent became impressed with a very unfavourable opinion of the said Roger O'Connor. Saith at different other times while Deponent was in the said house and whenever said Robert Longfield had occasion to mention the name of the said Roger O'Connor, the deponent heard him make use of and apply to him the said Roger O'Connor the most approbrious epithets, and such as could alone be applicable to the greatest delinquent. Saith that towards the latter end of said month of July and Deponent was in company with the said Robert Longfield, standing in a field near said house, he the Deponent saw a person of the name of Cullinane, as deponent was informed by said Robert Longfield O'Connor coming towards Deponent and said Robert, whereupon the said Robert mentioned to the Deponent the words following or to the effect thereof. "Here comes one of the greatest rascals and villains existing, he is coming to swear informations against that villain my brother?" Saith the said Robert afterwards desired said Cullinane to go to his office door and that the said Robert would let him in. Saith that soon after this deponent accompanied the said Robert into
his

his said office, whereupon the said Cullenane was desired to come into said office, and saith upon said Cullenane's coming in, Deponent was forcibly struck with evident marks of apprehension and trepidation which the countenance and appearance of Cullenane betrayed. Saith that immediately after the said Robert swore the said Cullenane, *he informed him that he was to give informations against the said Roger O'Connor*, and after said Robert had put some questions to said Cullenane, *and after intimating a wish that the said Cullenane should answer said questions so as to criminate the said Roger O'Connor*, he the said Cullenane became alarmed, greatly frightened and agitated, *and declined complying with the wish* of the said Robert, whereupon the said Robert assured the said Cullenane that the swearing *as was required against the said Roger O'Connor was a mere matter of form*, and that the said Robert would keep the matter so sworn to himself, and at the same time mentioned to said Cullenane that by his swearing against the said Roger O'Connor, he the said Cullenane *would save himself from going to prison*. Saith that the said Robert having in manner aforesaid operated on the mind of Cullenane, he the said Cullenane acquiesced in adopting or confirming any charge *intended to him by the said Robert Longfield* against the said Roger O'Connor, and this Deponent saith that when the said Robert used to put a question to the said Cullenane tending to criminate the said Roger, and that the said Cullenane *could not answer the same or declined doing so*, he the said Robert used to frame and manage the said question, and so work upon the said Cullenane to answer the same to the prejudice of the said Roger. But *before* the said Cullenane would actually give said answer, he the said Cullenane used to ask the said Robert whether his answering said question *as suggested to him by the said Robert*, would *save himself*, to which the said Robert used to reply in the affirmative, *and thereupon and not before* said Cullenane answered said question. Saith that the *whole* of said examination of said Cullenane was conducted in manner aforesaid and was immediately reduced to writing in presence of Deponent, and after said writing or informations was signed by said Cullenane, he the said Cullenane said to the said Robert, " Now, Sir, I

am free from any thing you "have against me," or words to that effect, whereupon the said Robert replied in the affirmative, and that he might go away, for that nothing more would be required of him. Saith for what the Deponent saw while in company with said Robert and said Cullenane, and from the manner in which said examination of said Cullenane was conducted, and from the great eagerness and anxiety, then shewn by said Robert in endeavouring to criminate said Roger O'Connor and from the conduct of said Cullenane, he the deponent is well convinced and satisfied in his mind, that the said Cullenane was influenced and intimidated by the said Robert Longfield to swear said information, and that said informations were not the result of a mind free and unbiassed—disposed to tell the genuine truth.

Saith the Deponent not being conversant or acquainted with matters of law, and hearing the said Robert say, that said information was not to go further, he the deponent did not know what effect the same could have against the said Roger O'Connor, or for what purpose same was intended, and saith he the deponent did not take any further notice respecting same until the present Assizes of Cork, when hearing that some bill or bills of indictment were found against the said Roger O'Connor upon said information of said Cullenane so taken before the said Robert Longfield, he the deponent recollected the same and the several circumstances aforesaid, and deponent having been undeceived respecting the aforesaid representation of the said Robert against said Roger O'Connor, he the deponent conceived himself bound in honour and justice to said Roger O'Connor to relate the aforesaid circumstances to the said Roger O'Connor and to verify the same upon oath, if the same can be of any benefit for the advancement of justice and the protection of the innocent.

And the deponent saith that subsequent to the said information being as aforesaid, taken by the said Robert, he the said Robert said to the deponent that upon second thought he had better give in the said information to General Coote. Sworn before me at the Mansion-house,

Cork, 28th September, 1797.

V. PICK.

Copy

Copy of a Letter from JOHN HEBERT to Mrs. O'CONNOR.

Kinsale, December 26, 1797.

" MADAM,

" IT being reported that I am to be a witness against
 " Mr. O'Connor, you may be assured I never shall, who
 " I know nothing to his prejudice, and besides it being
 " a thing so contrary to the laws of my country, and that
 " I wrote a letter to Mr. Rashleigh, a magistrate of this
 " town, offering to make an affidavit that it was out of
 " my power to appear against him, as I never spoke to
 " him but once in my life, that I went to his house con-
 " cerning some business of my own, and I was then in a
 " state of intoxication.

" I am, Madam,

" Your humble servant,

" J. HEBERT."

" To Mrs. O'Connor, Connorville."

Copy of JOHN HEBERT'S AFFIDAVIT.

County of } JOHN HEBERT, a French prisoner of war,
 Cork. } came this day before me, and voluntarily made
 oath, that he has heard that he has been detained in Ire-
 land for the purpose of giving evidence against Roger
 O'Connor of Connorville, in said county, Esq. and saith,
 that he will not nor cannot as a French citizen and prisoner
 of war, give any evidence in this country against said
 O'Connor, and deponent further saith, that he never spoke
 to said O'Connor but once, that he called to his house
 about his private business, and that he the deponent was at
 that time in a state of intoxication.

Sworn before me this 27th of December 1797.

J. RASHLEIGH.

TO RT. HON. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, BART.
 COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES
 IN IRELAND.

SIR,

MY original design in addressing you, was to disclose what I hoped you were unacquainted with; namely, that a twofold conspiracy was formed against this country, and that you were deceived by the wretches concerned in those plots, in order to render you instrumental to their completion. I thought, by pointing out the depravity of the system, in which you are required to act so principal a part, to disgust you against lending it your support; or if that should fail, to convince you of the impossibility of success, and thus obtain from your judgment and policy, what I could not extract from the feelings of your heart. With the former of these purposes, however, I should not have troubled you, had I been acquainted with a few facts, which have since come to my knowledge; in the latter I will persist; for it shall not be said that a nation, determined to resist every effort that may be made against its liberties, concealed either its intentions or its powers, while the disclosure of them might have deterred presumption itself from the attempt, and spared the effusion of human blood.

I will not ask you, Sir, what the nature is of those instructions, which are given to such officers, as on leaving England for this country, are furnished with *charts of extermination or expulsion*; nor will I ask you by whom this ingenious mode of ascertaining the quantum of cruelty and violence, to be exercised in each county of this devoted country, was invented; for both those questions can easily be solved by a moment's reflection, and on the mere inspection of this curious instrument. Can you plead ignorance of the fact? Is it possible, that without your knowledge, almost every officer, who has lately come into this country from Great Britain, has been previously supplied with a written account of the population of each county of
 Ireland,

Ireland, and of its three principal cities, together with the number of Catholic and Protestant inhabitants of each respectively? Or if you cannot deny your knowledge of this fact, will you attempt to represent it as innoxious, and not intended to facilitate the perpetration of any enormity, or to shape and direct their military exertions. What, Sir! will you insult the public understanding so grossly, as to attempt persuading it, that charts of that description are secretly put into the hands of military men, when ordered for this country, without any correspondent instructions, without any orders connected with such information? Is it a subject of amusement, particularly calculated for the military, to learn the positive and comparative strength of religious opinions in every county they may be quartered in? If it be for the mere indulgence of their curiosity as travellers and philosophers, whence the necessity of imposing on them the command of profound secrecy in a matter of such harmless entertainment? But I will lay before the public a faithful transcript of one of those charts, which has fallen into my hands; and after offering a few observations on its contents, leave that public to judge for itself, whether this be not an evidential link of that combination, well known in this country by the name of Orange-treason, which founds its hopes on religious dissension and extermination. The original, from which the following copy is taken, belongs to an officer, now in Ireland, who received it in England immediately previous to his departure for this country, with orders of strict secrecy: Many others, to his knowledge, have been supplied in a similar manner, and he believes it general among those of the army who have lately come over.

THE CHART.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>	<i>Difference.</i>
Antrim	40,000	70,900	30,900
Armagh	28,500	55,500	27,000
Carlow	7,000	27,000	20,000
Cavan	20,000	48,000	28,000
Clare	5,000	51,000	46,000
Cork	25,000	225,000	200,000
Cork City	10,000	90,000	80,000
Donegal	9,000	57,700	48,700
Downe	50,000	86,800	36,800
Dublin	10,000	90,000	80,000
Dublin City	40,000	260,000	220,000
Fermanagh	7,000	23,000	16,000
Galway	6,000	160,000	154,000
Kerry	5,500	69,000	63,500
Kildare	5,000	55,000	50,000
Kilkenny	5,500	69,500	64,000
King's Co.	5,000	43,000	38,000
Leitrim	7,000	28,000	21,000
Limerick	6,500	113,500	107,000
London Derry	30,000	69,000	39,000
Longford	4,000	36,000	32,000
Lowth	8,000	38,000	30,000
Mayo	8,500	111,500	103,000
Meath	6,000	40,900	34,900
Monaghan	25,000	64,100	39,100
Queen's Co.	7,500	62,500	55,000
Roscommon	4,000	36,000	32,000
Sligo	3,000	37,000	34,000
Tipperary	10,000	109,700	99,700
Tyrone	16,000	106,000	90,000
Waterford	5,000	47,000	42,000
Waterford Co.	3,500	36,500	33,000
Westmeath	6,300	64,300	58,000
Wexford	7,800	69,800	62,000
Wicklow	12,000	44,500	32,500
Total	448,300	2,506,000	2,058,600

32 Counties and 3 Cities.

Let

Let me now ask a few questions, to which the most unlettered mind will easily find answers—For what purpose are the military instructed on the subject of religious distinctions prevailing in this country? Is the sword to carve out how much of a certain religion shall remain in a certain place, and the surplus be disposed of in the safest way? When we call to mind the sanguinary measures which have been pursued in this country by that desperate faction, styling itself the Protestant Ascendancy; while we recollect that whenever any of its leading members went over to negotiate with the British cabinet, the ministerial prints of London teemed with assertions, that a religious war was on the eve of breaking out in Ireland; when, in short, we peruse the history of terrorism, since its introduction into this country, can there be a doubt of the object of this plan, or of the persons who suggested it?

But let us look more minutely into this chart of military instruction, and we shall soon perceive that religion, as usual, is but a political term, suggested by the demon of ambition, to spite the God of Union and of Love. Its defects will best prove its parentage, and shew how necessarily falsehood is derived from bad design. The first defect that meets our eye, is the omission of that numerous, respectable, and powerful description of the Irish nation, called Dissenters; a body, whose virtuous attachment to the liberties of their native soil, must, independently of their numbers and wealth, ever render them formidable to despotism and its satellites. Why, in a religious description of this country's population, were they omitted? The fact speaks for itself—they and the Catholics have UNITED in the great and glorious cause of Ireland, and therefore are politically considered of the same religion. The name of Catholic too will more easily reconcile the deed of extermination to a Scotch foldier, than that of Dissenter. Accordingly in those counties where the Dissenting persuasions outnumbered by a large majority those of the Catholic and Protestant collectively, as in Derry, Antrim, Down, &c. the Catholics are made to exceed the Protestants by double their number. How contemptible
are

are the arts to which usurpation is obliged to stoop for its support!

The next circumstance that attracts our attention in this Orange document is, that from the numbers of the Catholics, so calculated, some thousands in each county have been suppressed; so that on the total amount they may appear to bear little more than the proportion of 5 to 1 to those of the *established* Church. The grossness of this misstatement, however, cannot escape discovery by any person at all acquainted with the general population of this country, and the local predominance of its persuasions. Instead of estimating the inhabitants of Ireland at 2,955,200, which this deceitful calculation would represent as their whole amount, it is well known that the most accurate statements prove them within a few thousands of four millions and a half; and that of this number the Protestants of the *established* Church make not a ninth part.—But how does even this proportion diminish, if the term Catholic be a political signal to denote an enemy to the connexion and abuses of the Church and State? are not the most inveterate foes of monopoly and usurpation—are not the most determined champions for universal emancipation to be found among this handful of the Irish population called Protestants? Nine-tenths of the Protestants abhor the Protestant Ascendancy:—they regard it as a base and traitorous faction, leagued together for the preservation of abuses, and the monopoly of illgotten power; and their enmity they are ready to verify with their deeds, whenever occasion shall demand it.

Assemble then, Sir, such of your officers as have received the abovementioned erroneous information.—Tell them, if their instructions be to suppress the spirit of Liberty under pretence of reducing the religious sects of Ireland to an equality of numbers, they have not merely to dispose of the 2,058,600 of its inhabitants, marked as the overplus in their chart of instruction; nor even of the three millions and a half at which a juster calculation would state it; but, when politically considered, they have to exterminate

or

or expatriate eighty-eight ninetieths of the Irish nation/ before they can reduce to an equality of numbers those who are determined to be free, with those who seek to perpetuate their slavery. Tell them there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of the sturdy sons of Ireland, prepared to suffer and to die, when necessary, in their parents cause—men, from whom nor gaols, nor gibbets, nor the reeking steel can extract a groan—tell them this, then let slip *the dogs of war*, and to work with what appetite you may.

A MILITIA OFFICER.

TO THE MILITIA OF IRELAND.

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN,

I ADDRESS you with such a mixture of grief and indignation, that I know not which to give place to. Before I begin, you will give me leave to ask you a few simple questions. First, What countrymen are you? To such a question, I know your answer will be, we are **IRISHMEN**. Secondly, Did you enter into the service of government for the purpose of murdering your countrymen? Thirdly, Do you act to your fellow citizens with that feeling and humanity which characterizes an *Irishman*? No! to your shame be it spoken, you act even worse than those who were sent for no other purpose but to butcher us; these men are not totally devoid of humanity, these men who at their departure for this kingdom were told their object, which (in the words of a noble personage) was to quell the wild Irish; that was enough for men that had no tie, no friends, no interest in the fate of the country; but you that ought to be the defenders of your countrymen, you who are inmates of the same soil, you who in this isle first saw the light of Heaven, whose forefathers once flourished on the land that now you plunder, you, I say, will not hesitate (perhaps at the command of a raw and inexperienced officer) to plunge the bayonet into the unarmed peasant's breast, to violate youth, beauty, and rustic innocence, to grasp the burning torch, and spread the flames from thatch to thatch; these are crimes, which by long experience are become familiar, and which if we dare trouble our rulers

with

with the *mention* of, their ears are shut ; their hearts are hard against the pleadings of mercy, the shrieks of widows, and the plaintive cries of infant orphans ; they are facts which require no proof, and yet we are told they are too delicate to take into consideration.

Oh you that answer you are **IRISHMEN** ! Blush at the mention of the name, that name which even your enemies respect, that name which instead of giving the captives over to pillage and plunder (which is allowed in war) secure their persons and property from violation. I do not allude to any particular body of you, you have all performed your parts in such a manner as to make you equally culpable. One example—an unarmed countryman is met by an armed soldier, (perhaps in liquor) he is asked for money, he has it not, or is too poor to part with it ; in either case he refuses ; he is immediately seized, dragged to the guard-house, sworn by the accuser to be an **UNITED IRISHMAN**, undergoes a sort of examination, by some petty officer, and at last, without the shadow of law or justice, sentenced to be shot or whipt. I am far from advising you to treat your officers with disrespect ; on the contrary, it is your duty to obey them, (while under their command) but do not with such avidity seize every opportunity to spill the blood of your countrymen ; do not in your actions resemble the midnight murderer, who watches his harmless prey to the door of his cottage, conceals himself till he is buried in the sleep of weariness, then lifts the latch, first dispatches him, and spares not the widow or her infant. I wish not to encrease or diminish, but to tell you plainly that you are guilty in the sight of your Creator and your countrymen, and at that dreadful day, when the blood of the murdered, and the cries of the fatherless shall raise their voice against you, you will be heard to exclaim, with the wicked in the Revelations, O mountains crush us ! O earth cover us ! In the name of your God and your country, reflect (seriously and before it is too late), on your past actions, and the actions you are made instruments of, to lead innocence to the scaffold, as at Carricfergus, to exterminate your countrymen as if you
took

took the oath of the Orange-man, or as if you were kept for no other purpose.

Let each man of you lay his hand on his heart, and ask himself has he been guilty of any of the crimes I have mentioned. If innocent, he will feel a happiness in his mind which the guilty never know; if his conscience (that never-failing monitor) tells him he is guilty, then let him make amends by his future actions; let him think of the duty he owes to his God and his country; let him feel, that instead of his being the destroyer of his country, he should be its preserver. I now take my leave, but let me observe, that then, and not till then, will he be an IRISH-MAN; and when he is called to eternity, may his name live for ever, and his ashes rest in peace, is the wish of

LUCIUS.

ON LORD DUNGEON.

The western Lord so prone to pride
 Who *opposition* peers defy'd
 (Can cowards bully so?)
 Has lost the bravos' bold renown,
 E'en *Fitz*, has owned his friend put down
 By slender COSTELLO.

No more he's charmed with *Calipash*
 E'en peas *pull'd* now, to him are *trash*!
 He loathes his *former food*;
 This *Costello* has chang'd his taste
 For naught can yield my Lord a *feast*
 But scent of poor *man's blood*!

Be not cast down, my western chief,
 For Friendly *Fitz* may bring relief,
 —You're no more useful *here*;
 That *wool-chair'd* lord cannot deny
 E'en *bastard* bravo constancy,
 Your aim, a——BRITISH Peer.

ON

ON UNION FOR EVER.

Ye sons of Hibernia, assert your birthright,
 For freedom, for union, for liberty fight.
 No longer in ERIN, let bigotry reign;
 No longer let factions your union restrain.
 Oh ERIN for ever, Oh ERIN's the land
 Where Freedom and Union shall go hand in hand.

Oppress'd by disunion, the North first unites
 In Union fraternal, the West now delights,
 In the East like the Sun, its radiance you see,
 When the South shall unite, then ERIN is free.
 Oh Freedom for ever, oh freedom for me
 May we cease to exist when we cease to be free.

Oh Union how social, oh Union how rare
 In which all religions, may equally share,
 That unites in one cause, the rich and the poor,
 Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and sure.
 Oh Union for ever, oh Union's a rock,
 The force of our tyrants for ever shall mock.

Tho' perjury doom'd thee, Oh ORR, to the grave;
 Thy blood to our Union, more energy gave,
 For Union's a current, impede but its course
 Far and wide it extends, resistless its force.
 Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
 To chase *chase your oppressors* from ERIN's green land.

ACROSTICK.

D aubing with vilest flattery the state,
 O f style unpolish'd, full of artful hate,
 G overn'd by those who by the court are fed,
 J ust like them forced to fawn and puff for bread;
 O n all oblig'd to call, so weak its breath,
 U nder such fear of being PRESS'D to death,
 R eady to sing the flatterer's menial song;
 N or must it cease tho' government does wrong;
 A lways must praise its patron to secure,
 L aud tho' oppression knocks at every door.

ZARA:
 LETTERS

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VIII.

YOU propose to me certain queries, that naturally arise out of the subject of our correspondence, they are of the utmost importance; but the answers to them may not be easy, or safe of discussion; yet I will endeavour to satisfy your doubts, as far as may be allowed, in these wretched times of cruel vigilance, and jealous oppression: when, not only the free communication of opinion is repress'd, but even the current of thought, and the exercise of private judgment are controuled. I must repeat, once for all; what I have inculcated in my former letters, that the present *English* ministry have given such decided and unequivocal manifestations, of their hostile dispositions towards this country, that from them **WE CANNOT HOPE FOR GOOD; do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?**

The question, then, naturally results—Is there any dawn of hope? any prospect of relief, by the removal of this ominous and atrocious administration? I fear, I must answer in the negative.—The English people are sunk in torpor and apathy, they have not thought or feeling to demand a change of men and measures; on they plunge and founder, from ill to worse, with implicit confidence and blind submission, to the flagitious men, who have heaped on them calamities unparalleled; and overwhelmed them with bankruptcy and shame; a resort to new men could not make them worse; it might, perhaps, snatch them from perdition; they are possessed by a besotted desperation; they have not courage for the experiment; the aristocratic proprietors of the soil, immerst in luxury, and whirled away, in the pursuit of frivolous pleasures, cannot bear the fatigue of reflection; they do not wish to be roused from the trance of fond indulgence. The monied people, the dupes of their own avarice and cupidity, ensnared by the present lucre of government contracts, and financial speculations, have soared on wings of paper, to an imaginary prosperity. They shrink abhorrent from any change, lest it should injure the frail vehicle, which alone

supports them over a tremendous abyss. They have so implicated themselves with the present system, they find such momentary advantage, in the continuance of the reigning abuses, that they cannot detach themselves from the minister. The people, the plebeian multitude have no longer any name, voice, or political existence; they must learn a new lesson; "*that they have no concern with the laws, except to obey them.*" Their weight and influence in the community are annihilated, by the universal diffusion of terror, by the ponderous and iron hand of a gigantic military despotism. Government regards the multitude, only as objects of taxation, or of fear, as brute animals, destined to be the natural prey of more powerful and ferocious beasts, the exciseman and the common soldier. The privileged cast turn their eyes on *France*, and learn to consider the multitude, as their determined foes, as secret conspirators, for the destruction of those privileges, which, to them, are dearer than the salvation of the state. In thought, they behold all the sacred pales and barriers overthrown, by the rude and callous hands of peasants and mechanics, that fence in the hallowed walks and pleasure grounds, where spiritual pride, and aristocratic insolence, strut at large, untroubled, and admired; and enjoy the distant homage of the profane vulgar. They communicate their alarms to government, they cry aloud that their Paradise being violated, their sacred groves and high places being polluted and laid waste, and the idols of ancient worship being cast down, the next attack may be on the holy of holies. The rash irreverent hand of democratic reformation, may tear the awful and mysterious veil, that covers majesty itself, when slumbering on the throne. They encourage government to schemes of coercion; they join in the work of oppression; they trample the people in the dust; they set their feet on their necks, conscious that were they suffered to rise, the moment of their resurrection may be the downfall of their oppressors. The rational and patriotic few stand at a distance, and contemplate the strange scene, in silent sorrow and amazement; doubtful whether the public lethargy, the deleterious *coma*, shall precede revolutionary convulsions, or placid dissolution.

If we examine the truth attentively, we shall find that a change of ministry is scarcely possible. The present managers have pursued such ruinous measures with so much obstinacy, and hurried the nation on to such a precipice, that their continuance in office must, in my opinion, be coexistent with the present order of things. They have grown on royalty, like an enormous wen; they have drawn to themselves the strength and vital nourishment of that which they vitiate and deform; and should they now be cut off, a profuse hemorrhage, and mortal faintness, must follow their removal. They have, in fact, so perplexed, in the extreme, the state of Britain; so loaded her with debts and taxes; so crippled her resources, and exasperated her enemies, that bold indeed must be the minister, foolishly fond of power, or weakly sanguine in his hopes of good, that, amidst the wreck of a sinking state, would venture to assume the helm. Melancholy and dangerous function! to preside at the downfall of a ruined nation.

It may be thought by some, that prudence should lead the present ministry to resign their dangerous pre-eminence, to withdraw themselves from a criminal responsibility, before destruction pounces upon them with the rapid pinion and strong talons of an Eagle. They cannot do it; their consciousness of guilt, their sense of danger prevents them. They know and feel that punishment must follow resignation; that the people would then be roused from their trance, and call for vengeance on the authors of their misery, the deluders of their easy faith, with all the rage and enmity that succeed to ill-quited love, and confidence misplaced. Aware of this, the present ministry will cling to office, as their *palladium*. They know that continuance in power, is their impunity; they will not leave this sanctuary; they will grasp the pillars of the Temple. Sooner than they will suffer themselves to be driven or torn from their stations, they will shake those pillars to their foundation; they will overwhelm all orders of the state in a common ruin, and bury themselves in the disjointed fragments of the edifice.

The secession of the friends of the Constitution, from the two houses of Parliament, in each kingdom, does not seem to have made a sufficient impression on the public mind. In my opinion it is a most awful transaction; it is the last warning measure of despairing virtue. It should awaken the people; it should purge their eyes with *ca-
pbrassy and rue*, that they may look attentively around them, and consider what dangers menace them from abroad; what resources they possess at home.

The principle and tendency of this secession, are not equivocal; it is a marked declaration by action, more strong than words, that the present subsisting forms, perverted as they now are, cannot suffice, for the salvation of the country. Were the tendency and meaning of this secession in the least equivocal, the leaders of Opposition have not left the people to their own surmises and glosses on the text; they have spoken out, and explained as fully and explicitly as it was possible, consistently with their own safety;* they have told the people that they are reduced to a dilemma; that they have but one alternative, an alternative, however, on which no freeborn spirit, no rational being can entertain a long deliberation.

The change of ministry, then, is an improbable event, suppose, however, that the propitious genius of *Britain* should predominate, and unexpectedly confide the reins of government to patriotic hands. You ask me what benefits do I propose to *Ireland*, from such a change of men and measures in *Britain*? Though I might rejoice at such an event, as a friend to suffering humanity, shall I frankly confess to you, I should not be very sanguine in my expectations of particular benefit to *Ireland*. In the scale of a *British* minister, the little finger of *Britain* outweighs the whole body of *Ireland*. Place the most liberal, enlightened, and philanthropic man in *England* at the head of administration, he will not be able to follow the dictates of his own wisdom and humanity; he will not be able to enlarge the *Irish* Cabinet from the wizard circle of an *English* interest. The people, like a froward child, will expect to be humoured by the people,

* See Mr. Fox's Speech at the commemoration of his Election.

people, the popular minister will have been forced into office, and by them will he be retained in his situation; therefore the interest, the caprice, the errors of a manufacturing town, or fishing village in *Britain*, will frequently have more influence, than the united voices of the *Irish* people. I will suppose the *British* minister not to be ensnared by his ambition or his love of popularity; I will suppose his intentions to be as pure as possible, and accompany them with power commensurate to his good dispositions; still he will think as an *Englishman*, he will not be able to divest himself of the passions, and prejudices of an *Englishman*; and it cannot be dissembled or concealed, that an *inhabitant of the favoured Sovereign Island* learns, from his cradle, to hold *Ireland*, its natives, its genius, its utility, and its interests, in the most sovereign contempt; add to this, that the *British* minister will not be able to see his way clearly before him; he will derive his knowledge of the country, its wants, its grievances, and its interests, from partial and fallacious reporters, from the aristocracy and the hierarchy, from placemen and absentees. *Xenophon* tells us of a man who supposed he had two souls, the one good, the other evil; we might be led to think, that certain eminent characters might have two souls, or two consciences; the one good for *England*, the other evil for *Ireland*. Thus the same person may be a patriot in *England*, an advocate for coercion in *Ireland*; strong in opposition in *England*, a firm supporter of government in *Ireland*. Doubtless, the present atrocious system of terror would be relinquished; but, would the radical mischiefs, the solid, original grievances of the country be removed? I fear the just demands of the people would be evaded, temporary expedients would be adopted; the popular leaders would be tempted to relinquish their party, with situations of profit and honour, plausible and soothing language would be employed; concessions of small import would be made with a degree of weight, solemnity, and bustle, as if they were mighty matters; a flimsy parliamentary reform, that would skim and flutter, like a moth, round the glaring surface of corruption; a peddling, unmeaning, insignificant profession

profession of economy ; a dismissal of flagitious characters, the authors and finishers of our misery, not to the just reward of their exertions the gaol, the scaffold, and the gibbets, but to their villas and palaces, with pensions equal to the amount of their present emoluments, as if they had deserved praise and remuneration, instead of execration and punishment from their country. Such, would be the peace-offerings of the new ministry, and the suffering nation would be loaded with double burdens, to purchase the presence and services of its supposed friends, and the absence and indolence of its avowed enemies. In short, while the nation was labouring under a disease that attacks the virals, instead of a complete change of regimen, and a powerful course of alteratives and drastic medicines, miserable palliatives would be exhibited, which would only perpetuate disease, and divert the patient from pursuing the means of cure.

You ask my opinion, concerning the distance or proximity of peace with *France*. Peace with *France* is not near; if we may believe the declarations of the *French* government, if we may believe the conclusions of reason from a view of the apparent interests, and obvious policy of the *French* nation, or if we may believe the measure of their recalling to the ranks of their army, the young men of the first requisition. The maritime ambition and commercial usurpation of *Britain* are such, as must awaken the fears and jealousies of every nation that aspires to exercise trade and manufactures, and her hostile aggressions, and plans of destruction have been such as must excite on the part of *France* a most rooted and deadly animosity.

But this age teems with surprising and unexpected events. Peace with *France*, though an improbable event, may not therefore be remote. What would be the consequence of an accommodation between *Rome* and *Carthage*, with respect to the *Island* we inhabit? An Union. In *form*, a legal and constitutional incorporation; in *substance*, a conquest by force of arms. The scabbard is thrown away; the designs of the *British* Cabinet are announced, from the highest authorities; all the monstrous atrocities which
plunge

plunge this country in confusion, and threaten to deluge it with blood, have been avowed, and justified in the great assembly of the sister kingdom; on the same plea of necessity that was adduced for the use of blood-hounds against the *Maroons*; for the infamous traffic of human flesh; and for the barbarities that are exercised by British planters on their fellow-creatures of a different hue. Large sacrifices may be made to France; the pride of royalty may bow to the stern genius of democracy, and sue for peace; not, in mercy to mankind, but to gain a momentary respite from the pressure of war abroad, for the redoubled coercion, and merciless extinction of the champions of liberty at home. Then the military force that now overspreads the country, and fills it with outrage and devastation, will be augmented daily with ferocious swarms, and undisciplined hungry hordes, breaching slaughter, and longing after confiscation; the vast poison-plant of terror that now overshadows the devoted land with its baneful branches, shall blossom out into new forms of vigilant cruelty, remorseless fear, and inveterate barbarity; and drop on the deserted soil, wet with tears and blood beneath, anguish, mourning, and dismay; famine, death, and depopulation.

MONTANUS.

TEST OATH

of the persons exercising the powers of government in Ireland, commonly called ORANGE-MEN, as it issued from the hands of the GRAND MASTER of the Orange lodges of ULSTER; and can be proved upon oath.

Readers will see, that by this new oath, as now amended, some jesuitical veil is thrown over the hellish bond of extermination, which we formerly published; and those who have innocently become the dupes of this vulgar artifice, will have an opportunity of blushing in secret for their folly, and repenting and returning to the bosom of a bleeding, but forgiving country.

The nations of Europe will see the system by which this miserable country is governed, and sympathize in its misfortunes; and shame and confusion will overwhelm the
monsters

monsters who have made the piracies of a black-guard mob, the model, nay the identical mode of ruling a nation; for the will of government, of which they receive revenues, wring from the hard hands of the toiling and industrious poor far exceeding all human belief. Before the end of the year 1796, the monsters had extirpated, in one small county 4000 fellow creatures, because they were not of *their religion*. Since then, they have taken advantage of the invasion of Scotch and English, to commit murders unnumbered. On the last birth day of his Majesty, they were reviewed by the famous general Lake, first in Belfast, and on the same day, at the distance of 18 miles, in Lurgan. We could enumerate facts, touching the cruelty of the administration, in stirring up these unfortunate fanatics, that would make the human heart turn sick; mean time, let it suffice to give the present specimen of the sublimity of their sentiments and their erudition.

I. A. B. in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly and sincerely swear, that I will not give the secret of an Orange-man, unless it be to him or them I find to be such after strict trial, or the word of a well known Orange man, for him or from the body or assembly of Orange-men. I also swear that I will answer all summonses from an assembly of Orange-men, 80 miles distance; and that I will not sit, stand by, or be by and see a brother Orange-man struck, battered, or abused, or known his character injuriously taken away, without using every effort in my power to assist him at the hazard of my life. I further declare, that I will not lie, to or upon an Orangeman, me knowing the same to be detrimental to him, but will warn him of all dangers, as far in my power lies; and that I will bear true allegiance to his Majesty, and assist the civil Magistrates in the execution of their offices, if called upon, and that I will not know of any conspiracy against the Protestant Ascendancy, and that I will not make, or be at the making of a Roman Catholic an Orange-man, or give him any offence, unless he offends me, and then I will use my utmost endeavours to shed the last drop of his blood; if he or they be not a warranted mason; and that I will stand three to ten to relieve a brother Orange man, and I will not be a thief, or the companion of a thief, to my knowledge.

QUESTIONS.

QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS.

What's that in your hand?	A secret to you.
From whence came you?	From the land of bondage.
Whither goeth thou?	To the land of promise.
Have you got a pals word?	I have.
Will you giye it to me?	I did not get it so.
Will you halve it or letter it?	I will halve it.
March	Delzo thro' the Red Sea.
What Red Sea	The wall of the Red Sea.
I am afraid	Of what?
The secrets of Orangemen being discovered.	{ Fear not, for he that fought your life, is dead.
Have you got a grand word?	
Did you hear the Crack?	{ I have the grand, I am that I am.
What crack did you hear?	
Can you write your name?	I did.
	A crack from the hill of fire.
	I can.
With what sort of a pen?	{ With the spear of life, or Aron's rod, that buds blossoms, and bears al- monds in one night.
With what sort of ink?	
	Papist blood.

TEST OATH

OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

" In the awful presence of God,

I, *A. B.* Do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among IRISHMEN of *every* religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of *all* the people of Ireland. I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform on or give evidence against any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation."

A NEW IRISH PAINTING.

A Court of Justice—on the Bench finding an *ex officio*; Crown advocate in the attitude of charging the Jury; in the jury-box twelve good men and true, standing together to hear the evidence; three of them revenue officers, in Beresford bobs, and nine Yeomanry in uniform—the auditory in different attitudes of surprise; the *Clerk of the Crown* staring at the *Crown Solicitor*; the King's counsel looking astonished at each other—the prisoners counsel frowning indignantly, the prisoner with a black circle round his neck and cuts in his face, as if he had been previously half hanged and wounded; his face of manly features turned from the Judge but elevated towards Heaven as imploring mercy—behind him the *gaoler* appears weeping, and the *executioner* expressing sorrow; and close to the dock a female, the prisoners betrothed love in a swoon—a back ground appears in perspective through a large window in the court-house, and displays a gallows with human legs, in the act of walking, covered with *scarlet and white cloth*—a crowd of Irish peasants, half-naked flying over a verdant field, pursued by a body of Highlanders, and the termination of a sky illuminated with flames from burning cottages, from which women and children are running with apparent distraction in their countenances.

This picture the frame of which is guilt, is finely coloured after the *German Style of Louthborough*; and has been purchased at so cheap a price as—*one crown*.

AN INVOCATION.

ERIN, oh hear me for my cause; my cause is FREEDOM! I speak only seeing that all is silent—I speak because the warmest wish that swells this breast, is the welfare of my Country. I speak with a feeble voice; but could I add the voice of millions to my own, with the deep toned energy of thunder, I would cry aloud to the slumbering virtue of the land—AWAKE, ARISE—for if you sleep you DIE.

OULLANA.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER BLOODY PARSON.

(Who no doubt thinks the war beneficial to religion and christianity.)

" Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural
O villain, villain, smiling, dammed villain."

A few months ago the following atrocity happened in the county of Longford ; we know the truth of the facts now stated and do submit them to this outraged nation. The reverend Mr. M—— a parson magistrate dined at the house of a Mr. Kn—— near Newtown ; and was hospitably entertained, another gentleman named F——s was present. The parson drank punch, and having mentioned that a man in the neighbouring village had remarkable good whisky, the servant was dispatched at nine at night for a bottle of it ; the poor man went accordingly, and soon returned ; and made the bottle into punch for his master's guests, when it was finished the parson took his leave, having called for an orderly constable named Rawlins who always attended him. He then told Mr. K. that, that Rascal (alluding to the poor servant who had slaved a mile in the dark to procure liquor for this monster) was a dammed United Irishman and he must take him up. Mr. K. remonstrated, and, as well as Mr. F——, informed Parson Justice M—— that during two years he had lived with him, he had no fault, they believed him to be a harmless honest man. Mr. M—— insisted on his prisoner going with him ; the gentlemen after using every remonstrance and offering *bail*, were obliged to give up the servant. Mr. F. was to go part of the same road that M—— took, and accordingly went with him and witnessed the horrid transaction that shortly happened ; when they had gone about half a mile, the Parson who had been using every sort of opprobrious language to his prisoner, desired an immediate confession. The poor man could not make any, on which he ordered the police constable to shoot him— answer, *Not I realy, Sir.*

Then give me your gun—on your knees villain—I give you but two minutes to pray ! The man fell on his knees, and prayed
for

for mercy. The constable and other gentlemen interfered, but the parson directly shot his victim, and left him there.

A coroners inquest found a verdict; and the Grand Jury of the county Longford found a *true bill for wilful murder*; and yet there has been no trial, and Parson M—— is still at large, and no doubt ready to continue the system of murder, burning and transporting, for the sake of religion and good government.——

Oh! nation miserable,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

THE ORANGE-MAN'S CONVERSION.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

The Fact happened last Week in the County of Carlow,
Just at the moment when a poor man's house was going to be set on fire, by order of a vile attorney, who is one of our modern JUSTICES OF INSTRUCTION: the following dialogue took place between the Soldier and poor man.

Soldier: "HELL OR CONNAUGHT!—die thou Papist:

"Drench this ORANGE in thy gore!

"Tho' a *christian* voice thouapest,

"Think of *mercy* now no more!

Poor Man: "SOLDIER; once thy country's glory!

"ERIN, with her children, bleeds!

"Touch'd by ERIN's hapless story

"SOLDIER; stay thy cruel deeds.

"Think, oh think, the time arriving,

"When thy country shall be FREE;

"Then, shall every tongue be striving—

"Every hand—to punish thee!

"Victim to a vengeful nation

"Where the wretched tool thou'st been

"Even now, more cunning STATION

"Yields thee up—itself to screen!

"Se'est thou not the coward franger,

"Lording o'er the prostrate soil,

"Gives to thee the TOTAL danger,

"But—a FRACTION—of the spoil!

"Surely,

- " Surely, if thou seek'st for plunder;
 " In the cabins of the poor;
 " Justly may the Peasant wonder
 " If the *Castle* be secure!
 " Seek'st thou plunder then?—what dorage
 " Robs thee of thy common sense?
 " Rife not the wretched cottage
 " But the seat of opulence!
 " Or, by FALSE RELIGION goaded,
 " Wouldst thou shed a *Christian's* blood;
 " Learn the *cruel Faith* exploded
 " Yields to CHARITY and GOD!
 " Hah behold! *proclaimed defenders*?
 " Forty champions* of the Law!
 " C——l drags them to the tenders
 " See the galling chains they draw!
 " Sounds of massacre and pillage
 " SOLDIER lift!—the piteous moan!
 " See the smok from yonder village!
 " Hark the shriek—the dying groan.
 " If to join in kind communion
 " Children of a *milder Faith*—
 " If to figh for PEACE and UNION,
 " Be a crime—inflict my death!
 " Come then SOLDIER, welcome slaughter
 " Freely I resign my life!
 " Only spare—oh spare my daughter,
 " And respect my tender wife!"

Still the BRAVE are prone to pity;
 See the SOLDIER sheds a tear!
 And, with sorrow at the ditty,
 Learns in mercy to forbear!

See his manly arm outstretched!
 Hark he *swears by honour's laws*
 Henceforth to sustain the wretched,
 —Or—to die—in ERIN's cause!

* These unfortunate men sitting in the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "wilful murder" on the body of a slaughtered peasant, for this very compliance with law they were sent on board a tender by the justice above noticed! Feb. 6. 1798. TO

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

MY LORD,

ALTHOUGH I have already addressed you, in a letter of more than ordinary length, my subject is far from being exhausted. We are not now in that period of time, which moves with slow and languid motion, and rarely affords an object capable of arresting the attention of mankind. We are in a vast current, which has overflowed the boundaries of nature and art; which carries us on with rapid force, and which presents innumerable objects equally interesting and momentous.

Whether the destiny of Ireland be for ever fixed, or whether a happier lot awaits her, is not for me to decide; 'tis a duty, however, I owe my native country, to cast in my mite for her support and instruction. We hear it frequently and confidently asserted, that "all we hold dear is at stake;" I hope it will be neither considered capricious or unreasonable, to ask, by whom has this stake been laid and for what end? If those who have hazarded all that is dear to a great and opulent empire, were alone to be the sufferers, the misfortune could be easily borne; but the wide waste of ruin, that already desolates these once flourishing countries, seems to be the forerunner of some dreadful catastrophe which threatens a total extinction of all that now exists. No capricious fate seems to sport with our destiny; 'tis obviously the portentous consequences of causes uniform, direct and powerful. Stubborn, relentless, inhuman rulers, in any age, would produce miserable and discontented people; but in an age like the present, they must beget hatred, horror, and resistance. To avoid the confusion and deception of the castle, I shall suppose, for the present, that you have paid a visit to ULSTER; that I am chosen as your guide, and that you anxiously wish to hear and see whatever can inform your understanding, or gratify your curiosity, respecting this devoted province.

We must lay aside the ordinary rules of topographical distinction, and no longer confine ourselves to the prominent features, by which nature marks out the various compartments

ments of her empire. New boundaries have started up, unheard of distinctions present themselves to every eye. And we are solicited aside, from contemplating the works of God, to behold the devastations of man. Here we trace a large tract, distinguished by the habitations which have been burned; there another, equally extensive, where the inhabitants have been torn from their homes, and cast into dungeons, or immured in the floating bastiles of England.

Here the Orange zone of murder, disunion, and blood; there the extensive region of spies, spy-clubs, and perjured informers. Along this NW. course, the castle *comes* made its circuit, blazed and crackled, and astonished the harmless crowd. Returned, it now recruits its strength and fire, and waits the fell command, to run again the round of death and carnage. Not less destructive nor less alarming on the NE. coast, the wily crocodile weeps and kills, and leaves his murderous slime within his native mud. And not far from thence, my Lord, we see the sacred spot, on which was sacrificed, as much worth as ever lived in human form—here let us pause.—And is it right and fit, that virtue and innocence should be immolated? Yes, nothing so effectually secures and extends the cause of truth. What helped to give life, and soul, and popularity to the christian religion, was the innocence, resignation, and death of its founder.

Similar causes produce similar effects.

And if your Lordship should not live in *Ireland*, to see a monument erected to his memory, which may stand long after the family house at Camden-place is mouldered into dust; perchance your days may be lengthened; to find his principles triumph, and see them mingle with that bright blaze which illuminates the political hemisphere, whose beam is too piercing to be viewed by the jaundiced eye of corruption and tyranny.

There fly the foreign dragoons, with dashing sweep, and drawn English sabre, to distribute law, and liberty, and constitution to the Irish. Here we see the Scotch fencibles
prowling

prowling for loyalty and plunder. And yonder, the Ancient Britons smoked with burning houses, and reeking with the blood of butchered inhabitants, display those banners, under which so many portions of the earth languish in slavery. There the empty warehouses, and deserted wharfs, shew the melancholy effects of ruined commerce; and here the decay of manufactures exhibits the misery and wretchedness resulting from the *just* and *necessary* war. There the sworn man of God, reckons his *tents* and *tabernacles* with his proctor. Here the pious cure of souls, gives his labour to the state, and thinks pimping and lying, a surer road to preferment, than fasting and praying. Here the weeping widow bemoans her lost husband, hanged, shot, or banished. And there, whole families wander without house or home, or aught to make existence tolerable.

Lastly, let us view this dark and deadly melancholy, which sits on every brow, obtunds the whole community, sickens all the energies of life, and makes even hope the embryo of insurrection. Whence this dreadful state? Is the course of nature about to change? Are the springs of human action about to be dried up? Or is the dark night of chaos likely to overwhelm us? No, my Lord, 'tis the awful pause which the current of time makes at the dreadful precipice, down which this devoted empire is about to fall.

All ranks stand appalled, though the future is involved in dark and gloomy obscurity, yet are we carried forward with irresistible power.

We might here part, my Lord, and resign *Ulster* to the empire, and the empire to its fate. But having obtained your company and your ear, I feel inclined to improve the opportunity, and with your assistance contemplate some of those prominent features which form the signs of the times.

INVASION.

Had I *my wish*, my Lord, not a Frenchman should ever set a hostile foot on Irish ground; but it is neither my wish, nor that of your Lordship's, which can regulate the
steps

steps of regenerated Gaul—we must cast our bread upon the water, and patiently wait our fate.

UNITED IRISHMEN.

It is not a conspiracy against the state, but the inspiration of the Almighty, which giveth *understanding* to the people of Ireland.

The *Union* has not created, but collected the spirit of Irish patriotism, which lay spread upon the surface, useless and inactive; but which was no sooner excited, than it rushed into motion, and by its form and direction, alarmed the vulgar, and terrified the corrupt.

ORANGE-MEN.

Their words and their actions, their resolutions and their addresses, are like the meteors which glitter and surprise for a moment, and soon dissolve to common air—Whilst the majestic arch, covered with innumerable hosts, in solemn silence, and unchangeable order, looks down, and smiles upon the credulity of mortals.

MR. PITT.

When I name this man, my Lord, I would be understood to name him in conjunction with his fellows; he is the *firm* of the company.—That God preserves him as a fit agent to carry on the plan of his providence towards the people of these countries, is what your Lordship is well persuaded of, else a compliance with the counsel conveyed in my former letter, must, ere this, have taken place—I am willing to close with your Lordship's opinion, and to acknowledge its justice and its wisdom.

BRITISH CONNEXION.

A people's affections are much easier *lost* than *regained*. We recollect the tender which was swallowed in the vortex made by the sinking of the *Royal George*. Had she rode at a greater distance, she might now, with swelling sails, have pressed the bosom of the great deep.

ADMINISTRATION.

If the present administration be a *good* one, I would gladly know what portion of the earth God ever cursed with a *bad* one.

THE PEOPLE.

Happy would it be for their oppressors, were the present silence of the people, the *silence of death*; but thrice happy for the people, it is only the *silence of sleep*. The night is nearly spent, and the morning breaks * * * * *. Your Lordship may have the happiness of seeing, that the Irish people are as valiant in the field, as they are patient under torture, and resigned at the scaffold.

YEOMEN.

These are men, my Lord, however you or I may reckon on their valour or their wisdom, in no very enviable situation. I divide them into three classes—the intimidated, duped, and corrupted. Sworn to support the present system; ashamed of its abominations; convinced of its rapid dissolution. Terrified and astonished, they feel the ground slipping from under their feet, and afraid of falling into irretrievable ruin, they are substituting interest for principle, and beginning to think that there is neither danger nor disgrace in being an IRISH PATRIOT.

The next time the War-office furnishes a list of its strength, it may be prudent to divide the number of Yeomen by ten—from this I would except the Lawyer's corps, that indivisible mass of infallible knowledge, and *disinterested* patriotism.

BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

An old decayed lady, once desirable when possessed of health and beauty, but now rid of her charms, all her health, strength, and vigour gone; she is hastening fast to the grave, unless Providence interposes a miracle for her safety.—Should it ever happen, and who can tell what may happen, that the proud and opulent city of London, that mart of corruption, and metropolis of iniquity, would become the capital of a Republic, founded on the rights and liberties of man; what a field would be opened for exercising the Christian patience, and exalted philosophy, of such noble personages as your Lordship, by accommodating their minds and habits of life, to that cruel change. And should Dublin become the capital of a similar form of government, how wonderful and distressing must our situation then

then be. These events, however, are at a great distance—
woe be to him who hastens them—

“Sorrow is soon enough when it comes.”—

So says the proverb.

ASSASSINATION.

Ah! no, my Lord, suffer it not to disgrace your administration; *wretched must be the cause that requires such aid.*

Buonaparte was attempted in Paris, and Arthur O'Connor in Dublin. Had both attempts succeeded, nothing would have been gained but shame and infamy—Liberty does not depend on one or two individuals; or on one or two millions—it rests upon a wider base, and will not, I conjecture, be easily shaken.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND.

What shall be said of the *Wooden Islands* preparing to break them down? 'Tis all enchantment surely! What a vast and incredible undertaking? Shall the mistress of the ocean, in the plenitude of her maritime power, be baffled and derided by the republican lubbers of France?

While the Cabinet of Britain is manufacturing Bank notes, scheming for more loans, and wrangling about triple taxes; the coasts of France are covering with armies, her floating islands are consolidated, her monied men pressing for leave to contribute to the immense enterprize, and her warriors burning with revenge and enthusiasm. Whilst dreaming of our wooden walls, we shut our eyes upon our situation, think every thing impossible that is new, and proudly laugh at admonition, and stupidly defy danger.

These objects are not brought forth, my Lord, for the purpose of my wayward angury, that might injure the security or confidence of the Castle; I have too much respect for the constituted authorities to wish to disturb their repose; and I have too high an opinion of their wisdom to suppose that any thing on the side of reason and common sense, can make any impression on that side which is securely entrenched behind bastiles, tenders, and gallowses. The cause is at issue with very different weapons from pens;

and whatever time may bring forth, we must be careful not to forget what we experience in the present time, that *truth* is a libel, and suspicion is guilt. If any thing in this letter appears not to be sufficiently decorous, I withdraw it. And, if the subjects are not treated with that copiousness which their importance requires, I hope to make your Lordship suitable amends, the next time you meet

A MAN OF ULSTER.

WANTS A PLACE,

As an informer. A young man of very terrible appearance, six feet high, and strong made. His object is promotion in the military line; but has no objection to a good living in the Church. Will undertake to swear away the life of any man, and never to trip in any cross-examination. Has attended all the late trials, and conversed with the first characters now in his Majesty's Castle, to none of whom he conceives himself inferior. N. B. Will find himself in all manner of suitable apparel, having a regimental suit, being formerly a deserter. Was some time a highwayman, and lately a considerable coiner; but having had an unlucky run, is now obliged to look for his bread in an *honest way*. He will, moreover, ask no reward, until after execution.

Apply at the Office of the Dublin Journal.

The freedom of the press is so intimately connected with civil liberty, that they must perish together. When the people of Ireland shall be only allowed to print panegyrics on their governors, their boasted freedom is at an end. A monarch who makes the good of his subjects the object of his care and attention, does not wish that the proceedings of the government should be unattended to. It is the tyrant directed by his ambition and his caprice that has some reason to dread the animadversion of the *press*, and that would willingly convert into a *libel* every publication that breathes any spirit of candour or of liberty.

"Ireland is an independent country, and therefore the legislature of Great Britain should not interfere with her complaints."

So

So speak those men who exercise the powers of government in *England*, though it is well known that those men direct those who exercise the powers of government in *Ireland*.

Is not the King father of his people in Great Britain ?

Is not the King father of his people in Ireland ? *Granted.*

Then are not the people of Great Britain, and the people of Ireland, politically related like children of one common father by two wives. Now if the children of the second marriage were treated unfeelingly by their father, without cause, or for claiming a share in his paternal affection, and he treated them with contempt; would it be unjustifiable in the children of the first marriage to intercede with the common parent ?—and

If the common parent refused to hear, or reject such intercession, would it be unnatural for children of the second marriage to say—" You have neglected us, and therefore we must —— ?"

FOR THE PRESS.

THAT illustrious army, the volunteers of Ireland, first brought the politics of Ireland into general discussion ; the citizen soldier could not but satisfy himself with a reason for his carrying arms, and engaging in the toil of military discipline ; and therefore he was necessarily led to take a view of the situation of his country, and he flew to the ranks from a conviction that he acted for the public weal.

The collision of thought which arises from society, enlarged his mind, improved his judgement, and created a taste for *enquiry*. Some principles of the volunteers might, and no doubt were defective, but politics were then only in embryo, and the mind was but just preparing for the reception of that *mighty blaze* of light which has eclipsed all prior attainments, forced a renunciation of *all* local and religious prejudices, and rendered the Presbyterians ashamed of their former imbecility and bigotry ; so that they now look upon themselves

themselves with contempt for their folly, and reprobate with the most cordial detestation, that system which has divided their country, annihilated its spirit, and enslaved its inhabitants.

Thus the very circumstances of life and society gave birth to the UNION of Irishmen. In vain do the advocates of Ireland's wretchedness affect to say—"That United Irishmen are only those who have been seduced by the intrigues of a few ruthless and ambitious men."—I tell such men, that they know nothing of the Irish mind. If United Irishmen be so contemptible, surely they are very cowardly to be in such terror of them,—and if United Irishmen be both powerful and innumerable (which perhaps may turn out true) ambitious men could not have so influenced them, unless they had been previously *united* in principle and sentiment.

Yes, YE CATHOLICS, I glory to write it—the Presbyterians of the North are bound to *you*, in the strictest ties of amity and brotherhood; not merely by an *oath of friendship*—but, by the *deepest conviction* of their understanding and judgement; such an union must be eternal, because they are confident, that you have a like mutual good esteem of them, nor can any partial exception, as the address of Messrs. Brennan and M'ldowney, make any impression to the contrary. They know the mean, base and seductive arts made use of, to procure addresses, and create division, by those who are gnashing their teeth with rage and vexation at seeing the approaching dissolution of that *Hydra of corruption*, that *mystery of iniquity*, which has so long enslaved the PEOPLE, and tarnished the renown of the SHAMROCK ISLE.

Orange-men may pretend to hold out to *you* the *boon of mercy*, and resolutions said to be signed by Catholics, militating against the union of Irishmen, may be brought forward by the enemies of our common country, to alarm *our* fears, to arouse *our* superstition—but avaunt ye enemies of *peace*—your intentions have completely failed, ye have created no division, but that which at this moment exists between you, and the *virtuous* people whom you wished to dupe, and misrepresent—no, these times of superstition and

and alarm, are gone on our part, we can easily discriminate between the virtuous intention of honest and unsuspecting Catholics, and the hostile, bloody, and dividing machinations of a fabricator of resolutions, and a forger of signatures; and we know that the people are the friends of Ireland, and being so, we are their friends; and also, that resolution makers, and signature forgers, are the enemies of Ireland, and being so, we are their enemy. This is the condition of our friendship or hatred, FRIEND OR FOE TO IRELAND: all our affection, and all our partiality concentrate in that *dear* and *sublime* "partiality,"—OUR COUNTRY,—and we know the Catholics of Ireland too well, even to suppose, that they will believe for a moment that hypocritical offer of *mercy*, which extends protection with one hand, and the dagger with the other.

Why do they offer mercy to you? Because they cannot *exterminate* you. Why do they wish you to be at enmity with Presbyterians? Because they know that *your* union with *us*, is their destruction. And why does the Presbyterian of the North despise, detest, and abominate the Orangemen? Why, merely for this reason, that they have sworn either your *destruction*, or your *slavery*—the Orangeman says, you must either be slaves *as you were*, or you must suffer—the Presbyterian says, you *must* be free, or he will *perish* along with you in the attempt—mutual suffering, mutual union, mutual exertion, and mutual liberty with you, are the sentiments, and intentions of the Presbyterians of Ulster. But why do I mention the Orange faction in an address to the Catholics of Ireland? I do it for this purpose alone, that as *we* know *you must* detest, such men and such principles—that *you* may know that *we* equally detest, and abhor them. And why do I mention the Presbyterian? Merely for this purpose, that you may get familiar with the *name*, know his principles, and *feel* as he does. Believe me the Presbyterian of Ulster wished for life, only that he may see his *Country free*, and ALL the people partaking equally the rights and privileges of Citizens—*nothing less is their object than the independence of Ireland, and the Freedom of its Inhabitants*. Trust me the Presbyterians of Ulster
do

do by no means wish to see you sit down contented with cold Catholic Emancipation as a *gift* from any government; no, they wish to see you by your own energy rescue yourselves from that oppression you have so long laboured under; and in doing so, they are ready to *risque* every thing in the *common cause*.

In one word, if we be Presbyterians in religion we are Catholics in politics. But why do I say "*risk* every thing in the *common cause*"—Sure I am, every person must see that any administration that exists by bribery and corruption, by stifling truth, by enacting sanguinary laws, and enforcing them by military force, is on the very brink of destruction; no government, by *force*, can or ever did exist long, and the reason is obvious—they expend more than their revenue, and of course, when they are not able to pay for deceit, blindness, and cruelty, all these supports fly from underneath them; and having previously renounced the people, they are left supportless, and crumble into nothing. Immoderateness in government produces confusion in the affairs of a state, equally as in a private individual. The revenue of Ireland at present scarcely pays the expence of collecting; a vast train of Castle dependants; an army of spies and informers; a subservient bench; a foreign mercenary soldiery, and an exterminating Orange faction:—all, all must be hired, must be bribed, must be paid, over and above the common and ordinary expences of government; and the fund for all this is, the precarious supply of a dear-bought loan. After such a view, who shall venture to say that the administration of this country is not rapidly verging into destruction.

What a glorious prospect now opens to the view of every honest Irishman? That administration which robbed the people of their rights, forbade them to tell their wrongs, and finally declared open war against them; that administration which rejected its own safety, by spurning the friendship of faithful, brave, and generous people; that administration which persecutes Union, and cherishes a system of blood; that administration which endeavours to arrest the progress of Truth and Reason, and which

hugs

hugs itself in the darkness of fanaticism and bigotry—that administration, I say, is reduced to this dreadful precipice; that if it moves forward, it is dashed to pieces, and if it attempts to retreat, certain destruction is its fate. Thus in the very nature of things, the dissolution of the present system is inevitable—and the freedom of Ireland is as certainly approaching, as the noon-tide blaze advances from the early dawn.

A little patience will soon terminate our sufferings; perseverance in Union and brotherly affection, will for the present alleviate them. We hear of your sufferings and your virtues; we also are suffering with you in the same cause—and the time is not far distant when our passive virtues, impregnated with the active ones, shall procure for Ireland her rights; shall hurl confusion and destruction on her enemies; shall avenge the manes of her slaughtered patriots, indemnify the sufferings of those who may escape the proscription, and consolidate the everlasting glory, happiness, and peace of Ireland.

Castlereagh, near Belfast.

A PRESBYTERIAN.

A P L A N

For the complete reduction and pacification of Ireland, seriously addressed to the government of Ireland; to the commanding and subaltern officers; the non-commissioned officers and privates of the different regiments serving in this country; the right reverend Bench of Bishops; the Yeomanry Corps; and the Nobility and Gentry of this Island.

PACIFICUS.

IT is much to be lamented, that notwithstanding the salutary jealousy, and commendable severity of government, in ordaining, and the prompt alacrity and commendable supererrogation of the military, in executing rigours beyond the law; the swinish multitude are still dissatisfied, and would murmur, if they dare—and the country is still said to contain the buried seeds of resistance; houses have been burned, and peasants murdered, with an unsparing hand, yet still the evil subsists, and the people are refractory.

You

You may judge of the whole by a sample: I have known one bog-trotter hanged fifteen times over, to make him speak out, but in vain; the tighter you drew the rope about his neck, the less was he disposed to confess. The disaffected crew, United Irishmen and Jacobins, would ascribe this sullen rebellious humour of the people, to the unnecessary and unwise oppressions of their government. 'Tis all a mere pretence, and a confounded lie—the measures of government have been too lenient; and I flatter myself that if the scheme which I have the honour to suggest, shall be adopted in its full extent, this country shall in a short time become as quiet as the grave.

I have great respect for the talents of our present excellent, and rigorously vigorous, or vigorously rigorous Chief Governor; and think he has some very pretty capabilities for the management of such a *province* as Ireland; but, on the whole, his character is rather too soft and milky for the present hour. I should propose to commit the controul of this unruly spot, for some time at least, to the late admirable Commander in Chief; a nobleman, whose amiable countenance expresses the virtues of his heart—and, I would appoint as his Secretary, a young gentleman in the banking line, who is equally distinguished for philanthropic feelings, sound judgment, and graceful elocution.

The disaffected raise a mighty clamour, because, forsooth, our gaols are filled with rebels and seditious bodies. I would quickly remove that ground of complaint; I would direct our trusty soldiery and yeomanry, who, to be sure, are a blessing to this land, not to make any more prisoners; and as to those who are already in gaol, it may not be difficult to find Judges and Juries, who shall thin their numbers sufficiently. The rogues complain that they are hardly treated in prison; that they are fed on bread and water. Their treatment is too good for them by half. Factious rascals, and suspected felons as they are, they should receive the bastinado every day, and be stapled to the wall, with iron collars around their necks. Bread and water, forsooth! they should have nothing in their guts but powder and ball, with my good will.

Then,

Then, Sir, to provide a worthy and adequate successor, for the late chaste and virtuous Commander in Chief, and a person who should second the wholesome rigour of government, in the Cabinet, by due exertions of energy, in the field, in private houses, and in conventicles, and chapels; I would entrust the management of the army to a young nobleman of great promise and sobriety, who is no less skilful to wield the sabre than to palm a card—and understands all kinds of *cutting*, civil and military, and bacchanalian, by profound study and extensive experience. This hopeful and truly noble genius, has already shewn the fire of his loyalty, the strength of his arm, and the sharpness of his sword, to the confusion and dismay of paper-skulled reformers—persuaded I am, that were he appointed to the station, for which his talents and the times seem to designate him, no foolish regards of humanity, no timid considerations of prudence, would restrain him from such a display of military executions, both preventative and vindictory, as should astonish the natives, and convince them, in the emphatical phrase of some of our masters, “*that the government did not come here from England to be trifled with.*” *Ease resedendum*, is and ought to be the maxim of administration; that is to say, if any man dares to carry a saucy face, cut off the head to which it belongs; for it is my firm opinion, that the *United Irishmen* will never be subdued, while they have heads on their shoulders.

The system of espionage has been carried to great perfection, no doubt. A number of active citizens, and useful informers, have been forged in the laboratory of the Castle; yet, notwithstanding the liberal maintenance afforded them by government, the handsome rewards conferred on some, and the magnificent promises held out to all; few discoveries of importance have been made, by all their diligence, or pretended to be made by all their invention. This lamentable failure I impute to two causes; want of discipline in the corps, and want of sufficient powers in their officers. To obviate the first defect, I would propose to place the whole establishment for this service under the command of a certain minor or deputy *Major*, who has shewn a laudable
zeal

zeal and activity in this department ; with instructions to divide and subdivide his brigade into proper companies of eves-droppers, flag officers, coffee-house hunters, club-setters, chophouse-listeners, pretended converts, who should entice and persuade simple people to set them up, and decoy-ducks, who should draw in the shy birds to the net, by introducing seditious or treasonable talk. This lure often takes wonderfully, though it must be owned the disaffected people are deadly cunning. The corps, by an act which ought to be passed without delay, should be appointed " Inspectors-general of faces, and controllers of gesture, " throughout the kingdom, with full power to note and " report all seditious laughs, smiles, or grins ; all rebellious " looks ; all signs, nods, grins, or other signals, that they " should see, or fancy they see made or making, by any " of his Majesty's supposed disloyal subjects. They should " likewise be authorised, by night as well as by day, to enter all houses, barns, warehouses, churches, chapels, conventicles, or other places where they may suspect any " *United Irishmen*, or other evil-minded persons, to be assembled, for the purpose of treason, sedition, or opposition " to the present most august and most humane government of this country ; to listen to all talk and conversation held, or intended to be held ; and to see, make, " search for, seize, and carry away all books, papers, and " writings, which they think may contain any treasonable, " seditious, or libellous matter, whether openly or by *innuendo* ; also all pictures and prints of a treasonable, seditious, or libellous tendency ; and also all barrel organs, " chefs boards, goose tables, and other instruments, and " pieces of furniture, which are, or have been, or are liable " to be used, or abused, for the purpose of conveying, or " insinuating treasonable, or seditious sentiments, or exciting contempt or dislike of his Majesty's person, his government, or the officers by him employed."

Many ridiculous and pernicious changes and revolutions have taken place, in the opinions and governments of men, chiefly through the declamations, the writings, and arts of free thinkers and innovators. Amongst these I must reckon the

the difuse of torture;—the practice of torture, whatever *Montesque*, and some other shallow writers, and pseudo philosophers like him, may have said against it, is venerable from its antiquity, and estimable from its utility. It is the most powerful means of infusing salutary terror into the people, and of conquering their seditious obstinacy; it was in use among the wise and polished *Greeks and Romans*; and I am happy to find, that it has been received with equal vigour and ingenuity in Ireland; and is universally employed in all the plenitude and dignity of terror. Partial hangings, picketings, pinkings, stabbings, flagellations, mutilations, starvings, burnings, &c. &c. &c. are administered, in the present disorders of the state, to myriads of patients in every part of the kingdom. Yet, still, the obstinacy and hardness of the swinish rabble, are truly wonderful. All the power of torture can hardly make them grunt. I think the system of torture might be improved, and methodized, by the aid of science, particularly by Surgical skill. I recollect, that, preparatory to the execution of the maniac *Damian*, the state Physicians and Surgeons were assembled, and ordered to consult together how the sufferings of this wretch might be rendered as acute, and of as long continuance, as possible. They obeyed; they deliberated calmly and wisely, on the subject; and *Damian* was racked, and mangled, by medical prescription. The administration of torture is, at present, a most necessary department of government. *That*, or nothing will keep down the *United men*; and unravel their plots. I would therefore place this institution under the controul of an able, confidential, and experienced person. He should have an ample salary, (for the place will be no sinecure) two thousand a year at the very least. This person should be dignified, with the title of *Torture Master General*. I have in my view a gentleman of some surgical skill, and sepulchral military rank, on whom, in my opinion, this promotion might be worthily bestowed; and he should be assisted by a competent number of *Inspectors of Torture*, who may be selected from among the Drum Majors and Surgeon's Mates of the army; to these I would add a due proportion of *Knout masters*; if our good friend and ally the Emperor of all the *Russias* would

would be induced to spare us some of these virtuosos, from his own necessary occasions. It is also possible, that we might be so happy as to procure a few, *ci-devant* or *ex Bourreaux* skilful in all the theory and practice of torture, as it was exhibited under the old Regimé of France. This would be a most agreeable and fortunate acquisition to the government of *Ireland*. I would propose to import, with all possible expedition, two or three million of *thumb screws*, and a ship load of knouts, for the benefit and improvement of the *Irish* peasantry, which should be liberally and constantly supplied and plyed with them, by the distribution, and appointment, of the board of torture.

In addition to this, I think it would be adviseable to furnish each of the soldiery and yeomanry in this kingdom, with a *Tomobawk* and *Scalping knife*; and to render them expert in the art of throwing the *Tomobawk*, by constant practice; for which purpose proper subjects may be taken from the gaols; and I make no doubt, but, through the docility and loyal zeal of those gentlemen, the fame of our infantry, for *Tomobawk* practice, will rival that of the Cavalry for the Sabre exercise; to stimulate the diligence of our brave protectors and rulers, in making themselves profit on this instrument; I would propose, to give them a liberal reward, of so much per dozen, for the scalps of *United Irishmen*, to be raised by presentment; and if every Grand Jury is actuated with the loyal, liberal spirit of the gentlemen who composed that of *Westmeath*, the proper sums will be freely and bountifully presented.

Yesterday, Monday February 12th, 1798, Arthur O'Connor, Esq. was called on his recognizance, to appear in the Court of King's Bench; and on his not appearing, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Mr. Emmet, were called on, as his bail, to bring forth his body.

Mr. Emmet came into court, and mentioned that before he signed that recognizance, he requested, on the part of Mr. O'Connor and his bail, that previous notice should be given whenever Mr. O'Connor's appearance would be required; that the Crown Solicitor had positively promised this; but

but that no notice whatever had been given either to Mr. O'Connor or his bail, that his personal appearance would be wanting this term. He had further to add, that Mr. O'Connor, before going to England (where he now is) had signified his intention of so doing to some of the officers of the Crown, and had gone in the full conviction that he would have sufficient notice if his return was required ; and he submitted to the Court how far it was just to estreat Mr. O'Connor's recognizance, and that of his bail, in violation of that promise, without previous notice, and on the last day of that term, when it was utterly impossible he could appear.

Mr. Attorney General said, if he were a party to such agreement, and had violated it, he should deserve to lose not only his situation, but his bar gown ; he however was not—the Crown Solicitor was present, and would explain that transaction. Mr. Emmet had stated that Mr. O'Connor had communicated his intention of going to England, to the officers of the Crown, before he did so. If any part of that assertion alluded to him, he could only say, Mr. O'Connor had some considerable time ago applied to him to know when he was to be tried, and stated that his private affairs required his going to England ; that he (Mr. Attorney General) declined naming any time for the trial, but told him if he would ask it as a favour as a private gentleman, his trial should not be brought on *that* term—but Mr. O'Connor had not thought fit to ask the favour. As to the motion being made the last day of the term, this was the first day for this some time past when the Court was full ; he had come into Court a week ago, intended to make the motion, but was prevented by that circumstance.

Mr. Kemmis said, he remembered some such conversation as stated by Mr. Emmet, at the time of taking the recognizance ; but it only applied to the ensuing assizes at Carrickfergus.

Mr. Emmet asserted positively, and offered to verify it by affidavit, that the promise was general, both as to the time and place of Mr. O'Connor's being wanting ; and
observed

observed it clearly appeared the Attorney General had for this week past intended to make the motion, and gave no notice of it, as promised.

The Court asked the Attorney General whether he would consent to have the recognizance respited till the first day of next term; which he refused.

Mr. Emmett then said he would make an affidavit to ground such a motion; but the court soon after, and before such an affidavit could be made, ordered the recognizance to stand respited till next term.

We have only to add, that Mr. O'Connor signified his intention of going to England, at the Castle, very frequently, and particularly a very few days before his departure; and that the motion seemed at least unnecessary, as Mr. O'Connor before he went, appeared and pleaded to the information filed against him, and may be tried whenever the Court thinks fit, his presence not being by law requisite.

Whipping against Law, Justice, and Mercy—alias Unconstitutional Scourging.

TRIAL.

James Conlon was indicted, and convicted at the last assizes held at Athy for the County of Kildare, on an indictment charging him with having attempted to seduce a private soldier of the North-Cork militia to desert.

John Toler, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor General, sat as Judge. Conlon who had been bailed, and surrendered, was convicted upon the evidence of the soldier; and the Judge sentenced him to be publicly whipped.

Mr. M'Nally, the prisoner's counsel, desired to be heard against the sentence; he argued that whipping was not a punishment at common law for a misdemeanor; that in England vagrants were whipped by statute; in Ireland, rioters against the whiteboy act, were liable to the same punishment. That the bill of rights enacted into a statute immediately after the revolution, prohibited unusual and severe punishments; and was a consequence of the cruel whippings

whippings inflicted by merciless judges in the reigns of the Stuarts, and pointed out that a peculiar punishment for seducing soldiers, had been provided by the mutiny act.

JUDGMENT.

The learned Judge, over-ruled all this; and the man was sentenced to be whipped through the town of Monasterevan.

EXECUTION.

On the day of execution the Sheriff had his prisoner tied to a car; Captain —, of the North-Cork militia, attended with a guard; the executioner not laying on with a severity satisfactory to the Captain, was repeatedly struck and wounded by him; he also ordered the horse to be taken from the car, and had it drawn slowly through the town, whereby the punishment was increased and prolonged—however, the man was not *whipped to death*; but he was *whipped to death's door*,

OPPRESSIONS.

The oppressions which the people of Ireland laboured under, are not to be deplored—"the bondage must be felt before the chains are broken." France has broken her chains, and broke them on "the heads of her tyrants." *Irishmen*, therefore, begin to consider their afflictions; as auspicious signals from heaven informing them, that they are still *capable* of being free.

MARCUS TO HIS FAIR COUNTRY-WOMEN.

MY DEAR COUNTRY-WOMEN,

IT has been found a universal truth, that in proportion as barbarism prevails in any country, the women in that country are held in slavery and subjection. And it is found equally true, that in those nations which have been illumined by the light of science, the women have, at all times asserted the dignity of their nature; and that by such assertion they have both adorned and strengthened society. To you, my fair Country-women, the elegance of whose minds is best reflected in the graces of your persons, it will only be necessary to state your *importance*, that you may be

made acquainted with your value, and understand what you owe to yourselves, to your families, and to your country. At this moment the fate of Ireland is in your hands: you have it in your power either by your heroic virtue to snatch it from impending destruction, or by a base submission to an over-awing authority, to reduce it to the most abject and unworthy condition. The woman who has not sufficient virtue to assert her own consequence, is not only undeserving of the rank she holds in the state, but by her weakness is in danger of falling from the honour of her sex; and most certainly, as far as an individual can go, lends her assistance to destroy the beautiful order of society. If you polish our manners, and mould us to your commands, consider how much depends on your conduct: you can either subdue us by your controul, or animate us by your example. Our sex but lives for the happiness you distribute; and if you corrupt us, you render us as insensible to the dignity of your virtue as to the excellence of your beauty: you make us either *slaves or heroes*.

There is something in this semi-barbarous rule that debases and degrades us all. If we bear not up against the tide of corruption that is overwhelming us, we shall soon be lost to ourselves, and then indeed who shall help or pity us? Most assuredly *you* will be the first to despise us. Would you, my beloved country-women, chuse to resemble the dignified Cornelia, who made her sons less worthy of the country that gave them birth than of their own great mother, who taught them how to die in defence of its Liberties; or, with a barbarous and criminal infirmity, would you encourage the civil war of husband against his own family, of brother against brother, of father against son, and of son against father? Would you break all the ties of nature, and sin against the charities of kindred? For what purpose, think you, did the great Author of your being give you to man? Was it that you should thin creation, and unpeople the earth? Was it that you should disrobe yourselves of your sex's softness, and replace it with an exterminating barbarism? War with mercenaries may be endured, and the British spoiler may hire out his blood to sweep

sweep us from the land; but how delightful is *your* task to preserve as to create, to cement the work of *union*, to add the captivating influence of beauty and persuasion to the ascendancy of Liberty! the only ascendancy except your own, that virtue should acknowledge: and as virtue is *yours*, you should make us worthy of its enjoyment.

You who are wives, who are mothers, who are daughters, who are sisters, think of the murders that have widowed and orphaned your country. Think of the infant tossed from the point of the bayonet into the flames. Think of the wretched mother, shut up with her little children in her once happy dwelling, and there roasted, that the music of their shrieks may entertain the ear of the savage murderer. Think of the poor hamlet, that was cottaged with innocence and peace, or resounded with the song of industry, desolated in a moment by the brutal hand of force, and where nothing remains to be seen but famine and distress howling and stalking through the unpeopled desert. Think of your sex dishonoured by impious and lawless bandittis, that should have been the defenders of their country. Think of the despairing mother sitting by the road side, tearing her hair, with her children either famished at her feet, or butchered, or burned, or deflowered! Can you look tamely on, and behold your own beautiful creation thus destroyed, without a wish to relieve? With you, to wish is to perform; but if you possess not that wish, you make yourselves the abettors of this destroying system, accomplices in the murder of your own work. And will you, either by your conduct, or by what is as bad, a *supine indifference*, support a masterhood that excludes from it all the endearments and holdings of social life, all that delights or binds men together? Will you love the man who takes a pleasure in the ignorance and rude abasement of the *governed*? Full well I know your hearts detest him; and that while you thrust the monster from your sight, you will loathe the embraces of the wretch, whom his country has pronounced execrated;—yes, my countrywomen, of that wretch who, when he shall be cut off from the earth that he has unhallowed, will cause his children

to curse the memory of their bloody father, that had left them *infamy* for their inheritance ; and whose wife will be pointed at as she shares in the imprecations that pursue the murderer of his country.

Those that would enslave us all, would tremble at the day that *you* asserted your rights: no revolution could appal them more, because a revolution founded on the just rights of nature, and in direct opposition to the destroyers of those rights. Inauspicious day for them, but happy day for Ireland, when you shall pay the tribute of *your* applause to the brave asserters of their country's independence! When *your* approbation shall stamp a character for Ireland; when it shall steel the arm of your lover, and crown his brow with the wreath of public virtue! Be virtuous then yourselves, and recollect that patriotism is a woman's best dominion. If you are patriots, you make us brave, you make us deserving of you: we should dread to be the cowards of corruption. Mix the laurel with the myrtle; encourage the youthful patriot that courts your affection, to win it as the heroes of France won theirs, by *deeds of glorious emulation*; and to him who aspires to your love, let your answer be, "Go first, and deserve well of your country,"

I am, fair and dear country-women,

Your faithful friend and admirer,

MARCUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

DEAR SIR,

I AM a poor servant, and the labours of my place have almost broken my heart; but as my Mistress says you are a great bug-a-boo to bold people, I am in hopes you will get some remedy for me. You must know, Sir, that I live with an old lady in Glasnevin, who is a very good sort of a body enough, but the great man, the General, and all his Aid-de-camps, and all his drill-sergeants, and a terrible-looking set of fellows beside, that follow him, with their dirty houghs, that the latch of the hall-door, or the birch-broom, is never out of my hands; so that, dear Sir, I am almost

almost killed, besides being almost frightened out of my wits with their conjurations, and raising the devil, and playing the devil with one another.

Dear Sir, you must know that they have a queer creature here, which they call a Fox, which the General calls Major, Major, Major, every instant, and indeed I don't wonder, nor would you, that they call him a fox, for he is as cunning as the devil, and more comical and roguish than any I ever saw with a goose over his shoulder. This animal has the left hand parlour to himself, and the General has the right. The drill sergeants all turn to the left; where they are followed by the terrible-looking fellows with the fierce cocked hats, who are put through what they call their exercise, twice a-day; which I often see, as I have burned a little hole through the partition, with the poker, so that I can observe all their capers.

The General, and all the parties, assemble before day; the Fox then puts them through their exercise; the first motion of which is to step handsomely on the table, and then sit down upon a chair which is placed on it; they are then handed a book, which they kiss, after repeating some odd words, which the Fox mutters over to them; upon which they are taught to throw down the book with a graceful carelessness, or hand it back with a solemn sheepishness. Then they are asked a multitude of questions, and are directed to return certain answers, which all are not alike ready in remembering; upon which they are reprimanded, and threatened with deductions from their weekly pay, in proportion to their dulness. Sometimes the Fox snaps at them to frighten them, then he roars or barks at them, and if they shew any fear or confusion, he scolds them terribly, by all which means they become wonderfully clever, and then they are sent into the right-hand parlour, where they pass under another review before the General, after which they are dismissed for that time, until their next lesson.

Lord bless you Sir, you cannot conceive all the money these terrible-looking fellows get from the General, or from
the

the Fox, though I am told by one of the gang, called Newell, that the cunning Fox knows how to slice off some large bits for himself, which he learned amongst many other tricks, a few years ago in the Marshalsea, where he kept a whiskey-shop. Indeed Newell tells me many queer things, for he pretends to be in love with me, and says he'll take me off to Scotland with him, when he gets all the money he can from the General, who, he says, he has gulled out of many good hundreds, but he thinks they smoke him; so he will get all he can, and then be off, he says. Indeed, if I was to tell him what the General and the Major say of him, behind his back, he would never go near them, for they call him fifty frightful names, such as villain, rogue, rascal, scoundrel, and so on, but he is even with them, for when another fellow, one Dutton, and he are together, with some more of the gang, they call the General and the Major by the same names, so that I am sometimes afraid they will cut one another's throats, for I never saw such bloody-looking rogues, but I am cute enough for them, though they often frighten me, and Newell is so foolish when he is drunk, that he shows me all his papers, and amongst the rest, what he calls the muster-roll, which is the names of the company, and their weekly pay—I have pinned it to this paper, and you may do what you please with it, and I am, Dear Mr. Printer, yours till death,

JUDITH FLANAGAN.

Muster-Roll, and Weekly Subsidence.

			£.	s.	d.
Newell	-	-	-	5	13 9
Dutton	-	-	-	5	13 9
O'Brien	-	-	-	4	11 0
Clark	-	-	-	4	11 0
M'Dermot	-	-	-	4	11 0
Murphy	-	-	-	4	11 0
Hill	-	-	-	4	11 0
Davison	-	-	-	4	11 0
Rogers	-	-	-	4	11 0
Mucclevany	-	-	-	4	11 0
Ellison	-	-	-	4	11 0
Darby	-	-	-	4	11 0
Murdock	-	-	-	4	11 0
48 under-workers, at two guineas } each, per week			-	109	4 0

£. 175 3 6

The following letter was written by an honest countryman, an inhabitant of the county of Carlow, and an eye witness to several of the acts of oppression carrying on against the people of that miserable county. We give it in his own simple, unadorned style ("for truth, when unadorned, is adorned the most"), considering every individual in the society as having a claim to the columns of THE PRESS; we give it to those to whom its addressed, as their best rule of conduct, being the advice of an honest uncontaminated heart, feeling for the sufferings of his fellow men, and acquainted with their sentiments.

TO THE MAGISTRATES OF THE CO. OF CARLOW.

THE unheard of excesses committed by the magistracy of your county, has induced me thus to address you. Although your late conduct would induce me to imagine that all belief of future rewards or punishments, being annexed to virtuous or vicious actions performed here below has become extinct in you; still I hope for the good of humanity that your interest, the only motive which seems to govern your conduct, will induce you to reverse your late most sanguinary and tyrannical proceedings. Much has been said, and in part justly, against the atrocities committed during the French Revolution; but in order to explore the cause, we must mount to first principles, and see from whence they arose; it was from the rooted aversion and opposition of the aristocracy to any kind of reform, joined by the cruelty and oppressions with which they treated all persons struggling for the restoration of their rights. Like you at present, little idea had they that the moment was shortly to arrive, when their injustice and crimes would be retaliated with usury by a people, whom their example (the most refined and elevated of their nation) had taught to be ferocious and cruel, to a degree that staggers belief and humanity.—When the nobility of France were thus treating the people, they could not be brought to believe that a revolution, founded on the eternal principles of injustice, and the rights of man, could be ever effected by creatures whom they were taught from infancy to treat as beasts, and look on with contempt. They have since seen and felt its practicability and to them fatal consequences. What at first appeared

appeared in France very improbable appears at this period in Ireland (if not immediately prevented by the most just and liberal conciliation) almost inevitable. To persons of common sense, such a lesson staring them in the face, should I think be sufficient to make them at least pay some respect to the laws; but it seems as if God was blinding your understanding at the same time that you are steeling your hearts to all the soft and tender feelings of humanity, to make your punishment the more exemplary, and in some measure adequate to your crimes. By only mentioning these in a general manner, perhaps through the medium of that sink of corruption, the Dublin Journal, you would endeavour to impose upon the public, by attempting to make them believe you never committed what you are here accused with. In order to prevent your eluding that disgrace which your more than African tyranny so deservedly merits; I here select a few particular instances out of that black catalogue, which will be shortly published, and which will be substantiated upon oath, if necessary.

Thomas Timmin a young man from Newtown, Barony of Idrone, was taken by Cornwall's Yeomanry; when he was taken he was cut with swords in a most horrid manner; then offered to be liberated and rewarded if he would become informer, and threatened with instant death in case of refusal; the lad not being capable of giving information was taken and hung, cut down and bled, and when restored to his senses threatened with similar cruelty if he would not make a confession; not having it in his power he was treated as before, then again cut down, recovered, and his executioners not being able to extort a confession hung him up a third time—such the clemency of our tender rulers.

A Tobin Kilbride, Barony Forth, seized upon, and his executioners not being capable to extort a false confession against innocent persons, hung him up for several minutes; after his restoration to life, hurried him to the dungeons of Carlow, where he now remains:

A Rourke's house in Carrigstaney, Barony Forth, burned for suspicion, and not informing, robbed by the plunderers
of

of ten guineas in cash; his wife and children turned out naked; the assassins were going to murder them for modestly requesting to be allowed to return before the conflagration of the house to bring out some of their cloaths to preserve their life from the penetrating frost and cold of these inclement nights.

A Haughty farmer, in the neighbourhood of Carlow, who is possessed of a large property, and unacquainted with the late acts in relation to arms, thought nothing more lawful than to keep a gun, to guard against the mid-night robber, or more terrible assassin. The army came, found the piece, and was so merciful as to order him prepare immediately for death, or become an informer. The man knowing nothing, resigned himself to death. They could find no rope, but made use of a hank of yarn, as a substitute, with which they hung him three times; at each period of letting him down, repeating the threat of instant death, if he would not consent to swear away innocent men's lives.

In contemplating these, the pen almost drops from my hand, and I cannot restrain myself from looking with contempt upon the species to which I belong; but I must correct myself, and confine my remarks to that description, in whom a lust of power and avarice has swallowed up every good principle implanted in them by their Creator.

I come now to another species of cruelty, though not so glaring, yet far more villainous, viz. apprehending and transporting any person whom you may suspect the Supreme Being has blessed with knowledge enough to know his rights, or venture to assert them. Thus the fidelity of your country not allowing you the pleasure of having an informer, who might in some measure sanction your injustice, you indiscriminately seize upon all, your haunted imagination presents to you as entertaining the least love for their country. You wish and struggle to prevent the dissemination of knowledge, and replunge a people into that Gothic and barbarous ignorance out of which they are beginning to emerge. Great numbers having been obliged to
fly

fly from your frightful country, you immediately pronounced them guilty ; had they been hardy enough to have remained, they would in this inclement season of the year have been thrown into a crowded and loathsome dungeon, to perish with cold, hunger, and pestilence, or hurried as transports to the mortal regions of the West-Indies, to perish by the unwholesomeness of the climate, or in fighting for a cause which brought upon them and families so many accumulated miseries ; and all this without the semblance of justice, or trial even by a *packed Jury*.

No conduct however regular and reserved, no character however good can with you secure from suspicion ; but such is the inversion of things that the more spotless the life, and the more pure the morals, the more alarm does suspicion take, and the more cruel punishment does it prepare for the devoted victim. As soon as whim, caprice, revenge or cruelty attaches suspicion to any individual, the aristocracy immediately propagate a report that they have got information against him. The poor wretch conscious of his innocence, wishes nothing more than immediate trial ; but he knows that is eternally denied him. He sees seventeen prisoners after being confined upwards of three months amidst all the horrors and hunger of Carlow gaol, transported one morning without being able to procure even the form of Trial ; he sees or hears of numbers of the most amiable character in the Barony of the Forth, taken from their houses half hung, hacked or stabbed to extort a confession, which not being able to procure, they are hurried on board a Tender, and their family left to perish. Here gentlemen I crave permission to make a digression ; humanity when too much tormented sinks under the weight ; there is a certain point beyond which nature is not capable to bear up, and nothing in these moments of torments but a supernatural assistance can enable the sufferer to adhere to the truth, and not purchase his release from torture by any confession. If amongst your illustrious junto your leader the Attorney was to be selected and put to the torture as he has done to so many ; his pardon and a large bribe offered him if he would accuse some innocent persons ; I doubt not, but

but he so long trained to close with a bribe and purchase ease and affluence by sacrificing every principle of virtue and honour ; would soon agree to the proposal and inform against the dearest of his immaculate colleagues. It is no way improbable that, such an instance may not shortly occur, and if it does your present cruelty or moderation must regulate your punishment. When this infernal and odious Attorney first began his outrages and persecution, no part of Ireland could boast more loyalty than the county of Carlow ; every thing was calm and unruffled as a summer's sea ; but he had not long continued his career when the principle whose growth he affected to prevent, extended itself to all the adjacent parts of the country ; and some persons in whom the ignorant and deluded thought, they saw new C——'s rising up were sacrificed. Far be it from me to endeavour to extenuate the crime ; but if you want to explore the source of the disorders of your country go to Myshall and you will soon discover it. In the Barony of Carlow to the eternal honour of the Burton's and some other moderate Magistrates, similar acts of cruelty were not allowed, and the happy consequence was the most profound tranquillity in that district of the county. There is not a country in Europe but a few characters of the Attorney's description would inflame into rebellion. All that is necessary to restore your county to loyalty and peace is the restoration of justice and the laws ; which if you adopt, I have authority to speak in the name of the refugees, that they will most readily surrender and abide their trial ; those who shall not, you may very justly accuse of conscious guilt, but if you be so blind and wicked as to continue your cruelty you will only encrease the distress of your country, your own disgrace, and perhaps hasten for yourselves your final punishment, whilst your name and outrages will be handed down with odium and infamy to the most remote posterity. I remain most ardently wishing your conversation.

HUMANITAS.

A HYMN

LIBERTY.

A HYMN TO BE SUNG OR SAID IN ALL CHURCHES AND
CHAPELS ON PATRICK'S DAY.

SISTER of LOVE æthereal flame!

Who bid'st the livid lightnings roll,
Mov'st to soft harps the sphery frame,
And wak'st to ecstacy the soul!

Oh parent source of every good,
Arrang'd thro' ev'ry nice degree,
How few have justly understood
Those Laws of order fram'd by thee?

For thee the *Poet's* strain shall flow,
Inspirer of the vocal strings!
And *Philomel* forget her woe
To praise thee by whose aid she sings!

For thee gay *Zephyr* waves his plume!
Thine are the od'rous gifts he bears;
The hours unlock each varying bloom
And wake to life the laughing years!

Thy muse of old did *Greece* invest
What time the haughty *Persian* fled,
Thy terrors nodded from her crest
When *Rome* rais'd high her awful head!

Who are now the chosen race
From whom thou leav'st thy lucid sphere?
To whom thou giv'st thy radiant face
To see, thy gorgeous crown to wear!

In what fair Isle dost thou prolong
To make a favor'd nation blest,
The high resolve, the *Poet's* song,
The raptures of th' extatic breast?

'Tis *ERIN* thy best influence owns,
And dumb respect and slavish fear
Bid the mind wast to eastern thrones!
She's happier far, while thou art near.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER IX.

I AM not the retainer of any party. I am not in habits of intimacy with the leaders of opposition; I do not write, as you well know, to answer any selfish purpose; unknown and obscure, retired from the busy scene, I look forward with anxiety, from the summits of my mountains; I see the clouds that settle on the plain, and involve the horizon, and tremble for the fate of my virtuous countrymen. It is now a time, when every good and prudent man must be induced to look abroad most attentively, and to endeavour, from a consideration of men and things around him, to form to himself rules of conduct. I am too old to act; I am not too old to die in the cause of my country; I contribute what I can to the public service, the speculations of an old man, who has been long accustomed to view the fluctuations of public affairs, both in the recording page of history, and the tablet of his own memory and experience.

You wish me to consider what may be expected from the *Irish* opposition; from the men who formerly distinguished themselves in parliaments. I have all possible respect for the talents and virtues of these gentlemen; I have witnessed their exertions in the senate with enthusiastic admiration; but if I must deal frankly with you, I think all individual attachments and partialities ought to vanish, in the contemplation of a great public question. It has been a grand error of the people of *Ireland*, during a long series of years, that they have trusted too much to parliamentary leaders of opposition; too little to themselves; and what has been the consequence? the parliamentary leaders have too frequently wasted their strength, on questions that gave a semblance of opposition, without laying the axe to the root of the abuses; cautious, lest they should establish precedents injurious to themselves, should they happen to come into power at a future day. Finances, tythes, public speculation, the collection of the revenue, the state of the people, public education, the means of encreasing the resources of the nation, some of these have passed unnoticed,

others

others have been touched with a timid, and as it were, a reluctant hand.

Yet, I will not undervalue the labours of these distinguished men; their exertions, perhaps, were limited and unimportant, because the lights of the people were imperfect, and their expectations humble. The people have heretofore been fond, credulous, and easy to be duped, greedy of blandishment, but little studious of solid advantages; a few fair words, that meant nothing, a few flimsy concessions, that gave no relief, disarmed their resentment; and all their wrongs were forgotten, their just claims were laid aside, and the loud and piercing voice of their complaints were hushed into whispers. The leaders of opposition, and ephemeral patriots of the day, who rose in succession, and gratified the public ear, were silenced by places and pensions, and the struggles of the multitude ended, in the aggrandizement of certain political *condottieri*, and the increase of their own burthens. Such has hitherto been the history of Irish political exertions; it is to be feared, that were the people to pursue the same course, the same fate might attend them; were they to confide themselves implicitly, as of old, to a few parliamentary leaders, or known and accredited demagogues, taken from the ranks of aristocracy, or aspiring to be enrolled in them; it is possible that these gentlemen might compromise the interests of the people; that having provided situations for themselves, and a few of their confidential adherents, from the popular mass; they might take the opportunity of a change of ministry, to capitulate on terms more advantageous to themselves, than to the public; terms which should relinquish the punishment of great offenders, and acquiesce in superficial reforms, and imperfect concessions, which would not come near the substance of the existing abuses, or reach the measure of the national grievances.

The days of weak and flammering infancy are now past, the people are wiser and stronger, they have learned to express their wants, they no longer require leading-strings, they no longer catch at the hand of a leader, like children
that

that walk alone. It is not a flowery speech, in all the hey-day of oratory; it is not a debate prolonged to morning; on a question that leads to nothing, that will satisfy the people; their thirst and hunger cannot be appeased, their tears cannot be dried, their wounds cannot be healed, the ravished charities of life cannot be restored, by tropes and figures; the knowledge of the disease is the first step towards a cure; the people have that knowledge; they are disposed to probe the mischief to the bottom, to search, and if they can, to eradicate the unsound core. If the patriots of other times, and of the old school, should enlarge their notions, and co-operate with the people, it will be well. A grateful nation may profit by their talents, and their memory shall be embalmed in the praises of posterity; should they be disposed to halt by the way, and to rest in half measures, the people may not think their judgment definitive, their presence and society indispensably requisite; they may press forward without them; the people will not lean on a broken reed, that would only pierce their hand. It is truly said in Holy Writ—" *be that is not with me is against me,*"—the people feel that saying in their *heart of heart*. If the men who have heretofore acquired popular fame and consequence, seek to preserve their name and station; let them pledge themselves unequivocally, let them stand firm in the patriot ranks, and vindicate the honour and interests of their country.

So much for the aristocracy of the country.—You enquire my opinion of the remaining mass of the nobility and gentry of *Ireland* in general, and considered as an aggregate, having common interests, and acting by common rules of conduct. I shall speak with frankness. I consider the *privileged casts*, or superior classes, as they affect to call themselves, in a light of criminality. They have a severe account to settle with their country. To them may justly be imputed all the national calamities, which might have been prevented, by their interference. Their connivance on the one hand, emboldened government to acts of aggression, on the other; their desertion and apathy drove the peasantry to desperation. These people have endeavoured to insulate themselves in their own country, intent only on the

the enjoyment of luxurious indulgence, or the schemes of profit and ambition. They have affected to ridicule the people and their exertions; they have given currency to the calumnies against the popular cause; they have taken possession of the cry of passion, and discredited public virtue; they have made a disregard to the interests of a nation, and a disclaimer of political principles, the test of superior intelligence, and the criterion of elevated ranks. Their tergiversation was most critical, and fatal in its effects. To it we may ascribe all the horrors and outrages of which this miserable country has been the bloody scene.—There was a particular juncture; when the present administration seemed to be panic-struck, and under the terror of the moment, wished to assume the semblance of liberality and patriotic feeling. But the aristocracy, at this very crisis, came forward to prevent the pacification of their country; and by promise of unconditional support, emboldened government to persist in steady opposition to the popular sentiment.

You ask me what I suppose to be the meaning and object of the people? I answer—they feel that they have been deprived of the blessings of the *English* constitution; that they have been made the slaves of a cruel and outrageous military despotism—and they demand *atonement for the past and security for the future*. It has been said, it is the common-place declamation of corrupt aristocracy, and the profligate retainers of administration, “that the aims of the “people are plunder and anarchy, that the foes of civil “order, the avowed opponents of all regular government, “and incapable of that rational freedom which must ever “be accompanied with moral institutes and legal restraints.”—Base and malignant calumny, and futile as malignant! The lower classes of the people in this country, are the fairest subjects for the operation of a free constitution. They are not enervated by sloth, or depraved by luxury; they possess uncommon benignity of disposition. The individuals of our people, in every country but their own, display uncommon courage, industry, and talent; and the nation, were it not degraded by an inferior political situation,

tion, and provincial relations, and depressed by the unrelenting operation of a malignant and jealous government, would, I am persuaded, display an energy of character capable of the greatest and noblest exertions.

The foes of *Ireland* walk about, in open day, with a brow of insult. They roll about in gilded state, and insult the wretchedness and beggary of a plundered province, by their costly pageantry and profuse expence; the tears and despair of a season of public mourning, and unexampled calamity, with noisy revels and Asiatic luxury. The people behold all this, with folded arms, in dumb and sorrowful resignation—and shall they be called ungovernable, sanguinary and ferocious? No; consider the provocations of the times, and you will own that the great mass of the people, with few exceptions, have shown the passive fortitude of a stoic; that their patient forbearance and wise long suffering, fully refute the slanders of the iron-handed oppressors, and their envenomed accomplices.

You ask me what are the resources of the people. I answer they are great; their patience, their fortitude, their numbers, their perseverance, and above all, the reasonableness and the justice of their claims. If the people persist in their demands, with temper, unanimity, and firmness; if they are not discouraged by difficulties, and dangers, and above all, if they are not irritated to madness, and disgraceful reprisals of individual outrage, by daily exhibitions of diabolical cruelty; their cause is the just and righteous cause; and if we do not question a superintending good providence, we must be persuaded, that it shall finally prevail.

You enquire, in what manner the people are to employ their resources; by what operations are they to advance towards their great objects—Relief from the pressure of present evils; and some constitutional share of Freedom. I cannot answer this enquiry; the attempt would bewilder me in a boundless field of discussion. Two peaceable and constitutional modes of proceeding will suggest themselves to the prudence of every man, in these days of fiery ordeal.

UNION with the good, and SEPARATION from the wicked and misguided, for certainly these are times in which all men of liberal and patriotic minds, are threatened with common destruction, and ought to be united amongst themselves, by the sense of common danger. All friends of liberty, all lovers of their native country have the same objects in view, and should endeavour, to understand, and communicate with each other, and to pursue those objects, by united efforts, and harmonized, and according measures.

The utility of separation is equal, but less apparent. When the closest ties of social life are broken and perverted, and the intercourse of man and man is filled with treachery; it is necessary for people to conform and adapt themselves to the new order of things; to beware of false brethren, and to shun and discourage those who are active and zealous in the support and dissemination of pernicious principles. This conduct will answer two good ends—it will withdraw from the rage of vindictive prosecution, from the danger of misrepresentation, and the villainous industry of spies and informers, the honest and patriotic part of the community; who, in the integrity of their hearts, and in moments of unguarded zeal, might put themselves into the power of the emissaries of a jealous government. In the next place, such a conduct may contribute to enforce the law of reputation, one of the most powerful restraints on the conduct of unprincipled men. The champion of abuses, the zealot of oppression, the murderer of the peasantry, and the incendiary of the midnight hour, detested, shunned, and marked out for reprobation, will, at length, feel that the agonizing sense of deserved infamy, and the rending stripes of a conscious and guilty mind, equal any torture that their invective cruelty has devised, for their fellow citizens.

MONTANUS.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

THE silence of complaint from the lower part of the country of Antrim, might induce the public to believe that here there is little cause of complaint. But although the peaceable

peaceable and orderly behaviour of the people (deeply stung, however, with a sense of their wrongs) have deprived their despots of any colourable pretence to pursue the diabolical system of burning and massacre that has distinguished other parts, yet our magistrates have not been invective. Many of them have given ardent proofs of their zeal—one of them particularly, now high in delegated trust, not content with tearing from their families and dearest connections, number of useful and unoffending citizens, and dragging them to the prison and to the tender, thought of a speedier way of satiating his vengeance, and had two ladders erected near to his dwelling-house, and a cross tree fixed by way of a gallows, upon which, for the purpose of extorting confessions and informations, he caused two innocent industrious men to be suspended by a rope about their necks, until, one of them particularly, nearly expired.

Another newly created Attorney Magistrate, in order to render despicableness, conspicuous, had four honest men capitally arraigned, upon a hatched up charge of conspiring to murder him, and tried for their lives at last Carrickfergus assizes, upon the testimony of a perjured villain and notorious informer, who was himself afterwards convicted at said Assizes for forgery, and I believe still lies in gaol; the men, of course, were, after incurring great expence, honourably acquitted.

These facts, which can be well authenticated by affidavit, and numberless other acts of persecution and barbarity, the knowledge of which, perhaps, never extended further than this Barony, might, and perhaps will in proper time be rehearsed. The people beheld with indignant astonishment, but were silent. For, to sigh would be treason, to murmur might possibly be death.

But that which more immediately occasions my addressing you, is a transaction which happened here a short time ago, and which, though trivial in comparison with the above, yet from its singularity, if you think it not unworthy a place in your very valuable paper, you may insert it for the amusement of your numerous readers:—

after a short explanation of the circumstances that gave it birth, I shall give you an account of it literally as the honest man spoke it, the truth of which he will at any time attest, if necessary; provided a magistrate can be found that will take his affidavit. For magistrates now glory in breaking their oaths in that respect.

In this country it has been an immemorial custom for young females to assemble by appointment at the house of some neighbour, to assist in scutching the flax belonging to that neighbour; and they in turn send their daughters to assist each other; in the evening when the scutching business is finished, the young men of the vicinity, and sometimes the parents of both, assemble there also; and some playful diversion is generally struck up, which frequently concludes with a dance; one of these scutching dances happened lately near to Gracehill, so named by its owner Mr. S——t, a Magistrate, and Treasurer for this county.

The young man says, "That on or about the 3d of November last, being at a dance near to Gracehill, and considering ourselves a quiet party of people, and at a decent house, the house was surrounded by a party of Yeomen, sent by Mr. S——t of Gracehill, who came rushing into the house where the dance was held, swearing and damning us for buggers, to turn out, to the great surprise of all, but especially the young women, all of whom bore the best characters, we say these young men being taken prisoners to Mr. S——t's, were driven into the kitchen, being looked upon with disdain, Mr. S——t came down to the kitchen, and swearing we were brave looking young fellows, and that we would do well to go to General Lake, where we should go;—and that he would have the young women scourged from one end of Ballymoney to the other—having first released his own favourites, he confined us all night at Greenhill, and having ordered his party of men next morning, he marched us into Ballymoney, about seven miles distance, and would not permit man or woman to ride their own horses, and when we were getting our outside coats he damned us for rascals, it was a pity indeed
but

but we should be clothed, and he would neither let friend nor any other speak to us along the road, but insulted us all in a terrible degree, and swore he would send us men to the Tender. Coming near to Ballymoney he stopped, and detained us upon the road, and a very cold day it was, and the roads very dirty indeed for the poor girls to walk so far, until he sent in to Town and brought out a drum and fife, and drummed the young women and us all through the town; when we came to the barrack, the old Major commanding the regulars there, looked with pity on the poor girls in their drabbed and tired state, and would not suffer them to be put into the guardhouse; and Mr. S——t, if possible, might have, by this time, been ashamed too, for the girls were discharged: S——t would have us men immediately sent off, and would not take any bail; we were put into the dungeon, the Major thought we might be let out upon bail, we proposed to satisfy them in any bail, and after making intercession with some gentlemen, we were obliged to furnish 100*l.* bail each man, for our good behaviour for seven years, and for one year not to be seen out of our own houses after sun set, or before it would get up. So we were treated, without giving offence, and our characters are well known in the country, nothing to our disgrace. Our names that were so treated are,

MEN.

Moses Smith
Joseph Smith
Archbold Matthews
Hugh Smith
Charles Coghnan
Samuel Reynolds
John Metlam
John Metlam jun.

WOMEN.

Margaret Reynolds
Margaret M'Luse
Ellen Smith
Elizabeth Connolly
Margaret M'Key
Rosey Kencart
Margaret M'Kinny,
Elizabeth Stewart."

Here ends his narrative.

Instead, Mr. Editor, of the unoffending people being brought through the usual street leading to the barrack, Mr. S——t marched them through circuitous lanes, and up the main street, the fife playing a well-known tune, appropriate

propriate to common prostitutes only—to the offence of modesty, and the sorrow and indignation of the numerous spectators, and particularly of some of the aged parents of the innocent girls, who, at an humble distance, followed the procession.—Let your readers comment each for himself.

For my own part, Mr. Editor, I am in these times become so much out of fashion, that at the tables of most of our magistrates and great people, where formerly I was held in some degree of estimation, I am now almost entirely banished, to make room for FALSEHOOD, my deadly enemy; yet I will now and then hold a correspondence with you, because I believe you love me, as every honest man ought. I am,

TRUTH.

*Barony of Dunluce,
County of Antrim, Feb. 1798.*

A FRAGMENT.

Sad is the sleep of Erin, and her dreams are troubled and gloomy. Her enemy has come—he has come in the hour of her slumber, and his hand has stolen the *emerald* from her brow; but Erin has not awakened—no! she still sleeps.

Bloody is the field where she lies, and her garments are weeping with blood—for the wounds of her sons are streaming around her, and the ghosts of her heroes are streaming for vengeance! but Erin has not awakened—no! she still sleeps.

A sigh comes on the night breeze—'tis the spirit of Orr that complains! pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps over the slumber of Erin—He touches the lyre of song; the Heavenly Harp of Union—and the orisons of Freedom tremble over the chords—'twas a strain he loved, for he "*died singing it.*" Has Erin heard the voice of her hero? has Erin wakened? No! she still sleeps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

MR. EDITOR,

A firm determination to render every service in my power to the insulted and plundered inhabitants of this nation, induced me to send the original of the inclosed Letter, to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, respectfully demanding the liberation of Messrs. Neilson and Russel, from their respective bastiles, as there was nothing alledged against them, which could by any means warrant their detention. A part of the requisition was within the specified time complied with, but Mr. Russel being detained in his prison, I therefore determined to delay the publication, 'till I was satisfied as to the intention of government, which unfortunately for themselves, decided for his further confinement. I therefore consider myself fully justified in making public this letter, and likewise, in most solemnly assuring the public, that the gentlemen in question were utterly ignorant of the whole transaction.

Respecting Mr. Neilson, I have only to say, that it was not more my duty than my inclination, to free him from his captivity. Would to God! I could as effectually restore him to his lost fortune, health, and vigour! As to Mr. Russel, I had no other inducement, than what in similar circumstances I should for any other gentleman detained eighteen months in a gaol, for being sensible of his country's wrongs! and panting to redress them!

I take this opportunity of most solemnly assuring the public in general, that in no one period, did I for a moment intend coming forward to persecute any man whatever; I was compelled to keep up the farce till the moment of action arrived, and as I had long determined how to act, I found little difficulty in attaining my purpose—of ceasing to support a system I abhorred! And shortly I shall lay before the world documents that shall convince the most incredulous, that the plan I adopted could not be the effusion of a day—but long resolved, and purely voluntary!

J. BIRD.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CAMDEN, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

IN as few words as can convey my meaning, I will explain the object of this application, which I am pretty sure will

will be deemed a very ill-timed one. In a letter which I caused to be delivered to Mr. Cooke, I candidly made known my reasons for quitting a situation which I could not think of without horror! the consequence of which was, that *two* persons escaped a fate, to which they had been long since doomed by anticipation; that point gained, although a very important one, by no means satisfies me, Messrs. Neilson and Ruffel *are yet prisoners*; and your Lordship's great knowledge of law precludes the necessity of my asserting, that there is no kind of change whatever, which could by any means be supported against those gentlemen. Then, why, my Lord! hold honest men in captivity, without even the shadow of a crime to adduce! why irritate the public mind, already goaded nearly to desperation! Such conduct, my Lord, is as base! as it is impolitic; spurn such actions as you ought, give peremptory orders for the instant liberation of the persons before-mentioned, and you will acquire an honest popularity, infinitely more grateful to a feeling heart! than the barren adulation of that venal throng! whose baneful advice at present guides your Lordship's steps, and who, if suffered to proceed, will lead you to inevitable ruin! The gratitude of those individuals, will induce them to place their freedom purely to your Lordship's benevolence! as they are utterly ignorant of this application in their behalf; and I further assure your Lordship, that they ever shall remain so, if my request be now granted.

Your Lordship's native goodness, will, I hope, incline you to pardon the freedom of my style. The importance of the subject throws etiquette at a distance; and ceremony! from me, in such a situation, would be mere buffonery. My mind is intent on weightier matters, and let me incur what censure I may, I am determined to restore those gentlemen to their freedom, or lose my own in the attempt.

I seriously entreat your Lordship not to suppose I would deign to use empty menace, to attain my purpose. No, I scorn so mean a subterfuge; and did you but know the Adamantine foundation on which I build my hope of success,

cess, you would not, my Lord, for a single moment hesitate between *right and wrong, justice and tyranny*; but would instantly comply with my just request.

Should the enormous power, the lively craft of your wicked counsellors, prevail over the dictates of honour in your Lordship's breast, then, my Lord, am I irrevocably determined to place in Lord Moira's hands such documents as shall strike your boldest orator's dum! and raise thro' the *three kingdoms* such a tornado of execration, as shall penetrate the *inmost recesses* of the *Cabinets* of London and of Dublin!

If your Lordship can find no better way to unravel the mystery, apply to *Kemmis*!! perhaps he'll tremble; but he can inform you of what it is I speak! and which *your honour and your interest* demand should be *eternally concealed*, or honestly explored!!!

I now take my final leave of your Lordship, in whose breast it remains to decide on as important an event, take it *all in all*, as ever presented itself to your consideration!

I am, my Lord,

With the utmost respect,

Your Excellency's

Most obedient servant,

J. BIRD.

P. S. If the gentlemen herein-mentioned, are not restored to liberty, within three days from the delivery of this letter to your Excellency, I shall conceive it a direct denial, and take my measures accordingly.

TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

IF the voice of a subject could find any other access to your Lordship, than thro' the medium of public papers, I should not thus address you; but as it is a misfortune attendant on all courts, and a characteristic of the present Irish Court, that no man who does not prostitute his integrity, and descend to be a flatterer, can approach it; no
alternative

alternative remains to the honest man, but the newspapers, to communicate to you his sentiments. The language of truth must be grating to your ear, especially when it opposes your interest or your prejudices. I should not, at present, pain you with it, unless urged by the duty of every friend to humanity, to represent to your Lordship, as Chief Magistrate, the miserable and distressed condition of the inhabitants of Ireland. I beg leave to call your Lordship's attention to the sufferings of the peasantry of the county of Westmeath. From the scene of wretchedness exhibited in that county, your Lordship may collect that it is neither justice nor policy to expose his Majesty's subjects to a merciless soldiery. I believe even the most abandoned of your Ministers will not urge that such is justice. Let me tell you, my Lord, it is not policy; for by destroying the property and burning the hovel of the United Irishman, or defender, you reduce him to the necessity of robbing from his neighbour, and thus you destroy most effectually what you intended to preserve—the peace of the country. Your Lordship knows that, in flagrant violation of the British Constitution, and of the natural rights of mankind, the people of the North have been deprived of their arms, the defence of their lives and properties, against the attacks of an infamous banditti, which, to the eternal disgrace of the present Administration, boasted of acting by its orders, and under its protection. If the Administration sanctioned these miscreants, it has been the aggressor, and not the protector of the subject; it has been deficient in its duty towards him; it has abused the trust reposed in it; it therefore does not deserve support. By the act of exposing the people to soldiery, the Administration has forfeited their confidence. It is no longer an Administration acting by any thing which can be called law; but a system of force, acting by unconstitutional decrees, by unwarrantable and intolerable stretches of prerogative.

Though, my Lord, the sufferings of the people of Ulster are great beyond expression, or even conception; the inhabitants of several parts of Munster, not intimidated by the miseries of the North, have proceeded to acts of violence.

violence.—Coercion and military law have likewise been resorted to, to quiet these tumults—and thus the whole kingdom will be, district by district, and province by province, proclaimed before a year is terminated. These disturbances have increased by persecution. Your Lordship must therefore see that force cannot be the effectual means of quelling them. No, certainly, the cause of the evil must be sought for and removed, as the only mode of destroying the effect. The grievances complained of must be redressed, which, I think, whatever your Lordship may think, are not imaginary. No, my Lord, the people are notoriously imposed upon and oppressed by the iniquitous resolutions, 'twould be a prostitution of the name to call them laws, of men filling themselves a representation, but properly called a misrepresentation of the people. I hope your Lordship has reflection enough to consider that no act or law of any parliament can take away the natural rights of man. These mock legislators ought likewise to consider that Irishmen have birth-rights, of which their servants ought to be the protectors and not the invaders.

Now my Lord, as I have told you that the people of Ireland are aggrieved, I shall tell you the only means of relieving them to be a speedy reform in the representative body. The present unequal, and impolitic mode of representation, must be abolished, by cutting off the corrupt original; for while boroughs remain, all other modes of reform will prove abortive; we cannot expect a pure and wholesome stream from a muddy and poisonous fountain. The Minister must relinquish his old and common practice of corrupting the servants of the people, by the money squeezed out of the heart's-blood of the poor. The Commons house must become a sanctuary, into which a placeman or pensioner cannot enter. The unnatural union must be destroyed, which subsists between the mercenary hirelings of oppressors, and the servants of a still loyal, though much injured people.—The abuses of that branch of revenue so peculiarly favourable to crown influence must be destroyed, I mean the excise, to fill which the dregs of the nation have ingeniously procured. Reform must extend itself to the divine and holy institution of tithes, which instead of promoting

moting the cause of religion, have tended to destroy it by making the minister of Christ a base attendant on the great, expecting some place of emolument that he may the more effectually neglect his duty. In the dissolution of tythes will be cut off a source of perpetual discontent to the farmer and to the government, a fertile field of corruption. 'Tis unnecessary to insist on the gross violation of justice, in annually decimating the property of the dissenter and the catholic, to support the minister of the established church; 'tis futile to urge that acts of parliament authorize the robbery; no act or law whatsoever can authorize a man to take from his neighbour what he gives no equivalent for, and contrary to the proprietors consent. Yet the virtuous and conscientious bishop claims under the sanction of such decrees, a reward to which his services do not entitle him; reform must not stop here, as partial reform will be only productive of partial good. You must not be contented with lopping the rotten branches from the half rotten trunk; but lay the ax low to the tree, and exterminate it root and branch.

These remedies may seem severe; but my Lord, consider the obstinacy of the evil. Something decisive must be done for the people; they can no longer be cajoled and imposed upon sad experience has made them sage, the peace, happiness and safety of Ireland must be consulted, not the aggrandizement of a court. Look to this letter, my Lord, and read it, tis your duty so to do, tho' perhaps you are not aware of it. But know that the cries of the nation are daily encreasing, though as yet they bear no finite proportion to the wrongs it has suffered; that the citizen instead of sinking into submission is nearly roused to resistance; that the day is fast approaching when you will be struck with a sense of your duty, but perhaps too late, when promises and threats will be equally despised by a people determined to be FREE.

SCOEVOLE.

What a *people* can do, the people of North America have done; what a *people* ought to do, the people of Ireland are considering.

When

When Lord Moira in his statement of the cruelties practised on the people, mentioned the picket inflicted on a helpless individual, "That picket punishment," says the Chancellor, "was only on a *Black Smith*." Ah! poor Black-Smith! *You* can have no feeling. What are the swinish multitude good for but to have their throats cut?

TO LORD

MY LORD,

YOU have done the greatest favor, and bestowed the highest compliment in your power, on the Association for Collecting Proofs of Enormities. From that Lord who could assert, and confidently repeat, that the Orange-men were friends to the Constitution, any commendation would have libelled the same, and struck self-reproach to the heart of a virtuous society.

It is infinitely beneath the dignity of the gentlemen composing this association to expostulate with men of vulgar manners and brutal sentiments; yet may your Lordship gain one favour from your rank, which otherwise might be refused to your character—if you chose to be personally abusive, there are many gentlemen in the association, your superiors in birth, talent, morals, and acquirement; and you may depend on it few among them will deny giving to you the honour of being *personally* responsible.

With which sentiments I have the honour to be at your Lordship's service,

A MEMBER.

"There is no government without a mutual confidence between those who command and those who obey." These are the words of common *sense*. Is Ireland to be governed like slaves? England would have so governed America: but America has shewn that she was equally sensible both of her rights and her strength; and she was sensible of this when she had no allies. England crossed the *Rubicon*—she unsheathed the sword of civil war—she gave the first wound. What was the consequence? From that moment there was no further treaty. It would have been signed by hatred and distrust; hatred which never pardons; distrust which by its very nature, can never be reconciled.

TO

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

ADDRESS
OF THE LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY,
TO THE IRISH NATION.

“ What are fifty, say a thousand Slaves,
 “ To the nerve of a single Arm
 “ That strikes for Liberty.”

BRAVE AND SUFFERING NATION;

THE London Corresponding Society, animated by the desire of promoting universal Liberty, and alive to the general interests of humanity, have beheld with inexpressible regret the enormous cruelties, which have with impunity been practised in every corner of your devoted country.

Jealous of the honour of the community of which we are members, and feeling for the dignity of the British character, we deem it our duty to address and assure you, whatever atrocities may have been committed by misguided men, or however the sentiments of the people of this country may have been represented by interested ones, there are few in Britain who do not shudder with horror at a recital of the sufferings of the Irish people.

Did we read that in any foreign country, or at any remote period of antiquity, the governors of a populous and civilized kingdom, had laid waste with fire and sword large tracts of land, had murdered the innocent traveller on the road, had turned women in the agonies of child-birth, naked into the fields at midnight, there to behold, with additional pangs, their little all consumed by the flames which persecution had kindled, and their dearest relatives murdered by sanguinary malice; whilst others were tortured at the will of a *licensed* banditti—Did we read of *all* those cruelties, and that they were exercised, not upon *rebels*, but under the *pretence of preventing rebellion*, we should shut the book with horror, and execrate the guilty perpetrators as monsters, for whose atrocities language had not a name. Yet much do we fear that when the historian of

Ireland

Ireland shall pen the history of the present times, he will in obedience to truth, be necessitated to *stain* its pages with crimes *equal* to any we have conjectured. Has not popular privilege, upon all occasions, been obliged to bow the obedient head, and bend the suppliant knee to the imperious behests of privilege and prerogative? Has not every barrier between privilege and prerogative been overthrown by power, or overwhelmed by corruption? Have not thy laws been perverted? Thy penal statutes extended to acts to which *justice* cannot attach *criminality*? Have not juries been packed; threatened, and intoxicated? Have not Judges received; and caused to be executed, verdicts where malice and prejudice have been proved? Have not witnesses been permitted to give evidence, whose perjuries were open and manifest? In fine, has not justice, and the *forms* of justice, nay, *even decency*, been disregarded?

And why has all this inhumanity, this savage barbarity, been committed? "Because," say your governors, "some men formed societies, calling themselves UNITED IRISHMEN: who swore in the most solemn manner *to persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious persuasion; for the purpose of effecting reforms which we do not think expedient.*"

These are the crimes of which you are accused, and to support these accusations, fire, torture, and death, are to ravage the *once peaceful* plains of Ireland.

If to wish for the happy UNION of mankind, when their *religious* opinions shall be no obstacle to the performance of their *moral duties*, be criminal; WE also are guilty; and if to *unite* in the *cause of Reform* upon the *broadest basis*, be *treason*, WE with YOU are *traitors*.

We cannot (thanks to our more enlightened English juries) pursue the analogy further. For though hireling spies and informers have attempted the lives of some of our Members, their efforts were rendered ineffectual, by the virtuous integrity of those to whom their country had entrusted their condemnation or acquittal.

Young

Your injuries have made a deep impression upon our minds, from a consideration that as our fellow men in Ireland, live under the same FORM of Government, and are, in FACT, governed by the *same* men, we entertain the well-grounded fear, that what ~~has~~ been done in Ireland, MAY be done in Britain. This we are confirmed in, when we compare the *systematic* exactness between the measures FORMERLY pursued in Ireland, and those now pursuing in Great Britain. Among you, religious dissensions have been fomented; among us, the seeds of distrust have been scattered. But as is commonly the fate of bad men, their measures have recoiled upon themselves, they have strengthened the bond of UNION among you, 'till "*neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments shall ever induce*" you to forego it, and they have enabled us so clearly to discern the *genuine* friends of liberty, that no finesse, no glitter of *counterfeit* patriotism can dazzle our eyes, or mislead our judgment.

Penal statutes have been multiplied against *us*, as well as against *you*, and those rights hitherto held most sacred, have been attacked, yet have we not ceased from our exertions; we *have* persevered, and we *will* persevere, though military law be proclaimed, and trial by jury suspended. 'Tis true we cannot boast of our sufferings with equal propriety, but if circumstances shall place us in a like situation, we trust we shall not be found inferior in virtue to the people of Ireland. You have borne individual wrong with unparalleled patience and forbearance; with a view to promote collective happiness: you have convinced the world that you possess *passive* courage to a great extent, and should the omnipotent voice of necessity call upon you to exert it *actively*, we doubt not but you will evince that you possess it in as eminent a degree.

We embrace the present opportunity of appealing to our armed countrymen in Ireland—*Soldiers!* we have with the deepest concern learned that you have on some occasions been induced to violate that humanity which has heretofore characterized British soldiers. We conjure you by the love you bear your country, and by the affection you
feel

feel for your relatives, and by every thing that is dear to man, to forbear committing any outrage, however you may be *promised* protection therein; we intreat you, if you value the national honour of Great Britain, or the reputation of her arms, to disgrace not the one or fully the other, by acts of cruelty or brutality. Remember, Britons, that were it possible for you to descend so vilely low as to become the agents of enslaving Ireland, and were it possible for you to succeed therein, her inhabitants may be made the instruments of subjugating the liberty of *your* country. If you massacre the Irish, will not the Irish in some measure be justified in retaliating upon the British. If good offices demand congenial returns, does not offensive cruelty palliate defensive barbarity? But why should we predict calamities which we hope will never happen? You will, we trust, behave with the manly firmness of British soldiers, not the desperate fury of freebooters and assassins; such conduct will entreat you to your relatives and friends by convincing them that their happiness is dear to you; it will restore peace and liberty to Ireland, and consequently to Great Britain.

GENEROUS, GALLANT NATION!

May the present address convince you how truly we sympathize in all your sufferings, and how much we should be gratified at being able to alleviate them. May nations be instructed by your example to mark the wily schemes by which governors induce a people to barter away their liberty under an idea of preserving present quiet; may they learn that "EXISTING CIRCUMSTANCES" have been the watch-word of DESPOTISM in all ages and in all countries; and that when a people once permits Government to violate the genuine principles of Liberty, encroachment will be grafted upon encroachment, evil will grow upon evil, violation will follow violation, and power will engender power, till the liberties of ALL will be held at the despotic command of a tyrant or tyrants, who will soon throw away EVEN the mask of law, and undisguisedly violate what they for a while politically seemed to respect and venerate.

May your governors be warned by historic experience, and learn that governments are made for the people, and not the people for governments; that the voice of God is always to be gathered from the congregated WILL of his rational creatures; that the *just* revenge of a people is ever *proportioned* to the injuries which they have *received*; that the irritated feelings of the injured cannot always be repressed: that forbearance beyond a certain point becomes cowardice; that a courageous people may be driven to despair; and finally, that an UNANIMOUS and UNITED nation never can rebel.

In thy behalf, oh Ireland! do we supplicate the great Author of nature! May he look with compassion upon thy miseries! May he wipe away the falling tear from the cheek of affliction! May he be a "father to the fatherless," and a friend to him who has none to help him! May he strengthen the feeble, invigorate the weak, encourage the timid, UNITE the DISUNITED, energise the virtuous, enervate the vicious, paralyse the efforts of the wicked, and crown with success the *struggles* of the *brave* and *valiant*! Ultimately we beseech him to inspire you with that undaunted courage and perseverance, which is essential to the attainment and security of rational freedom—that freedom, without which life is only a miserable existence, and death a happy release from bondage.

Signed in name and by order of the
London Corresponding Society,

R. T. CROSSFIELD, President.

Committee Room, London,
January 30, 1798.

THOMAS EVANS, Secretary.

Do gentlemen think that the suppression of *truth* will give content? do they think that they are of such consequence that their mandate will quiet the people? Or do they think that the people are not under the same influence of men who breathe a purer air abroad? Let those act who dare; but let those who dastardized their souls, and stifled every dictate of honour, be silent.

H. FLOOD.

The penal laws of Ireland are a disgrace to the legislature, and a reproach to humanity.

HOLMES.

To

To give relief to the Roman Catholics.—It is necessary in the present temper of affairs to use such means as will *conciliate* and draw together in the *closest union* the minds of all our fellow subjects.

ATTORNEY GENERAL SCOTT.

IRISH LAW.

WE have taken particular pains to be informed of the sequel of the story of Michael and Thomas Egan, the father and son, who underwent so barbarous and brutal a persecution in the village of Dunlavin, in the county of Wicklow—being, as we have already stated, dragged naked from their beds in the dead hour of the night; the father's bones broken by officers and yeomen, for to the immortal honor of the poor Irish soldiers, they refused to take part in the atrocity; whilst the son was hanged three times, in the presence of his aged father, with every aggravating circumstance of barbarity—and this without any colour of legal authority whatsoever, but avowedly by the inhuman and illegal process of torture, to extort accusations from the agony of the sufferers. Upon the son's refusing a bribe, the father was violently beaten before his face.

The young man was cut down senseless and lifeless, his tongue hanging out of his mouth; but was nevertheless kept several days in the guard-house. In six days he was taken, with his hands tied behind his back, to Wicklow gaol, where he remained, in the most monstrous contempt and violation of the law, in a dismal cell, loaded with very heavy irons.

He was then brought up to the Quarter Sessions at Baltinglass, and an indictment read to him, charging him with *having spoken seditious words*. He was then remanded, and not delivered till he gave bail in so extravagant a sum as five hundred pounds. The words, we understand, with which he was charged, were fitter to excite laughter, than to sanction any such persecution. And upon his appearance at Baltinglass, on Thursday last, the prosecutor thought fit to quash his indictment; and Mr. Fowler, a principal party, was himself to bail, upon the information of Michael Eagan against him, and is to answer at the next assizes of Wicklow.

TO LORD ~~MACBETH~~

~~Why,~~ worthy TRAVE,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things.

MACBETH.

MY LORD,

WE have been told that you have lately in public company declared your expectations of being abused by us, and also your apprehensions that we might assassinate you. We should not give you the gratification of noticing your expectations but that we have so much tenderness of nature, as to be really desirous of calming your fears. In truth my Lord, we are no friends to Assassination, and are most determined and sworn enemies to Assassins, inasmuch that we stand solemnly pledged to God and our Country to unite with all honest men in their efforts to bring the assassins, who are now infesting this unhappy land, to a just and condign punishment; this engagement we will most religiously adhere to: nor do we at all doubt of success. Let not therefore your poor imagination be hunted, nor your rest broken by dreams of daggers and knives aimed at your lordly throat, or of bullets endeavouring to force a passage through your sapient skull. Only put a just estimate upon your life and see how safe you are. Assassinate YOU! For what purpose? Do but ask yourself, or ask any friend, that single question, and all your terrors will be hushed to sleep in a moment. We are truly glad to assist in relieving you from them; this is a charity that we render you with pleasure; but indeed, my Lord, you must not expect us to abuse you. We utterly despair of being able to do any thing more for you than to laugh at you; at least unless you can contrive to furnish us with better materials. At present, after the most diligent enquiry, all that we can learn about you is, that you are said to be (but of this we are not sure) the son of a Bishop, and upon looking into the Almanack, we find (and of this we have no doubt) that you were made a Lord in the year 1790.

We are, my Lord,

Your Lordship's sincere well-wishers,

THE WRITERS in the PRESS.

TO

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS,

A HISTORY OF THE PERSECUTION OF
MR. BERNARD COILE,

A CATHOLIC INHABITANT
OF THE COUNTY OF ARMAGH;
AND OF
WILLIAM HAWTHORN.

From this narrative it will appear that the present cruelties, and unparalleled misconduct of Magistrates, are not ascribable to any present exigency; but are merely an extension of that system long acted under by connivance, but of late openly avowed.

The history of Mr. Coile's extraordinary persecution, so far down as the month of November 1796, is briefly stated in the following Memorial, delivered by him into the hands of Mr. Secretary Cooks, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Mulhall, of Denmark-street Chapel. The subsequent part of the Narrative, will, whenever it becomes necessary, be authenticated by the most ample proof.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT,
THE MEMORIAL OF BERNARD COILE,
OF LURGAN, IN THE CO. OF ARMAGH.

Most Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your Memorialist being a manufacturer of Mus-
tins and Cambrics, had, for the purpose of carrying on said
business of a manufacturer, resided in Lurgan, for the space
of sixteen years prior to the month of January, 1796.

That in the latter end of the year 1795, very dangerous
riots and tumults broke out, which were fomented by hid-
den agents, and propagated amongst the ignorant of all re-
ligious persuasions, under pretext of religion.

That your Memorialist being a professor of the Roman
Catholic religion, used every effort to moderate the spirit
of his own persuasion, particularly by promoting the print-
ed Resolutions of the Roman Catholics of his and the ad-
joining parish (herewith sent, and humbly referred to),
and

and enforcing, by all his influence, the observance of these resolutions, in hopes by setting an example of good-will and moderation, to disarm the animosity of a faction, denominated Peep-of-day-Boys, and since called Orange-men, whose only object was the persecution of the Catholics.

That notwithstanding this, the most unheard of cruelties were daily inflicted upon the Roman Catholics of the said county, by the said Orangemen, who, in many instances, boasted of the countenance and protection of Magistrates and other persons in power.

That your Memorialist was induced by a sense of duty, and pity for the afflicted, to lay before the Court of King's Bench, an affidavit, charging John Greer, of Silverwood, Esq. a Magistrate of the county of Armagh, with corruptly encouraging and fomenting the said inhuman persecution, and at the same time, four other persons respectively made affidavit of similar facts.

That by leave of the Court, the five affidavits were consolidated into one cause, and a conditional order for an attachment granted thereon, on condition of the expence of the proceeding, and the poverty of the greater number of the parties complaining.

That immediately on the service of notice of said order, Patrick Hamill, one of the above-mentioned deponents, was beaten nearly to death, his father soon afterwards shot, in the dead of night, in his own dwelling house, for having so dared to complain. One M'Clusky, another of said deponents, had his dwelling house attacked in the night, and was driven from thence by many acts of menace and violence, and at same time a conspiracy was also formed to take away the life of your Memorialist, by a false accusation for the crime of High Treason.

That being apprized of this by Andrew Thomas Corner, a member of the established church; who had at first taken a part in said conspiracy; your Memorialist applied to Mr. Brownlow, a neighbouring Magistrate, for a summons, to bring the parties instantly before him, that he might have

an

an opportunity of confronting them, and preventing so diabolical an attempt.

That this request was made on Wednesday the 13th January, but the only summons which Mr. Brownlow was pleased to grant, was for the ensuing Friday.

On the intervening day, Thursday the 14th, Memorialist was warned by some of his neighbours to fly, because however innocent, there was enough sworn against him to hang, as they said, one hundred men; but conscious of his innocence, and relying on the justice and the law of his country, he rejected this advice with indignation.

Memorialist was accordingly arrested on the said day, (Thursday) and taken before Mr. Brownlow; who, without waiting for the effect of the summons, which he had granted the day before, or any further inquiry; together with Michael Obins, Esq. another Magistrate, committed your Memorialist to the county gaol, under the following committal:—"WE herewith send you the body of Bernard Coile, a reputed Papist, charged with distributing a large quantity of ball cartridges, amongst a number of Papists, for the purpose of destroying the Protestants, and also at same time swearing a person to be one of his soldiers, to assist in overthrowing the King, government, and all the Magistrates, &c. &c.

Signed, { MICHAEL OBINS,
WILLIAM BROWNLOW.

Memorialist had not long lain in gaol until James Murray, one of the conspirators, came before the Rev. Wm. Bristow, sovereign of Belfast, and made a voluntary confession, which he afterwards confirmed by affidavit before a Commissioner, fearing, as he deposed, to make the same in his own country, lest he should be put to death; stating that he had been suborned by persons in his said affidavit mentioned, to swear falsely against said Memorialist to the following effect:—

That your Memorialist was sworn to be a King, that deponent was enlisted to be one of his soldiers, and further
that

that your Memorialist had engaged to reward said deponent with Mr. Brownlow's estate, or some adequate freehold for ever, with other matters for which Memorialist begs leave to refer to said Murray's affidavit sent herewith, No. 1.

That Bernard Cuth, another of said conspirators, a protestant dissenter, struck with remorse at the distress he had brought upon an innocent person, made a like confession, and like affidavit.—See his affidavit, No. 2.

That the testimony of these two guilty men was likewise confirmed by the affidavit of Daniel Kearns; sent herewith, No. 3.

That the Rev. Mr. Mansell, before whom these examinations of the conspirators were sworn, as it now appears, did for some reason best known to himself, induce such of these as were Roman Catholics to read their recantation previous to their examinations, and the following is a copy of the certificate thereof granted by him to James Murray:

James Murray, of Derrybegna, came before me this day, and renounced the errors of the Church of Rome, and embraced the Protestant faith as by law established.

GEORGE MANSELL.

Drum, Jan. 13, 1796.

(3)

See Copy No. 5.

That in the ensuing Hillary Term, a motion was made to the honourable Court of King's Bench, grounded on the foregoing affidavits, in hopes that that Court might be induced to look into the examinations, by virtue of which Memorialist then lay in gaol; and that if it appeared manifestly that they were the testimony of a perjured conspiracy, that your Memorialist might be admitted to bail, which would have been given to any amount, and allowed to pursue his industry and protect his property. That said motion was refused.

That Memorialist lay in gaol till the ensuing assizes, when, conformably to the act for securing the liberty of
the

the subject, he petitioned on the first day to be tried, and was willing to have waived his five days notice of the indictment, and every advantage of time, which the law allowed him; but that notwithstanding the assizes lasted eleven days, he was not tried.

That on the last day, being by law entitled to trial, he applied to the Court, and was refused, because it was said the assizes were not yet finished, but adjourned till the ensuing short vacation.

That no such adjournment ever took place, and by that means your Memorialist was, notwithstanding the act of his present Majesty expressly to the contrary, detained in gaol till the following summer assizes.

That in the mean time, one Owen Burns, a fourth of the said conspirators against your memorialist's life, came forward voluntarily, and swore as the former conspirators had done, that he had been threatened by twelve men, in his affidavit particularly named, and by them compelled to swear a false oath against your Memorialist's life, and further that he had received a new suit of clothes, from a gentleman of the name of Burke, by profession an attorney, by order of Mr. Brownlow, together with two ruffled shirts; that he was taken to Dublin in a chaise, conducted and guarded by two of his fellow conspirators, George Cull and John M'Comb, who paid all his expences; that he was kept prisoner in Dublin thirteen days, during which time he was once brought before James Verner, Esq. a magistrate of said county, in Dawson-street, who there appointed a day for him to come again before him, and swear something new against your Memorialist, but that said deponent Burns, shocked and penitent for what he had done, before the appointed day came, effected his escape, and returned to the county of Armagh.

That as appears by said Burn's voluntary deposition, he had, during his stay in Dublin, received from Mr. Verner, M. P. and Magistrate, and now captain of the Church-hill cavalry in said county, one guinea towards his expences,
after

after his escape and return to the country, three guineas more from the said Mr. Verner, and also three other guineas from Mr. Henry Greer, son of the said Mr. John Greer, to defray his expences in attending during the last assizes to prosecute your Memorialist.

That said deponent also, as appears further by his affidavit, received another guinea from one David Turkington, brother to a certain person of the name of Oliver Turkington; which said Oliver was sworn to be principally concerned in the said plot against your Memorialist's life, as appears by said Murray's affidavit; and that the said Oliver Turkington bore malice to your Memorialist, being actually bound to answer for an assault committed on a certain Sunday, and on his person, on the public highway.

That said Turkington was a zealous partizan and agent of Mr. John Greer, and a person made a constable by his recommendation; and very much implicated in the charges brought against Mr. Greer by your Memorialist.

That at the summer assizes Memorialist applied to be tried or enlarged, under the direction of the Habeas Corpus act; but this was again opposed, upon no other ground than an affidavit made by the above-mentioned Oliver Turkington, stating, that the said Owen Burns being as aforesaid a witness for the Crown, was spirited away by your Memorialist, or by his means, who was all along, as aforesaid, a prisoner in gaol.

That in answer to this, Memorialist made an affidavit, stating, that so far from being guilty of this new crime imputed to him, he did believe it to be a wilful perjury, in order to deprive him still further of his liberty, and the more so, as the design of taking his life had now evidently failed; and your Memorialist further stated his belief, grounded on the foregoing affidavit, that said Turkington was a conspirator against his life.

That not only your Memorialist, but his leading Counsel, Mr. Blackburn, under whose guidance and correction said affidavit was prepared, underwent the most severe and repeated

peated animadversion of the judge, for having presumed to throw such an imputation upon the said Turkington, although your Memorialist did conceive it not more true, than necessary, in order to his own safety, and your Memorialist was then enlarged.

That your Memorialist, stung with this rebuke, and anxious for the full establishment of his character and credit, which he had not been able to affect by a trial, would have prosecuted said conspirators, but was informed that no indictment would lie, in as much as the Judge had emphatically admonished him, that his own trial was still over him, whenever it might be expedient for the Crown to bring it forward.

Thus has your Memorialist lain in gaol for two assizes and one adjournment, contrary to the Habeas Corpus act, to which he had conformed in every particular; he has been put to an incalculable expence in defending himself against five or six Counsel fees by the Crown against him on each of the above-mentioned occasions; his weavers have been banished, their looms destroyed, his webs cut, and rotted in concealed places during his absence; his credit, by which he had formerly risen in life, ruined by a still impending charge, prevents the reparation of his affairs by future industry. Whereas Memorialist, whose desire and whose interest it was to keep peace in the country, as appears by the printed resolutions herewith sent, and whose exertions tended considerably so to do, is conscious of no cause for his persecution, but having, with the view of peace alone, appealed to the Court of King's Bench, on behalf of public justice, against a Magistrate whose conviction has since proved the truth of his testimony.

That your Memorialist is now an exile from his proper habitation, and not daring to return, lest he should meet with instant death, he and his friend having been often threatened to that effect.

Wherefore may it please your Excellency to take your Memorialist's case into consideration, and to grant him such relief

relief and protection as to your wisdom and goodness shall seem most fit, and your Memorialist, as in duty bound, shall ever pray, &c. &c.

November 14, 1796.

Coile presented his memorial to Mr. Secretary Cooke in presence of the Rev. Mr. Mullhall, of Denmark-street Chapel, and gave an account of the general persecution of the Catholics, and explained every fact related in his own memorial, challenging the strictest scrutiny into its truth. Mr. Cooke promised to lay the whole before the Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. Cooke gave him the fullest credit for what he related, what he had suffered, and what he had done with respect to Mr. Greer, &c. promised him ample redress, and that he should hear from him in a day or two.

About two days afterwards he received a note from Mr. Cooke, desiring to see him; accordingly he attended at the Castle; Mr. Cooke informed him he had laid his memorial before the Lord Lieutenant, and that government wished to do him every justice; that he should be indemnified, and that government would prosecute the conspirators at their own expence, as they looked upon him as an innocent and injured man, and that if he would give them his assistance to prosecute, that when that was done, his damages should be paid, but not otherwise.

He was referred by Mr. C——e to the Attorney General, and desired to get new examinations. Coile remonstrated, saying, that there was no justice in the county, as the grand jury on Cull's examination had ignored the bills when he, Coile, lay in Armagh jail. Mr. Cooke said he might rely upon it they must be found.

Coile waited upon the Attorney General, carrying a letter from Mr. Cooke, which he did not receive for ten days; went to the Attorney General with his friend D. T. O'Brien.

The Attorney General objected to speak in the presence of a witness, and asked Mr. O'Brien if he came there to pick

pick up his conversation, and gave no further answer at that time, but desired Coile to call in two days.

Coile called according to appointment, and after relating his whole story, was desired by the Attorney General, to bring the witness against the conspirators, Bernard Cushe, a soldier in the 5th Dragoon Guards, to swear his examinations against said conspirators.

Coile told Attorney General that said Cushe had been imprisoned, and four or five different times attacked, and put in danger of his life, on account of his having disclosed the truth; and sworn examinations against said conspirators, before the Sovereign of Armagh, during Coile's confinement in Armagh gaol; and that said Cushe, after lying in gaol four months, upon a charge of having fired at one M'Gaffock, was turned out for want of prosecution; after he was enlarged he was taken up as a deserter, and confined in the guard-house for near a fortnight, after which he was obliged, for his own protection, to enlist, and that his regiment was now in Carlow—that his Colonel's name was ———, and it was easy for the Secretary to command his attendance, whereas Coile had no means of enforcing it—Mr. Cooke promised to have him brought up, and at length, after many weeks delay, and several importunities from said Coile, he was brought up to swear his examinations to the above effect.

It was at this time that Cushe disclosed to Mr. Cooke, as he himself tells, the Orange-man's oath, and apparently by his disclosure, incurred the Secretary's displeasure. He told Mr. Cooke, that he would undertake to secure the conspirators, provided he was sent down, and a sufficient guard to assist him there; that otherwise there might be difficulty in arresting them.—Mr. Cooke's answer was, "that he would take it on himself to send the examinations down to the Commanding Officer of the district, who would have them arrested."—Accordingly Coile remained contented for the present—But from that day to this, there has not been any attempt to take them, although they still live in the country, and two of the principal
within

within one mile of Lurgan. About three months afterwards, the assizes came on, and no bills were sent up, nor even the examinations returned.

After the assizes, Counsellor James Dawson, assistant barrister for county Armagh, applied to Coile in Dublin, and asked him to go with him to the Castle, to Mr. Cooke, who wished to see him in order to do him justice; and to do something in the case of the conspiracy against his life: and to talk of some other matters. Coile answered, that as the assizes were long over, and no steps taken, he had reason to apprehend that Mr. Cooke was not sincere, and that it was but wasting time, when it was evident that there would be no justice; till it would please Providence to interpose.

Upon one occasion Coile referring the Attorney General to Lord Gosford's speech at the meeting of the magistrates, and to their resolutions, for a proof of the injustice that had prevailed in the country, was rebuked by the Attorney General, who said, that the government was not to blame, and that Lord Gosford had made himself too busy—and in a conversation with Mr. Cooke, he (Mr. Cooke) made a similar remark. Upon which said Coile threatened to lay a counterpart of his memorial before the King himself, even if it should cost the last shilling that was left, after the expence of his imprisonment, and the costs of the law, added to the depredations committed on his property, which seemed to have the effect of producing the before-recited promises from Mr. Cooke, which would have been very satisfactory; but they never were fulfilled.

Mr. Cooke made another promise, which was in some degree fulfilled, namely, that the Attorney General should bring in a bill for the relief of the injured Catholics of Armagh. In truth the bill did pass, but as it left the redress to the discretion of the Grand Jury, composed chiefly of those magistrates above mentioned, it is not wonderful that it gave but little satisfaction to the country.

The acting Secretary of the Grand Jury at the assizes last past, was the identical Mr. Greer, who was convicted and
suffered

suffered six months imprisonment, for corruption and partiality in his office, as a Justice of the Peace, in favouring the Orange-men against the Catholics: and observed to one Blacker who applied to have his petition sent up, that he (Blacker) was too much connected with Belfast, to have any thing done for him, and accordingly the said Blacker, one of the most injured persons in the county, got no redress.

PERSECUTION OF WILLIAM HAWTHORN,

SERVANT TO MR. BERNARD COILE.

Mr. Coile having had occasion to inform Mr. Secretary Cooke, and the Attorney General of the persecution of his trusty Servant, of the name of William Hawthorn, a Protestant of the established church, whose only crime was being a servant to a Papist, and refusing, when commanded, and offered a bribe by a party of Orange-men, to be guilty of a monstrous perjury against his Master's life. Mr. Secretary Cooke, in order no doubt to detect this story, if it were false, desired Mr. Coile to send for the said Hawthorn; who accordingly brought him to town at a considerable expence, he being obliged to travel in carriages, from the state of bodily infirmity, to which the violent abuse he had received from the Orange-men reduced him. Mr. Cooke, it is true, promised to pay this expence, which promise he has not yet performed. But the following affidavit was made by Hawthorn, in the Court of King's Bench, by direction of the Secretary and the Attorney General, in order to prosecute William Brownlow, Esq. member of Parliament, and Justice of Peace for the county of Armagh; Mr. Brownlow, however, has never yet been prosecuted.

But least the triumph of these fanatics over the law, should not be complete, the proceedings that follow the affidavit, took place immediately on the return of the unfortunate Hawthorn.

Thomas Hawthorn of Lurgan in the County of Armagh, servant to Bernard Coile, formerly of Lurgan, but now of the city of Dublin, Merchant; maketh oath and saith, that this deponent for two years and upwards, previous to the month of May last, lived in the capacity of a servant, with the said Bernard Coile; deponent saith, that on or about

about the 13th of May last, to the best of deponent's recollection and belief he was standing at or near the said Bernard Coile's dwelling house in Lurgan aforesaid, and about the hour of nine o'clock in the evening of said day, two men whom deponent did not know came towards the place where deponent was then standing, and one of said persons having come up to deponent asked him if he would go and take part of a quart of ale. Saith that deponent refused doing so, and gave as his reason for such refusal that he was not accustomed to drink with persons he was not acquainted with, or to that effect. Deponent saith, he believes the said person who spoke to deponent as aforesaid, well knew that this deponent had for the period aforesaid been in the employment of the said Bernard Coile, and consequently acquainted with, and privy to all or most of the said Bernard's affairs, and the said person intimated so to this deponent, and told him that it was in deponent's power, as alledging deponent to be in the said Bernard Coile's secrets (as he termed it,) to make some affidavit against the said Bernard Coile, in order to injure him, and told deponent if he would do so, that deponent should never know what want was, or made use of some such expression, meaning thereby as deponent verily believes, to bribe deponent to swear some false and malicious affidavits against the said Bernard Coile, who was then confined a close prisoner in the gaol of Armagh, for some pretended offence. Deponent saith, he refused to make any such affidavit, inasmuch as deponent could not with truth make any affidavit whatsoever to the prejudice of the said Bernard Coile. Deponent saith that on Friday the 20th day of May aforesaid about nine o'clock in the evening, as this deponent in company with John Lapsly, Foreman to the said Bernard Coile, and Mathew M'Evoy a servant to Captain Kimmis were going from Lurgan to deponent's house at Silverwood in said county, where deponent's wife and family reside, they were overtaken on the road by a number of persons who assumed the appellation of Orange-boys or break of day men, amongst whom were William Willscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth, James Doyle, and several other persons,

persons; whose names deponent did not then know, to the number of twenty persons and upwards, and amongst whom deponent doth verily believe was the person, who on the 13th day of May attempted to bribe deponent, to make the said false affidavit against the said Bernard Coile, and the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth, and James Doyle, all of said County; and Francis Johnston of Cilmare in the County of Down, and William Crothers of Lurgan aforesaid, without the smallest provocation whatsoever, or without even speaking to them or any of them, knocked deponent down, and when down they seized deponent by the hair of the head, kicked, battered, and cruelly and unmercifully beat and otherwise abused deponent, and then threw deponent into the gripe of the ditch, and leaped upon and trampled upon deponent, with an intention, as deponent believes, to take his life; the aforesaid persons having repeatedly encouraged each other to kill deponent, alledging that deponent was one of the deluded persons called defenders, otherwise that deponent would not live with a Papist, the said Bernard Coile, they or some of them having expressed words to that effect. Saith that the said John Lapsay and Matthew M'Evoy, having interfered to prevent deponent from being murdered by the aforesaid persons, they the said Lapsay and M'Evoy, were beat and abused by them, and having battered and abused deponent in manner aforesaid, they left him lying in the ditch, having as deponent believes imagined deponent was dead. Deponent saith that on the next day he went to William Brownlow Esquire, a Magistrate of the said county of Armagh, to give information against the perpetrators of the said assault, and the said William Brownlow having seen the manner in which deponent then was, declared he had never seen a man more abused: and directed deponent to come to him on the Monday following with examinations drawn against the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth and James Doyle, deponent saith that in pursuance of the orders and directions he received from the said William Brownlow he applied to one John Allen who usually draws examinations and warrants for the said William Brownlow; who drew

an examination and warrant against the said Williscroft, Douglas, Forsyth and Doyle, which examinations deponent on the said 23d day of May brought to the said William Brownlow, and the said Williscroft and Douglas having then appeared before the said Mr. Brownlow, he desired deponent and others to attend at said Brownlow's house; and deponent saith that he accordingly attended as did the said Williscroft and Douglas, but none of the other persons concerned in said assault appeared before said Mr. Brownlow. And deponent swore examinations against the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth and James Doyle being the only persons whose names deponent then knew who had assaulted deponent in manner aforesaid, and the said Mr. Brownlow then took bail for the appearance of the said Williscroft and Douglas to abide their trial at the next general Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be held at Lurgan aforesaid, in and for the said county of Armagh, and to the best of deponent's recollection and belief bound Deponent in the sum of ten pounds conditioned to prosecute the said Williscroft and Douglas at the said sessions. Deponent saith he then requested the said Mr. Brownlow to give this deponent a warrant against the said Forsyth and Doyle who had neither appeared or given bail, in order that this deponent should give the same into the hands of William Coulter of Lurgan aforesaid, the High Constable, which the said Mr. Brownlow refused to do, but told deponent he would deliver the same to the said William Coulter. And this deponent saith he had been informed by the said William Coulter which he believes to be true that the said William Brownlow never did deliver said warrant to the said William Coulter, nor did this deponent ever hear nor does he believe the said Mr. Brownlow ever did deliver said warrant to any other constable whatsoever. Deponent saith that soon after he swore said examinations he discovered that William Crothers and Francis Johnston were two of the persons that had been concerned in assaulting this deponent, and as soon as deponent had made such discovery he in pursuance of private instructions he had received from the said Mr. Brownlow, had an examination drawn against the said Crothers and Johnston which this deponent

deponent rendered to the said Mr. Brownlow, and offered to swear to the same, which examination the said Mr. Brownlow absolutely refused to take or to assign any reason for his refusal. Deponent saith he attended at the then next General Quarter Sessions at Lurgan with witnesses, in order to prosecute the said Williscroft and Douglas, who had given bail before the said Brownlow to abide their trial, and this deponent employed an attorney for that purpose; but to deponent's and his attorney's surprise and astonishment, they discovered that the said Mr. Brownlow had suppressed said examinations, and neglected to return the same to the Clerk of the Peace, by which means, and by the said Brownlow's refusing to take examinations against the said Johnston and Crothers, and by his refusing this deponent a warrant against the said Forsyth and Doyle as aforesaid, or putting the same into the hands of any constable, the said Williscroft, Douglas, Forsyth, Doyle, Johnston and Crothers, have severally escaped from all manner of trial or punishment for the aforesaid assault and unprovoked attempt on deponent's life. Deponent saith that his said master, the said Bernard Coile, was, after having been long confined in prison on a charge of High Treason, from whence he was enlarged for want of prosecution at the last assizes of Armagh, in the month of July last, and that the said Bernard Coile was obliged to leave his place of residence to avoid the rage and fury of that faction denominated Orangemen, in that disturbed part of the country, who have repeatedly threatened to take the said Bernard Coile's life. And this deponent saith, that from the abuse he himself received as aforesaid, the loss of his health in consequence thereof, and the expences he was put to occasioned thereby, his circumstances were greatly lessened, and from the disturbances in the neighbourhood where he resides, he was afraid to apply to any other Magistrate to be redressed in the premises, nor did this deponent know until a few days ago, that he was so informed by the said Bernard Coile, that he had any remedy in this honourable Court, otherwise he would have applied sooner for redress in the premises.

(A Copy.)

M m 2

On

On Friday the 30th of December, 1796, as Thomas Hawthorn was on his way going to the turf-bog, at a small distance from the town of Lurgan—A man of the name of Andrew Curry started out on the said Hawthorn, and without speaking, threw a stone which hit Hawthorn, and broke his leg; at the time that Hawthorn received said blow, he was sitting on a horse that had a car on him, which blow occasioned the said Hawthorn to fall, when the horse and car ran over him, and broke five ribs in his side; on which Curry exclaimed, Hawthorn you want to go to Dublin in a sudden, to pass an oath against Mr. Brownlow for partial justice; at same time Curry was running across the road with an intent (as Hawthorn imagines) to kill him, when he espied John Mulholm, servant to Patrick McConvill, of Lurgan, coming to his assistance; he the said Curry then made his escape. John Mulholm then carried Hawthorn into the house of Thomas Walsh, and from the situation Hawthorn was in, he imagined he was dead. Mulholm then went to Lurgan, informed Mr Coile's brother, who instantly brought Dr. Orr to where Hawthorn was lying; the Doctor dressed the leg, and said that was all the relief he could give, as from the barbarous usage Hawthorn had received, he thought it was impossible for him to exist long. Hawthorn was then conveyed to his own house, where he lay five weeks under his wounds before he was able to apply to a magistrate—and accordingly at the expiration of said time he was drawn on a car to the town of Lurgan, and made application for justice to Robert Douglass Esqr. a magistrate for the county Armagh; which he the said Douglass refused doing; Hawthorn then replied, and said if he Mr. Douglass would not give him justice, that he would apply to another magistrate, and at the same time Hawthorn told Mr. Douglass that he would bring him to a place where they would both get justice alike, upon which Douglass replied to do so, I will stand you.

Hawthorn finding he could obtain no justice from Mr. Douglass, caused himself to be drawn back to his own house, and was recovering from the wounds he had received, when
his

his enemies finding he was determined to persevere in obtaining justice, they were determined, if possible, to prevent him. Accordingly, on the 20th of February 1797, between the hours of eleven and twelve of the clock at night, a number of disorderly people, styling themselves Orange-men, came to the house of said Hawthorn, wherein there was no person but himself and a wife far advanced in her pregnancy, together with three small children:—one party of these assassins came to the rear of his house (Hawthorn and family being in bed) and demanded his gun, at same time threatened, if he refused to comply with their demand that they would destroy him, the said Hawthorn, and all in his house. Hawthorn refused to comply with their demand, and told them that he would as soon lose his life as his gun, upon which the said party threw in stones in so furious a manner that they smashed the bed posts and the furniture in the room where he Hawthorn and family slept.

Hawthorn thinking the best means of defending himself was by discharging a few shots amongst them, accordingly went to a window in the front of his house, where he espied a great number of men armed, upon which he fired through the window on them and killed one of the party on the spot. When the parties outside found Hawthorn had discharged his gun, one of them attempted to come in at a window in the rear of the house, upon which the wife of Hawthorn struck assailable in the head with a spade and with the one blow killed him, upon which she endeavoured to pull him inside, but the party outside prevented her by pulling him away from her.

The parties finding two of their men dead, commenced an attack on the front of the house, fired at a furious rate, at same time shouting out to one another to fire in upon all directions, that the place they would never quit until they would have the lives of all in the house; the firing outside being so great, that Hawthorn shouted to his wife that he would surrender; upon which, his son of ten years old, that lay concealed under a bed, shouted to his father
to

to fire on, for if that they would get in, they would kill us all; the wife also desired him never to surrender.

Hawthorn charged his gun again, and on their attempting to enter in at the door, fired out, and believes he killed another of the party. The neighbours being alarmed at the constant firing kept up, numbers of them came to the assistance of Hawthorn, on the approach of which the banditti fled; his neighbours staid all night for fear of a second attack, and in the morning tracked the blood for one mile and upwards, from Hawthorn's house. On the 22d of February he again made application for justice to R. Douglas, Esq. who hearing the treatment he had received the Saturday night preceding, ordered him to go and get examinations drawn against all whom he knew concerned in the attack on his house. Accordingly he did so, against George Titterton and Felix Magon, and swore to said examinations before the above-named R. Douglas, Esq. and on the Friday following being in the town of Lurgan, he saw one of the party who had been at the attack of his house; he made application to a major of the army, had him taken, and again went to Mr. Douglas and lodged examinations against him; his name is Valentine Harrison. Harrison's father made application to Hawthorn not to swear against his son, and that he would pay for all the damages and loss sustained by Hawthorn; to which he answered, that he would accept of no compensation, but let the law take its course; accordingly Valentine Harrison was committed to Armagh gaol. On the Wednesday after the attack on his house, the Orangemen got Thomas Humphry to swear a false oath against the said Hawthorn, to prevent him having the remaining two that he had sworn against taken. Hawthorn was accordingly taken, and committed to Armagh gaol, where he remained until the assizes, where Humphry's appeared and prosecuted; but the jury being well convinced that all he had sworn was false, found a verdict of NOT GUILTY, without leaving the box.

N. B. The house where Hawthorn lived belonged to Mr. Coile, together with three other houses adjoining, into which

which houses they fired several shots, and smashed the windows, to prevent the inhabitants of said houses being any assistance to Hawthorn, or a witness in his behalf.

The misfortunes of this faithful domestic did not end here. He has since been compelled to fly from his native home, and has not for six months past, had the comfort of once seeing his wife or little infants.

Nor did the unrelenting persecution of Mr. Coile terminate with his discharge from prison. He had in the same spirit of honourable industry, which had raised him from a weaver's apprentice to the rank of an extensive and eminent manufacturer, opened to himself a new course of business, namely, that of selling in the Dublin Linen hall, his own manufactures, carried on, in his absence, by his brother and a person from Scotland, whom he had engaged as his foreman. His good character, his credit, and the generosity of a public, who respected him for his sufferings, had bid fair to make this a prosperous line, when at the end of a few months, Mr. Duffin, the Inspector General and Inspector of the Linen-hall, came to him, by order of the Linen-board, and forced him to swear, upon penalty of being turned out of the Hall, that he never would sell any goods there on commission, without leave of the board.

Mr. Coile leaves it to that Linen-board, and those who understand its powers, which he will not dispute, to reflect upon this transaction. He leaves it to those who understand the intricacies of the law, by which he has sufficiently suffered already, and to which he will make no appeal, to say by what authority this oath was tendered. He leaves it to that public, whom he knows to be, in spite of oppression, actuated by the warmest and kindest regard for every suffering fellow-citizen, to form its own conclusions. He begs to inform them, that he has not been driven from his business; but that on the contrary, this adventure has happily thrown him into a situation more prosperous than ever, as it has forced him to open a house, where he at present resides, at No. 14, Linen-hall-street; where he now sells goods on Commission, which he never
did

did before, and is largely supplied by the first manufacturers in the North; and where he shall remain grateful to that public, which has not been ungrateful to him.

Saturday, February 24, 1798, Mr. Stockdale, Printer, of Abbey-street, attended in custody at the Bar of the House of Lords, pursuant to the order of that honourable House of Friday.

The following is the substance of the interrogatories and responses which occurred before the order was made to clear the House below the Bar:

On Mr. Stockdale being brought to the Bar, on the motion of the Earl of Westmeath, he was interrogated by the Lord Chancellor.

Q. What is your name? A. John, my Lord.

Q. And your surname? A. Stockdale, my Lord.

Q. Where do you live? A. No. 62, Abbey-street.

Q. Is the newspaper called The Press, printed there?

A. My Lord, I hope your Lordship will not ask me any questions the answer to which go to criminate myself.

Q. You say, Sir, you live at No. 62, Abbey-street. I ask you again, is the newspaper called The Press printed at that house? A. My Lord, I can't tell how to answer the question, it may tend to criminate myself: I am neither the proprietor, printer, nor publisher of The Press; I am a printer by trade, but I have no concern with The Press. I was brought here to-day by your Lordship's messenger, I suppose; he had a warrant to take into custody the printer and publisher of The Press—I am neither, nor was my name in the warrant, and I don't know why I am brought here.

Q. You were brought here in consequence of an affidavit made by Arthur O'Connor, the registered printer and proprietor of that paper, stating that it was printed at No. 62, Abbey-street: you say you live there; answer the question, then—Do you say it is not printed there? A. My Lord, I will not answer the question.

Earl

Earl Clonmell. The man seems to be under some mistake as to the tendency of the question: You say, Sir, you are neither the proprietor, printer, nor publisher of that paper; how, then, can your answering the question asked, tend to criminate you? *A.* My Lord, I don't know the tendency of the question? I beg to be excused—I won't answer it.

Earl Clonmell. You won't! do you say?

Here the Lord Chancellor ordered the Bar to be cleared instantly, so that we were precluded from hearing the sequel of Mr. Stockdale's interrogation.

Mr. Joseph Leeson was taken into custody of the Usher of the Black-Rod. On his appearing, he was told by the Chancellor that he had been accused of saying to Mr. Stockdale as he went out; *be stout*. "Mr. Leeson declared, whoever had made that assertion, had asserted a gross and scandalous falsehood, he had only said, how do you do, Mr. Stockdale, and his motive in so doing was to give him countenance and support, as he saw him in adversity, and had known him as a Brother-Alderman of Skinner's-alley; he would never be *deterred* from acknowledging an acquaintance in adversity; but if he even had said *be stout*, he could not conceive giving that advice to a man in Mr. Stockdale's situation to be blameable or wrong."

The bishop who had given the information said, from the distance he could not be sure, but thought he had heard him say so.

Mr. Leeson was about to reply, but was stopped by the Chancellor, who then moved that Mr. Leeson be discharged.

Mr. Stockdale was then called, and the question again put to him, which he declined answering, upon which he was discharged.

Gentlemen fear that those speeches will excite a turbulent spirit among the people, but were the *people turbulent* when we were *honourable*? Were the people turbulent when *fifty thousand men* rested on their arms in a confidence of our virtue? Indeed they will be turbulent if their representatives become corrupt.

H. FLOOD.

TO

TO THE RT. HON. THE INVINCIBLE MASTER,
OF THE *VISIBLE TASK-MASTERS* of IRELAND.

"Your pleasure was my dear offence; my punishment

"Itself was all my treason; and, *that I suffer'd,*

"*Was all the harm I did.*"

CYMBELINE.

MOST HONORABLE SIR,

ANY appeal to the rectitude of such an head, or the humanity of such an heart as yours, would be obviously ineffective, and therefore absurd. The experiment has been often made, both in private and in public, and the result has been, uniformly in both cases, repulse, aggravated by insolence. Such an hopeless task, I shall not undertake. I shall not, like you, madly expend ammunition in a hopeless cause; I shall not attempt to assail you on the side of either good sense or humanity: No; I shall appeal to your *personal* feelings, and to your *fears*. The old adage tells us, that cowards are always cruel, and common experience instructs us, that the truly brave are always humane. This being admitted as true, it would be silly in the extreme for you Sir, or your lacqueys, to boast of your bravery—it is, indeed. I believe pretty much on a par with your wisdom.

That the great mass of the people of Ireland are estranged from the ruling power; that oppressions and injuries intolerable, have driven them to excesses, which (strange to say) can neither be blamed nor defined; and that in proportion as they are estranged from the *government* they are attached to the *constitution*, are all truths you well know; nor can all your ingenuity in misrepresentation, or all your habits of perversion conceal from your own senses that this has been occasioned solely by the unwise, inhuman, and dastardly counsels, with which you have dared to pollute the ears of your gracious sovereign. Miserable Man! Contemptible slave of "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself," retract, if it be not too late, or perhaps the vengeance of an abused and insulted prince, may anticipate that of an insulted and ruined nation. Perseverance in your present disastrous system, must inevitably, sooner

OF

or later, make you a victim to one or the other, perhaps to a union of both.

But the bloody Minister, who with sullen insensibility hears the complaints of a nation, will yet, doubtless, pay due attention to the account of *his own danger*; yes, doubtless he will, for *the cruel are always cowards*. Attend then to the causes of that danger, and see how step by step, your incapacity and inhumanity has torn asunder the bonds of union between two sister kingdoms, and more than half plucked out the brightest jewel of your royal master. If the account does not operate upon your *humane feelings*, upon your *fears* it certainly must.

You cannot possibly forget that a *Reform in Parliament* was the ladder by which you mounted to your present elevated, but perilous situation.

“ But 'tis a common proof,

“ That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

“ Where to the climber upward turns his face ;

“ But when he once attains the topmost round,

“ He then unto the ladder turns his back,

“ Scorning the means by which he did ascend ! !

“ So may it be with ———

Cæsar, I was going to add, in the words of the poet ; but *Cæsar* was wise, brave, and humane, and would suffer too much by the comparative allusion. It is however certain, that conduct like that described by Shakespeare, has been adopted by *you*. Nevertheless, though *your ladder* was laid in the peaceful grave ; you for some time continued to act in such a manner as was entitled to praise, and your management of the regency business, I have no hesitation in pronouncing masterly. Alas ! why did not Heaven, in mercy to yourself and to us, arrest your further progress ?

Providence determined otherwise—it resolved in the wisdom, the inscrutable wisdom of its determination, to make you an humble instrument, by which its own great projects might be carried into execution. You were *fated* to undertake the government of Ireland, and here commences (not the comedy, but) *the tragedy of errors*.

Some

Some few years hence, you deputed, as chief governor a nobleman, whose character would suffer by any attempt I could make, to give him due praise; and his conduct outran his character. The whole nation was animated with an enthusiasm of loyalty, and without senatorial cant, I can truly affirm, that in consequence of that conduct of the wise and good nobleman, the *lives and fortunes* of the nation were *then* at his Majesty's command.

"This *was* your V——y, mark you now what follows,

"This *is* your V——y, like a mill-dew'd ear,

"Blasting his wholesome brother."

You changed the Vice-roy, peevishly and meanly you superseded the man of the people, and all his friends. What it was that could induce a Minister to take a step which could not fail to alienate a great number of loyal and valiant subjects, I will not pretend to say; but so it was the whole nation, the whole kingdom of Ireland was weighed in the balance against a prostitute party, and the nation kicked the beam. The idolized chief governor was suddenly removed, with all the circumstances of indignity that merit can suffer from malice. The merit suffered nothing—but the malice was seen.

Shortly after the departure of this truly dignified nobleman, discontent appeared in the northern parts of Ireland, and a society of societies were formed, who assumed the name of *United Irishmen*. The members of these societies did certainly resent the proceedings of the English government, and perhaps uttered some indiscreet expressions, which a *wise* government *would* not and a *good* government *need* not take the smallest notice of. But *you* acted as befitted your wisdom and your goodness; you commenced hostilities against *union* at large, (Would any wise statesman? Would your *supposed* father with the people he governed to be any other than *united*? The question answers itself). You commenced a war, ten thousand times more absurd than that of Don Quixotte with the wind mills. You attempted to beat down *opinions* by *force*. Alas! Alas! Had you had taste to read Hudibras, you would have found, that,

"He

“ He that’s convinced against his will,
 “ Is of the same opinion still.”

Depend upon it, Sir, *opinions* are very *serious* antagonists. They may be subdued by arguments; but *never* by *bayonets* and *muskets*—and to say the truth, you seem to be as pitifully deficient in the former, as you are uselessly (PERHAPS DANGEROUSLY) overloaded with the latter.

I appeal to your own experience. You found a few men who distinguished themselves by a name full as honourable and vastly more innocent than that of ———; or rather your pliant parasites told you that Irishmen had wisdom and virtue enough to *unite*. At this you were alarmed—equally a foe to *Union* and to *Irishmen*, you resolved, if possible, to annihilate both.—You put forth all your strength, and promised to yourself and your junto the full accomplishment of your joint wishes.

“ Quid dignum seret tanto promissor Hiato ?”

You made a CONVENTION ACT—what was the consequence? The union was extended—you made a Gun-Powder ACT, what was the consequence? The union was further extended and means taken to procure Gun-Powder; you made an act by which *your enemies*, the *bonapartists* of Ireland are prohibited from uttering their genuine sentiments. I should imagine that you, nay even Mr. Dundas himself, might have foreseen the consequence of this, and have known that if indignation, resentment and contempt be not suffered to evaporate publicly, they will operate in secrecy, with an energy the more potent, as it is more silent. You have suspended (*suspended* indeed) the HABEAS CORPUS ACT, what has that produced? Crowded Gaols, neglected Courts, and loyalty converted into rancour. You have imposed upon us *Lettres de Cachet*, only disguising the name, what has this done? It has increased that very spirit which you wished to avoid, and it has augmented, and will continue to augment progressively both the courage and the number of the friends of this country, “ you bite against a file,” “ you know the rest.”

Every

Every effort (without any one exception) that you have hitherto made, aided by *Hero of Westminster*, has thrown you still further from the point proposed—you wished to *intimidate*, you have exasperated; you wished to *deceive*, you have alarmed; you wished to *disunite*, you have *most firmly united*. In one circumstance only have you been at all successful, you wished to *corrupt*, and you *have* corrupted; but the few that you have been able to corrupt are “light in the balance,” they are mean in talents, and inconsiderable in number. All your attempts to quench the fire of Liberty have proved equally fruitless both in Ireland and France; and when the vengeance of one, perhaps both, of these insulted and gallant nations hangs over your head, what succour can you possibly receive from your venal majority?

In Ireland, the report of *your own packed* secret committee publicly stated, that at the period of the report the number of United Irishmen amounted to little less than one hundred thousand; supposing for an instant, that this denomination of men *was* hostile to good order; can you be so destitute of common sense, as not to see that this society, *few in number at first*, increased progressively, as your favourite system of *coercion* increased; the native honour and dignity of freedom increased in proportion to the compression those suffered; and be assured, most sagacious and humane premier, that the number of United Irishmen reported by *your junta* is small and contemptible compared to what might now more *honestly and truly* be reported.

Be assured, thou authorized man-slayer, that every individual man, hanged, kidnapped or shot, upon the stupid and false pretence of *union* adds at least *ten* to the union. That every ravished woman, or deflowered virgin will reinforce the cause with not less than an *hundred*; this is not a prediction, it is a plain statement of what has already happened, if you are incapable of calculating the future from the past (which the world is now tolerably well convinced of,) you are unfit to conduct the meanest affairs of the meanest family; but to the conduct of the affairs of a great nation you surely cannot have the slightest pretence.

I earnestly

I earnestly advise you, to put together the circumstances which announce this *inevitable ruin* hanging over your head. As you have already exhibited the *strength* of a coward, by cruelty—in pity to your master now show the *weakness* of a coward, by flight; and whether you proceed, or retract, never fail to put up your prayers to heaven, *that the people may have mercy enough to let you get whole to the scaffold.*

M. M.

The following letter to Mr. Cooke was left in our Letter-box, with a request that it should be inserted. It was accompanied by another to his Excellency, from the same Gentleman, in which the writer, with boldness advised him, as in friendship, TO TAKE HIMSELF OFF, with many other familiar suggestions which we do not think prudent to make public. By a note in the envelope of those letters, we are informed that the originals were, prior to his departure, delivered as addressed. And we have heard of a general search having taken place on the night of their receipt, through all the vessels in the River. There were also copies of letters to General Barber and Mr. Watson, Private Secretary at the Castle.

SIR,

February, 23.

AS I hope in a few days to present you with my history in *Print*, I shall not trouble you much at present, as in it you shall see my reasons for *deserting*, and for first becoming one of the *Battalion of Testimony*; on mature reflection I am confident you must say, to *yourself*—I have acted right. I shall not pretend to say I am beyond your power, but should you even arrest me, you will find my heart was never afraid to end the project I had once began. You well know, not a friendship for government, but my affection for the Murdock family, was my reason for becoming an *Informer*; that attachment having ceased; the tie that bound me to you, was no more; and I am again what I then was. Connected with Murdock, *I was a villain*, but unconnected with him, cease to be so.

An Englishman dared to act honestly, and shall a native of Ireland, whose sons are renowned for their honour, and their

their courage, be out-done by that nation, which we find in general produce only men, of diabolical and vicious principles. Though I can't deny being a villain, I hope clearly to prove I had the honour of being made so by you, though you did not inculcate enough of your principles to make it lasting—I think you will now be tired of the business of *Information*, and I assure you, you will *soon have no occasion for it*;—think how disgraceful must appear your connections, and support, when even *Spies and Informers*, scorn and fly their association, and throw themselves on the forgiveness of their injured country, for being a while connected with *such miscreants*. I hope you will now acquit me of the charge of *want of feeling*—I return you thanks for the numberless favours you have conferred on me, and assure you that I would not exchange one single hour of my present happiness, for ten thousand times the sums you have already lavished on me. I have no occasion now for *pistols*, the propriety of my *present* behaviour is guard enough; the forgiveness of my country, *reward* it—every honest man is my friend, and for the other part of the community, their esteem is a disgrace. My bosom is what it has not been this long time, *the seat of contentment*—and I thank my God for having saved me from impending ruin.

EDWARD JOHN NEWELL.

The following is the copy of a letter sent to Mr. Neilson, a few days before his release from captivity. Of Mr. Bird we can only say that we are well pleased to find a man of his extraordinary talents endeavouring, before it was too late, to make atonement for whatever his misfortunes and his frailties, under the pressure of extreme temptation, may have betrayed him into; and we think it our duty to correct a misstatement of Lord Moira's Speech, respecting him, in several papers, wherein the noble Earl was represented to have said that he had read confessions of Mr. Bird's, which stated crimes so horrible as to make his blood curdle. Lord Moira did not say so of Mr. Bird—nor would he have been warranted in so saying. Mr. Bird has confessed with true contrition, that he had been the means of the imprisonment of many honest men—amongst
the

the rest, one of inestimable virtue and talents; whose health has been fatally impaired by eighteen months confinement; but he never acquiesced in any scheme of blood, and when brought to that the test, chose rather to forfeit the sum of 500l. and risque the resentment of an offended government.

SIR,

IN what language to address a gentleman, whom I have so very deeply injured, I scarcely know; but with the purest truth I can assure you, Sir, that though plunged in a dungeon, deprived of every comfort tyranny could wrest from you, separated, for ought you know, eternally separated from your wife, your children, friends, and home; your property devastated, your health and vigour drooping, beneath such an accumulated load of misery and woe—still, Sir, had you known my *real* state of mind, it was infinitely less to be envied than yours. Happiness has to me been a stranger ever since the fatal day when poverty, and something worse, urged me to accept the wages of infamy. How those men may feel themselves, in whose hands I have been an instrument of ruin, I cannot say; but I strongly suspect, could the secrets of their hearts be exposed to your view, they would not be more the objects of your scorn, than your pity!

The first gleams of happiness, which for twelve months has visited my breast, have been, since I have ceased to rank among the number of those sanguinary monsters, who are in fact destroying that very system they are striving to support. You, Sir, will shortly be restored to that liberty which your life has been hitherto devoted to procure for others; and if you can then *think* of me, without horror or disgust, it is as much as I can expect, more than I deserve. Great has been the pangs of remorse I have endured; when reflecting on the situation of your amiable wife and unprotected offspring; nor did the state of poor Shanaghan's family distress me less—they, I fear, suffered more than your's, in some points—but 'twont bear reflection.

I shall only further take the liberty of remarking that of my utmost exertions to serve the men I was hired to destroy,

Atroy, can entitle me to pardon, from you and from them, I should once more feel myself restored to peace and happiness. I beg, Sir, you will excuse the liberty I take, and believe me (if you can) when I assure you that no man more fervently wishes you every blessing Providence can bestow, than the person who for a time robbed you of all comfort on earth.

J. BIRD.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS. LETTER X.

TO THE ARISTOCRACY OF IRELAND.

THE neighbourhood of a volcano is cultivated and inhabited. The thoughtless peasant does not reflect, that in a moment the dreadful crater may discharge its contents; that suffocating clouds of ashes may descend on his head; that impetuous torrents of flaming lava, may devour the labour of his hands. Infatuated, unhappy man! He has perished before he can feel and estimate his danger. Such is the situation of the aristocratic order, in this country. They will not awake, they fold their arms in desperate insensibility; or only stretch them abroad, to crush the poor, the ingenuous, or the patriotic citizen. They think they may, with safety, desert their rank in society, abandon their tenantry and their countrymen, to the relentless fury of their worst enemies. They fondly flatter themselves, that if they should think the cause of the people, not the better, but the most successful, and in the abundance of their condescension, deign to join the popular ranks, that it will be always competent to them, to resume the station that they had wantonly and wickedly deserted. That they will be received with open arms, ushered into the pale of patriotism, with *in pectus*, invested with the power of the rod or wreath, and seated in the place of distinguished pre-eminence. Mistaken men, how miserably are you deluded by your own vanity, and self-importance! how fallen in your estimate of your own value! how erroneous is your estimate of the weight and influence which should be ascribed to title, birth, and riches!

Female

Female honour once lost, can never be retrieved. The tenure of woman in the public esteem, is forfeited by the first offence; she falls, like *Lucifer*, to rise no more. The aristocracy, who, if they have not prompted, and shared in the atrocities of an infuriate government, or even abetted them openly, by their countenance and approbation, have at least, through cowardly caution, and criminal supineness, remained tame and passive spectators of outrage and barbarity, disgraceful to human nature; will find that it is easy to forfeit a fair fame, a commanding situation, and honourable influence in society, *facilis Descensus Averni*; but that, to retrieve the respectability and public esteem, which have been stained or lost, by meanness, duplicity, selfishness, or cowardice, to regain the affections and confidence of the people, which have been alienated, and changed to their contraries, by coldness, deception, and desertion—*hoc opus, hic labor*. The people are awakened to think for themselves, the childhood years of implicit confidence are past. Men require more solid proofs of regard to their interests, than mere words or unmeaning blandishments. They scrutinize the conduct of their avowed enemies, and pretended friends, with the piercing eyes of jealous strictness.

Thus have the aristocracy of Ireland lost a glorious golden opportunity. They have deserted the cause of their country, and deserted themselves. You saw the horizon involved; You saw the black clouds rolled together. They descended to earth; the destroying genius came forth. You saw him on his way; you might have arrested his march. The people looked to you, with anxious and trembling hope; they cried to you for aid; they thought then, that their destiny was in your hands—in your hands it was to a certain degree; you might have healed the wounds of the constitution; you might have prevented the calamities of the people, the barbarities, the opprobrium, and impotent rage of administration; you might have rescued the nation from misery, government from hatred, yourselves from disgrace and contempt. By a studied separation from the people, you have taught them to cement

and consolidate their Union with each other; to confide only in themselves, and to draw resources from the bottom of despair.

Should the haughty aristocracy find leisure, and condescension, to parley with the people; how can they explain this conduct, which seems so inexplicable to common understandings? They will say, perhaps, that they marked the levelling fury of government, confounding all degrees and shades of opposition, and dissembled their regard to the people; lest they should incur the charge of disaffection. They prudently abstained from attempting the redress of real grievances, lest they should augment the disorders of the turbulent, by their countenance, and appear the patrons of factious complaint. This justification must be held good; if false shame and timidity are a sufficient excuse for criminal conduct. Will the aristocracy attempt to excuse their desertion, by calumniating the people? "The peasantry of Ireland (they will say) are slow to labour, and prompt to tumult, drunken, dishonest, deceitful, and disaffected." Thus have I sometimes heard proud aristocracy describe the poor people of this island—a half-starved wretched tribe, trampled into the very earth they cultivate. How false and injurious is such language! The peasantry of Ireland were kind and open in their dispositions, capable of great exertions of active industry, and disposed to be humble and respectful to their superiors, until they were goaded to resistance, by a long continuance of misery unredressed and insulted. Their virtues are all their own, without much aid from example or encouragement. Their faults are the faults of their political situation, and government.

The desertion and separation of the aristocracy, from the mass of the people, at a moment when the latter seem to be in danger of some collision with the government, is ungenerous, ungrateful, and unwise in the extreme. In no country did the aristocracy hold a more pre-eminent rank, or possess more extensive influence; in no country were the tennantry and peasants more warmly attached to their landlords,

lords, and to the superior orders resident among them. Indeed they carried this principle to a faulty and foolish excess. They cultivated, and even worshipped, with a sort of blind devotion and implicit faith, the men of honourable descent, and the ancient proprietors of land. This temper and disposition of the lower classes, happily improved and directed, at this fatal juncture, by the higher ranks in this country, (which might have been accomplished by zeal, to redress grievances on the one hand, and firmness to repress disorder on the other) would, certainly, have produced the most salutary consequences. But, alas, the aristocracy of Ireland seemed industrious, to repulse and alienate the affections of the poor people, that loved and would have followed them. Instead of protecting the persons and properties, of their tenants, dependents, and labourers, whom they were bound by every motive of duty and of interest to preserve and vindicate from outrage and wrong, with a paternal care, those who call and think themselves the *great men of Ireland*, have become modern *Nimrods*, mighty hunters before the Lord, and cheered with the sound of the infernal Bugle, pursued their fellow-creatures, even to the death; or remained passive spectators, of enormities, which present, on every side, such appearances as if an invading and exasperated army of ferocious *Goths* and *Pandals*, had passed, in blood and desolation, over this miserable and groaning land.

When a murder is committed, the law imputes criminality to all those who are present, because it is their duty to interfere, and prevent the perpetration of the horrid deed; so dear, in the eye of the legislature, is the existence of the human individual. Weak and blinded aristocracy; can you suppose that when the Constitution is assassinated, when your country is mangled, and lies weltering in her blood, expiring under the stroke of the venal murderer, that you shall be clear of guilt? Dare you hope for impunity, you, who have been passive witnesses of execrable enormities, and abetted, by your presence, your silence, and your forbearance, the murders of thousands? By the law, the person who knows of a treason, and though no party

or

or consenter to it, in convenient time, is guilty of misprision of treason, and liable to severe punishment. There may be treasons against the people, as well as against the government; and the citizen, who not only knows of treasons committed against the parent society, to which he owes duty and allegiance, but wilfully withholds that interference which might have prevented them, is guilty of worse than misprision of treason, against his native land. I speak to those who rely much on the negative merit of having forbore to plunge the sword, with their own hands, into the bowels of their country, for a justification at the great day of solemn and final inquest. There are sins of *omission* as well as of *commission*.

Men of the Aristocracy; your country sees that your interference would have prevented the proclamation of districts; the transportation of the innocent with the guilty, unjudged, unheard; the living sepulture of crowds of the most useful and virtuous members of the community, for weary months in pestilential dungeons. It sees that you are justly chargeable with all those evils, the prevention of which, was in your power; that the want of interference implicates you as accessaries. It seems to be manifest that no good, no humane man would have been a tame and silent spectator of the horrors that have been acted and suffered in this country during the last two years. That no prudent or discerning man could have expected or can expect the final success or the long continuance of the reign of terror. Are there not then, a most brutal insensibility and childish folly in the man, who resigns himself to slothful indulgence and sensual pleasure; while all forms of misery teem around him, and all the elements and foundations of the present establishments are convulsed and shaken to their centre? You have greatly sinned against your country, yet not beyond a probability of pardon and redemption; you have greatly sinned against prudence, men of the Aristocracy.

To you I speak, ye moderate and humane men of the Aristocracy, who have not, with your own hands, inflicted torture

torture on the miserable peasant ; who have not hewed him in pieces with your sabres, or actually applied the torch to the humble roof of his cottage. You have not been performers in these tragedies ; yet ask your conscious hearts, were you present when these things were acted ? Have you consoled with the fiends in human form, that acted them ? Have you admitted them to your house, and to your board ? Have the cries of pain, despair, and anguish, the groans of death reached you ? Have they sounded in your ears, yet failed to interrupt your drunken orgies, or call you from the gaming tables ? The flames of burning villages glared on your banquetting-rooms, did you startle at their dismal light ? Did you suspend the riot of luxury and expence ? Did you hasten to rescue the sufferers from ruin ? No—your interference would have prevented all these infamous scenes that have exceeded the invention of past monsters in cruelty, and shall be recorded, never to be forgotten in the crowded annals of relentless and despotic barbarity. You might by a calm and manly interference have prevented them, but you betrayed the people, your desertion was a condemnation of their cause, your silence and acquiescence a justification of their oppressors.

I do not speak to the ferocious abettors of the present system. I do not speak to the wretched things without principle, property, character, or standing in the country ; who, whether arrayed in black or red, whether military subalterns, curates, or attorneys, have obtruded themselves into the magistracy ; and opened shops of outrage, licensed by authority of government, to trade in blood. I do not speak to those traitors of superior rank, who possess the ear, or immediately assist, in the counsels of our present rulers, and to whose fatal and virulent suggestions, we must ascribe much of our present misery. But, should I meet with a man who not only professes, but sincerely feels an attachment to freedom, and a regard to the interests of his country, to him would I say—" Lay your hand upon your heart, have courage to open your eyes to the prospect before you ; hold a council, within your breast, and venture to think and decide for yourself." What further
light ;

lights can you expect? Have you not sufficient experience of the system of coercion? Can you any longer be doubtful of its efficacy? We are told from high authority, in a paper published by the government at our expence, that the bayonet is sharpened for the people. We do not question the assertion—What would be your conduct at such a juncture? Suppose this sharpened bayonet should be drawn, to be sheathed no more, except in the bowels of the guiltless and the poor. Will you stand aloof? Suppose it should be necessary for you at length to decide and join, either the sufferer or his tyrant. Will you not weigh the contending claims, and decide which party most justly claims your concurrence? Have you asked yourself whether it is possible to persevere in your system of neutralized politics? The people are awake, they know their rights, they are determined to be free, they are confident in the means of asserting their freedom. Ignorant and incapable men, intoxicated with the fumes of blood, and blind with rage, despise, or affect to despise the feelings, the wishes, and the efforts of the *Arist* nation; they dream of wielding for ever, the rod of iron; they dream of rivetting our chains, to be loosed no more—They dream of coercing, or exterminating four millions of rational creatures panting after Liberty, with a handful of miserable mercenaries. Will you adhere to these wicked infatuated creatures in their weak and wild attempt? Believe me, your existence is not inseparable from the salvation of the state. If you fall, you may not draw the people along with you into the vast abyss. For your own sakes, I labour to warn, to rouse you to a sense of danger. Would you perish the victims of an hateful and flagitious system, and its unprincipled and self-devoted managers?

Men of the Aristocracy, think not to pursue the interested and unworthy part, of encamping on an eminence, and resting on your arms, during the dreadful conflict of contending parties; with the impartial and selfish design of descending into the plain to join and felicitate the victors. You will not be allowed to remain neuter, no, the time of temporizing is nearly spent: pass a few moments,
and

and you will be imperiously driven to make an option, which can never be recalled. Loaded with crimes, shrinking from punishment, trembling at dangers, the authors of our calamities will endeavour to secure themselves by the multitude of their accomplices, they will try to stain you with blood, that you may not be distinguished from them, they will if possible implicate you in their guilt. Make then, at once, freely and manfully, without further evasion or dissimulation, that choice which cannot be long deferred, and add the merit of freewill to a virtuous and honourable concurrence with the patriotic labours of those who are determined to save their country, or perish in the attempt.

But, suppose it were practicable for you to insulate yourselves, and preserve an unprincipled and unfeeling neutrality, amidst the distresses, the dangers, and combats of your country. Consider in time, will the remainder of your plan be feasible? how will you be received by the victorious party? by joining neither party in the moment of doubt and danger you will exasperate both. What assurance have you, unworthy men whose property is your conscience, whose private interest is your God, that you shall be received, and tolerated by the victors? you will then be unnecessary to them, they will have borne the burthen and heat of the day; the utmost you can hope from them, is forgiveness of the past, and oblivion in future; as you will join their ranks without affection, you cannot expect much regard from them in return; as you shall not have rendered them any services, you cannot advance any strong claims on their gratitude: they will not, they cannot prove blind to your motives for joining them, the champions of freedom well know, and feel, that, had the event of a struggle been different, you would have joined with equal alacrity, the enemies who had sworn their destruction, and co-operated in the final extermination of those, with whom you are now ambitious to chaunt the songs of triumph, and to share the rewards of victory. Your opposition cannot avert or delay the great event; but your concurrence may facilitate its completion. Your timely
retreat

retreat will intimidate the foes of public good, the prevailing unanimity of all ranks of men will appal their guilty hearts, they will relinquish the unavailing contest in despair —thus, shall you spare to your country many a painful struggle, and many a scene of suffering and woe most agonizing to human nature ; at the same time you will check and moderate the fiery ardour of honest zeal ; you will temper and methodize the exertions of the people ; the oil of polished manners and cultivated intellect may smooth and assuage in some degree the troubled waves of that thrilling and agitated element which now rises and swells, to dash and bear away the corruptions of the state. Once more, then, I warn, I conjure you, sons of aristocracy awake.

MONTANUS.

In our last we gave an account of the examination of Mr. Stockdale at the bar of the House of Lords, which ended in the discharge of Mr. Stockdale and the arresting of Joseph Leeson, Esq. on account of a mistake of a Bishop. We concluded that the business had so determined ; but on the following day (Tuesday) after this paper went to Press, Mr. Stockdale attended in consequence of a new summons. He was not put to answer any questions, the bar was cleared, and he was then for the first time directly charged with being the publisher of the PRESS. We have not been able to ascertain from any quarter with precision for what Mr. Stockdale was sent to gaol. He himself is ignorant. All he knows with any certainty is, that he is in gaol, and sentenced to remain there six months ; and likewise to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. He was left standing alone, unassisted, and unprepared to make any defence, the more so as he was conscious of no crime. Two informers came forward against him, one of the name of Alexander and an Alderman ; the other the Servant of Mr. Maturin, a Clerk of the Roads. The first of these informers brought out a note book and read some notes of a friendly conversation which had passed between him and Mr. Stockdale six weeks before. The purport of this was, that the alderman had courteously requested Mr. Stockdale, at the rect of whose house was the office which he had hired to Mr. O'Connor, where

where the **PRESS** was printed, to take measures to have it distributed more early in future. Mr. Stockdale replied that he would, and as the way to the office was through his dwelling house at No. 62, Abbey-street, he undertook to interfere, and did so.

The second informer stated that he had brought a parcell of papers from No. 62, Abbey-street, to the Post-office, for his master, which he said was handed to him by Mr. Stockdale, without identifying any particular paper, as in compliance with the laws of evidence, it would have been necessary in a Court of Justice to have done.

Mr. Stockdale could easily have proved, that he was neither printer, publisher, proprietor, nor editor of the **PRESS**; but he had neither time nor opportunity of making any defence. His accusation, his trial, his conviction, his sentence, and its execution, were dispatched with the rapidity of a cabalistic charm.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE **PRESS**.

TO MR. PITT.

SIR,

WITHOUT the courage of a conqueror, without the wisdom of a legislator, without the imposing success that sometimes follows the doubtful virtues; you have done so much mischief to those countries, that posterity will discredit history, and doubt the fact, that the mere malice of your heart, combined with the illusive brilliancy of your head, could have entailed so much misery upon man. Oh! for the pen of Junius, to preserve the perishable infamy of your name, and render it immortal. Had you gone forth, like the destroying Angel, to lay waste on one side, for the other to resuscitate—had you, like Cromwell, when you inflicted a wound on one part of the constitution, healed and strengthened the rest; your name might have gone down to other times, with the mixed emotions of derestation and admiration, which naturally attach themselves to the prostitution of eminent faculties.

If

If you had wisdom, talents, and desire to do good, commensurate with your power and inclination to do evil, you would be the greatest Minister that ever lived; but unfortunately for the world, the converse of the position is the truth, and the universal indignation of mankind prompts an enquiry into the cause of such a phenomenon, in the moral and political world. Why three ancient nations, governed by laws that were willed and framed by their fathers, rendered more dear and more sacred by the blood of heroes and patriots, that has been shed in their defence; nations renowned for their valour and their love of freedom, not immediately under the direct influence of any of those causes, which have heretofore, in the annals of other countries, effected that degenerate and base distinction of those principles, which raise and elevate our common nature. Why, when the pulse of man ought not to be at the lowest, do they view you with a tame, submissive, and degraded spirit, outraging and trampling upon every sentiment of civil and political liberty? view you with a barbarous spirit of savage tyranny, bearing down in your hatred to all that is grand and magnificent in life, all those barriers against despotism, that have been reared by the courage and the wisdom of their ancestors, for the defence and preservation of whatever is dear to the existence of man. When Rome lost her liberty to Cæsar, it was wrested from her by no common hand—the mind's eye was dazzled by the splendid blaze of the semblancer of his virtues. But in the contemplation of your character, human ingenuity is baffled in endeavouring to establish the means of your ascendancy. Placed upon an eminence, your horizon was large, and the use which you made of it, was like Milton's Devil, from his height, to meditate the ruin and misery of man. Destitute of the best principle of the human heart, the desire to do good, without even the merit of hypocrisy, to disguise your abandoned and political profligacy, with the appearance of any thing that had wisdom for its support, or virtue for its end. Search the black register of vice, indulge yourself in the perusal of the melancholy catalogue of crimes, a study with which you are not unacquainted,

view

view the most odious characters of antiquity, turn your eye to the gibbets of successful villainy, held up by Tacitus; explore the history of human turpitude, in the luminous record of Gibbon; trace the page of the world, that is open before you, and you will find that those monsters, whose vices have been the blot of each succeeding year, and whose names have been marked by the execration of mankind, have been guilty of little more than a bold theoretical speculation upon the misery of their species, contrasted with your practical efforts against virtue in every form.

Whether it be, like the Magician of Hell, to lay the grand spirit of Reform, or like a fallen spirit from Heaven, to generate a corruption upon Earth; whether it be to insult and to oppress the unconquerable magnanimity of the English; or with a more fell principle, by agents worthy of yourself, with cold, cruel, unrelenting hearts, to stretch forth the arm of extermination, and carry desolation and destruction among the brave and generous Irish, whose sufferings have no parallel in the records of the world, and whose blood speaks in every breath, demanding vengeance upon you, the assassin of the happiness of millions. But your reign of terror cannot be much longer. Mr. Burke has said, while he yet worked in the light, to use his own expression, "that there is a time, when men will not suffer bad things, because their ancestors have suffered worse." And that time is come now, when men will not suffer worse things than their ancestors have suffered before them. For, though bad men may rejoice at it, good men will lament it, wise men will wish to resist it, but brave men must and will disclaim it. Though patriots have been murdered and exiled, the mind is not yet slain, and though public virtue, blushing for her presence in your star-chamber, has retired from the seat of political discussion, yet that star-chamber shall be no more, and the people shall be heard—the voice of the nation shall speak through its organ again. Look down immortal shades of Hamden and Sydney, look down from your beatitude, and shed, upon these nations of oppression, one spark of that celestial fire, that animated you when on earth. As a Minister, you have no apology

to

to offer to an incensed empire—you have had the applications of feeling the warning of wisdom, and a revolution, not only in the science of government, but in the whole moral of the thought of man, to observe upon, that never at once presented themselves to the eye of any statesman before you. That mighty man, whose capacious mind and sagacious counsels have so long, and with so little effect, been opposed to your crooked and distinctive policy, in a speech of matchless depth, comprehension, and force; did warn you, that if you persisted in your abominable system, you would leave your Sovereign without a subject; but although I venerate the prophet, yet I hope public justice will precede the prophecy. Accept of this letter as a prelude to a more severe study, than you have as yet been accustomed to, and as a preparation to meet the indignant vengeance of a people you have trodden upon.

A. LUCIUS.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER XI.

TO THE ARISTOCRACY OF IRELAND:

SHOULD the pride of aristocracy graciously deign to listen to the voice of an humble and sequestered individual, without any other patronage or recommendation, than sincerity and good intention; should the great, the opulent and the aspiring of this country, turn aside for a moment, from the career of luxury or ambition; I should humbly solicit their attention to the choice of difficulties, on which they may be called to determine at a future crisis.

Every lover of peace, every friend to his country, and to human nature, must recoil with sorrow and dismay; from the prospect of civil commotion; must deprecate, with fervent prayers, such a calamitous juncture, such a tremendous operation of physical and moral causes, such a perverse and fatal disposition of men and things, as should drive an oppressed and outraged people to an open collision with the constituted authorities. Far, far distant be such a conflict, as may prostrate, to rise no more, all that for
ages

ages has been the object of homage and admiration! We must hope that such an event is not probable; yet, surely it is within the range of possibilities. A prudent man will prepare himself, even for events that are merely possible. He will learn to anticipate remote consequences; and arm his mind by meditation, and a knowledge of the truth, against the sudden effect of hazardous and unfortunate contingencies. He will not leave his future conduct to be the sport of blind chance. He will be prepared to act from himself. He will not flatter himself, that because it is not likely that an event may happen, therefore, it must be certain that it shall not happen. He will recollect, that it is always the fate of the confusion of intellect, incident to surprise, and terror to adopt the most pernicious measures, and pursue the most ruinous line of conduct. He will therefore, while danger is yet at a distance, while reason is yet calm and untroubled, consider and weigh the possibilities, which lie in the womb of time; that he may not be found perturbed and irresolute, when a trying and difficult juncture shall come upon him suddenly, like a thief in the night.

I will now suppose, merely for the sake of argument, that you should, at length, be driven from the strong holds of a cautious neutrality. The momentous option is inevitable. You are irresistibly called to give an account of the faith, which is in you. No trifling, no prevarication will avail; an open avowal of principle is requisite, the contending parties are at issue. You must join the people in their exertions for present relief and future security; or strengthen the hands of their enemies by direct co-operation. What shall be your resolve?—think not to look back, having once *put your hands to the plough!*

Men of the aristocracy, let me speak to your interests and your avarice; if I may not engage your pride or your patriotism. The calamity and degradation of your country, and even the loss of personal weight and influence might be patiently borne by the selfish and the sordid; but, consider, I conjure you, the violent change of property you
must

must endure, by the final subjugation and ruin of your country, or even, by the long continuance of the present terrific system of coercion. The depopulation of Ireland, the annihilation of arts and manufactures, and the consequent decay of agriculture, must reduce the value of those possessions, to which you are so fondly attached, by a great, and to you most painful defalcation; every man who possesses a portion of the soil, must find himself interested in the freedom of the country, inasmuch as the increase of national prosperity must be an improvement of private property. If then you wish to retain that opulence, from which is derived your chief importance; you should wish for the establishment of freedom, and a reform of the abuses of government,

If you are awake to the charms of social intercourse; you must have learned, that to a full and perfect enjoyment of society, and a safe and free communication of thought; freedom, and good government, are essential requisites. No man must be dull indeed, who has not learned this under the reign of terror. Are you disposed to indulge in mental gratifications, and the luxury of the fine arts; you will please to recollect, that all the exertions of genius flourish most in the sunshine of a free constitution.

I think the present system of coercive measures too violent for a long duration. A dreadful and powerful engine has been set in motion; it must gain an impetus, that will render it unmanageable, by the puny strength of the first movers. Perhaps it may recoil, with a retrograde momentum, and involve them in destruction. Suppose, however, (contrary to all reasoning and calculation) that the organization of terror should continue, and the people should be finally depressed, to rise no more. Men of the aristocracy, what is your prospect? The country depopulated by the wasting sword, by the deportation or voluntary exile of those who can find means of removing themselves from this gloomy house of bondage—hope extinguished—a night of gross ignorance and deep despair overwhelming and stifling all exertion, by her leaden influence—all public spirit van-
nished,

hished, and lost—trade stagnant—manufactures neglected—agriculture suspended—the country waste and barren—the cities and towns neglected and desolate. Do you wish to reign, in sullen dignity, the severe and odious tyrants of a squalid, slavish, desponding vassalage? Do you wish for improvements in despotism, new laws of coercion, new statutes that outrage human nature? Would you introduce new military rigours? if it indeed be possible to add to those we have already felt? Would you augment the sufferings of the people; if it be possible to aggravate their present misery? This country is but a province of England, in substance, though independent in name. Would you wish to see it still more degraded, and erased from the table and scale of nations, by an *Union*, dictated in the pride, the selfishness, or the vengeance of the British Cabinet, and enforced at the point of the bayonet?

What could the aristocracy of Ireland expect from an *Union*: This country would be a place of arms; or a colony, the residence of mere mechanics, excise officers, factors, and brokers. The latter would be her brightest prospect: let us suppose (contrary to probability), that, notwithstanding the open attacks, and secret machinations of the *great Republic*; the commerce of *Britain* may still flourish, and that *Ireland* shall be admitted to a fair and free participation in that commerce. Yet, men of the aristocracy, your influence, your dignity and importance, which are reflected back on you from the nominal independence and some free forms of government in the country—all this must be relinquished. Every man of opulence, of talent, or of liberal spirit; every votary of ambition, of pleasure, or of independence, will fly the land. The deserted seats of the ancient aristocracy will be dismantled; the tithe-farmer and the tax-gatherer will reign paramount over the soil, and domineer among the people.

Suppose the trade of England curtailed or annihilated; her resources wasted; her power and influence depressed; you must sink in her downfall; and you will want even the poor and sordid consolation, of seeing that the chains, the

galling chains, with which you are loaded, are gilded by commerce. What shall *Ireland*, then, become? A nursery, a draw-farm of men and beasts, for the use and accommodation of *England*; an immense pasturage, an universal barrack. For, as the union will have been established by force, by force it must be maintained; until inveterate habits of submission and despondency, and the gradual depopulation of the island, shall have broken down and tamed the wretched reliques of the people, of what once *was Ireland*, to crouch and fawn under the lash, and lick the feet of their masters without a murmur.

Will you say, that this picture of the consequences, which await a perseverance in the present system, is overcharged, or exaggerated? No—I feel, I confess my inability. My hand is not sufficiently steady, to design. I cannot find such sombre colouring, as may express the future horrors, to which we must be a prey; if that administration shall continue, which prides itself in a rigour beyond the law, whose secret prompters are fear and cruelty, whose safety lies in the sword and the bayonet; whose best principle of justice is sanguinary revenge.

It may be said, and I doubt not, that some among you are so weak as to make it the ultimate scope of their fond expectation. It may be said that through the representations of some of your leaders, the present system of terror may be relinquished, or alleviated; the stern and menacing brow of coercion may be smoothed; the waters of bitterness may subside; and the streams of government may flow in their accustomed channels with smooth and placid windings; bathing, as they pass, the rich and fruitful shores of mild and plausible corruption. Is this the *consummation so devoutly to be wished*? Our fetters may be lined with wool—Some links may be added to our chains, so that we shall walk about and fancy that we enjoy Liberty. The peasant may be allowed to eat his scanty vegetable meal, without the certainty of being interrupted by the cry and the chase of hell hounds. He may quench his thirst at the mountain spring; it shall now be defecated; it shall flow clear;
it

it shall no longer be perturbed with the blood of his brethren. He may lie down to rest on his bed of straw; he shall not be afraid that it may blaze before morning with the torch of the assassins. Mighty concessions doubtless, happy state of peace and security! but will these benefits, be they what they may, will they be permanent, or of a temporary nature? Shall we receive them as a debt, or a gratuity? Must we ascribe them to constitution or to regulation? Shall the peace-offerings to the people be the produce of solid, stable reformation, or the result of policy, of terror, or of abundant condescension, in our sovereign rulers?

Meantime, what shall be the political situation, what the national character of the people? The same gross atmosphere of a provincial government, and of a viceregal court, *managing* rather than *ruling* by influence, that now tarnishes the lustre of virtue, and interrupts the views of wisdom, tainting and contaminating every thing that approaches them with the spirit of venal pride and selfish meanness, shall continue to inspire premature duplicity, and cold-blooded artifice in youth; bold rapacity; and shameless irreverend profligacy in old age. The confidential servants of administration in Ireland, were not afraid to make the desperate and impolitic avowal, not only that they practised corruption, but that they did so on principle; and must continue to employ it as the necessary support and engine of government in this country. An avowal that set at defiance all present complaint and remonstrance, and cut off every hope of future reformation. It is easy to see what baneful effects must follow, from the example and influence of a government, acting on corruption, and avowing the principles without shame or compunction. What a general deprivation of morals must be the consequence; how the genius of venality and prostitution, undulating from the court, must communicate its movements through the whole expanse of the community, and impel the fluctuating mass to evil. Hence, may we account for the general prevalence of indirect motives, of self-interests, of party, of solicitation and cabal in every transaction that respects the public;

from the mean and paltry jobbing of a Grand Jury, or a corporate meeting, to the great and ruinous delinquency of a legislative assembly.

A radical change, then, of men and measures is requisite, not only to the comfort and security of the people, but to their morality. A reform in the political situation of the people would produce a virtuous alteration in their sentiments and characters. The minds of too many among us, particularly of the aristocracy, chiefly through the influence, as I have said, of a corrupt government, have been warped and deformed by an inveterate selfishness, a sordid cunning, a crooked policy. Openness of heart and integrity of dealing have been reprobated as folly. Every one affects to be a man of the world, and a politician, and derides an avowal of patriotic sentiments, a preference of public good, to private emolument, as the silly romance of youth and inexperience, or the clumsy cant of superficial hypocrisy. The prevalence of freedom will introduce new ideas, new views of things, new estimates of human action. The grovelling nature will be exalted, the narrow disposition will be expanded. Man will learn to set less value on external things, and more value on himself: his nature will be ennobled, and purified with the constitution of his government.

Suppose the exertions of the people to obtain redress of their grievances, and correct the abuses of the constitution, crowned with success. Freedom, with security in her train, will diffuse a firmness of mind, an alacrity of spirit, capable of greater efforts of industry, and ingenuity, than have heretofore been known in this country. The native virtues of the people will be developed, by a wise and virtuous government. All their corporeal and mental energies will be put in requisition. The man of industry will expect to reap the fruit of his labours. He will not fear, lest it should be ravished from him by the harpy hand of a profligate and rapacious government. The man of genius, secure in the protection of the law, will unfold his talents; and be excited to distinguish himself, by a moral assurance, that
he

he shall occupy a place in society, and a share of the public esteem, adequate to his deserts. He will no longer fear the cruel timidity, and persecuting jealousy, of despotism and misrule; ever shrinking from the glance of wisdom, ever fearful of the investigation of learning, or the sallies of genius. He will no longer find himself depressed and undervalued by the contemptuous arrogance of the titled Casts; by the self-important inanity of high birth, or the stupid insolence of bloated riches.

In those happy times, when there shall be no leading into captivity, no mourning, or complaining in our streets, no massacres or conflagrations in our fields; the vallies shall be made to laugh and sing; the plains shall be clothed with verdure, and filled with the wealth of rural abundance, by cheerful labour of the happy peasant. Society shall no longer be empoisoned with mutual fear and suspicion: men shall no longer be taught to hold each other cheap, by daily instances, of treachery and baseness; they shall no longer sacrifice all ties, all attachments, in blind devotion, of fear, or venality, to a wretched relentless government. A frankness of manners, an elevation of sentiment, will add new charms to society; new bonds of attachments, and friendship to individuals. Such might the situation of Ireland be rendered. Men of the aristocracy, will you prefer the reign of terror?

Suppose the guardian angel of the land were to appear, in a corporeal form; and reason with her degenerate children:—"Unworthy and unfeeling men, by your supine
 "negligence, you have suffered this convulsed and agoniz-
 "ing state, to be hurried to the verge of a precipice. It
 "has escaped the dreadful ruin: your criminality may be
 "forgotten. Your country stretches out her arms to em-
 "brace you.—Do not reject the invitation, it will not be
 "repeated. Heaven, that, by means inscrutable to mor-
 "tals, prepares the way to great events, and makes the
 "vices, the follies, the unruly passions, the crimes of men,
 "finally productive of the most happy effects, even now is
 "conducting, through the maze of guilt, through the
 "tangled

"tangled labyrinths of perverse and crooked policy, the patient steps, and steady march of freedom. The day-spring from on high has visited us. The morning dawns apace. Let not approaching light detect you, among the parricidal bands of those who have betrayed their country."

MQNTANUS.

ROASTING.

Near *Castle-Ward*, a northern hamlet, a father and son had their heads roasted on their own fire, to extort a confession of concealed arms. The cause was, that the lock of a gun was found in an old box belonging to the wife of the elder man. It is a fact, that the above old couple have two sons serving on board the British Fleet, one under Lord Bridport, the other under Lord St. Vincent.

Where *truth* is the principle of politics, it is a rock—
"a rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail."
On that rock stands The Press of the people.

On a former occasion the Press quoted the noble saying of an ancient French General to his King—"Sire, I have the pleasure to assure you, that among my *soldiers*, I could not find one *executioner*."

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF COERCION.

Qui Capit ille facit.

MY LORD,

IN the present season of public investigation, when most of the political characters of the nation, are made the subject either of censure or panegyric, you have doubtless been astonished at the venerable silence which has been observed, as to the merits of your Lordship. Yet think not your country has been unmindful of your services; they were of too important a nature to escape observation, and of consequence too notorious, to be easily forgotten. Believe me, I have kept a vigilant eye on your proceedings,
and

and at length awakened into action, mean now to repay your Lordship the long arrear of public acknowledgement, which is your due. Yet think not I mean to address you with any view of wounding your private feelings—my motives are at present to save Ireland, and not to avenge her, and it ill becomes the champion of a nation's wrongs, to stoop to the littleness of personal animosity.

The system of torture and coercion which has for some time past disgraced the country, is I believe, very generally attributed to the prolific genius of your Lordship; and certainly has on all occasions received your countenance and support. The motives of such conduct I pretend not to develope; but if we may judge from many suspicious circumstances, they were none of the most respectable. In private life, I see you peevish, splenetic, and malignant—and judging by analogy in your public conduct, I see you obstinate without being consistent, vindictive without being spirited, and self-interested without being wise. The proof of these assertions, shall form the substance of the following address.

A spirit of enquiry into the origin of government, an examination into the mutual principles of political authority and submission, had for some time past become the occupation of the learned, and a common topic of conversation in cultivated society. The spirit of philosophy and research, which had hitherto overcome the grosser prejudices of our system, now attacked the abuses of our constitution, and the corruptions of our administration. No unbiassed and independent mind could conceive, why in this country alone, the advantage of the many should be sacrificed to the ambition of the few. The candid and liberal politician, could not reconcile to himself, that three-fourths of the people of Ireland should be deprived of all political rights, merely because they professed a form of religion somewhat different from that of the remaining portion of her inhabitants. These ideas becoming general and acknowledged, it occurred to some men to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of promoting a reform
of

of the abuses of our constitution, and obtaining freedom for the enslaved portion of their countrymen. They accordingly formed that society, consisting at first of only a few, but those few were equal to an host, because they were supported by the strength of reason, and had talents to avail themselves of so powerful an auxiliary. They assembled, and consulted on the most likely methods to effectuate the purposes of their institution; and as the first step, they addressed the people of Ireland, in the language of eloquence and truth; and to the Irish nation, eloquence and truth never pleaded in vain. Accordingly the contagion spread, the principle disseminated, the society encreased, till what at first was the object of your contempt, became at length honoured by your apprehensions. What was then your conduct? You procured, or advised, or supported an act of Parliament, professedly levelled at this society, by which it was silenced, and dissolved. This was the first effort of your illiberality and persecution, and the consequences were such as might easily be foreseen. Their former conviction remained unanswered, their enthusiasm was strengthened, by an act which forbid them to speak, but could not forbid them to think. While there was no penalty annexed to their meetings and addresses, their proceedings were carried on in the fair and open face of the world, and of day. If their reasoning was false, it was open to refutation, and defeated its own purposes; if their addresses were seditious, they were liable to punishment, by the existing laws of the country; but they were neither false nor seditious—why then suppress them by a particular law? Because they were dangerous. Granted, my Lord; they were indeed dangerous, but not to the people of Ireland—they were dangerous, my Lord, to the corruptions of administration; they were dangerous to the abuses of our constitution; they were dangerous to the power, the oppressions, the peculations of his Majesty's Ministers; and therefore it was that his Majesty's Ministers determined to repress them—but the settled convictions of reason were not to be quashed by the persecuting spirit of a despotic Parliament, backed by the thoughtless ferocity of a deluded soldiery. Forbid to assemble publicly, their wrongs compelled

compelled them to associate privately ; and thus, my Lord, you, and the other hirelings of Mr. Pitt, were the first founders of that institution, which under the name of United Irishmen, trampled, as you say, law and humanity under foot. It is you, my Lord, that first organized a system which has since baffled all your skill to unravel and detect. It is you, my Lord, who in fact are answerable for all the crimes and excesses which have since been committed ; thousands of murdered ghosts (could the spirits of the dead again beset this world) would haunt your Lordship's pillow, and murmur curses on your head, but curses never *kill*, and you therefore despise them.

After such an example, you might have learned a little wisdom, but you were above being instructed by experience, and to shew your consistency, you repeat your former error. You passed new laws, to punish offences of your own creation. You first stimulate the people to rebellion, and then invent new acts, to quell the spirit, your own folly had excited. What were the consequences ? The system increased under persecution, the disturbances of a parish, or a country, spread over a province, and under the influence of your Lordship's measures, Ulster became discontented. New acts were then passed ; the spirit burst beyond the narrow limits of a province, and became the general sentiment of the kingdom ; and yet, my Lord, you still talk of coercion. Is this consistency or is it obstinacy ?

Look, you say, to the North ; see in the present calm of that province, the happy effects of coercion. The argument is as senseless, as the calm is delusive. Believe me, my Lord, the spirit is not extinct, though the people are almost exterminated ; the sentiment still lives in those few bosoms, that have escaped the murderous progress, of my Lord B—— and his myrmidons. It is now a smothered, and therefore more tremendous sentiment, that pervades the North. They now only wait, for a favorable opportunity to express their feelings, and much I fear that opportunity is now at hand.

But

But the South, my Lord, look there, and behold the happy effects of your Lordship's coercion; see there how murders multiply on your conscience; think what a change your system has there accomplished in a short time. Look but twelve months back, and all was loyalty and affection; look now and you see nothing but hatred and universal revolt; and yet you still talk of coercion. Is that, my Lord, consistency, or obstinacy?

In a former part of this address I have said you were vindictive without being spirited: let me therefore make an appeal to your pusillanimity, and then if you will grant to your fears what you have refused to your reason, you should remember, my Lord, that till lately you had a worthy coadjutor? who with you divided the odium of the nation and bore an equal portion of public infamy and contempt. But, my Lord, he has now shrunk from the dangerous situation; the hardy but mistaken zeal of too devoted enthusiasts, has roused his apprehensions; and if I am rightly informed, that is now no very difficult task. He is not now, I understand, the intrepid being that once braved a mob and sustained the execrations of England. His conscience has at length awakened his fears; shewing what he deserves; he has learned to dread what he may meet, and by the meanness of his retreat, has added cowardice, to the catalogue of his vices. That he indeed, should have embarked in so desperate a cause, is not astonishing; his name, his family, his connexions, the early prejudices of his nature, the first efforts of his political life, precluded him from public confidence, and stamped him the instrument of tyranny; and the minion of despotism. But that you, my Lord, entering life as you did, with an academic education, a liberal profession, a splendid fortune, and a respectable understanding, should have linked your destiny, with such a man, and declared yourself the champion of a sinking cause, is really unaccountable. His character was stamped, in the hereditary and indelible infamy of his family. A long line of ancestry, as faithless and vicious as himself, rendered the name of *Satanides* too notorious for the virtues of a single life to redeem.

deem. As long as the Irish language survives, and as widely as it may be disseminated, the names of treachery and *Satanists* will be synonymous; he will ever carry about him an antidote to confidence; the people would distrust him in the sincerest and most disinterested proffer of his services; they would instinctively be on their guard against any effort of his malice; and in the moments of his most honest warmth, would examine what opportunity he had to betray.

But you, my Lord, had no such difficulty to contend with. The antiquity of your name, was no impediment to your success. You came forward with no family prejudices on your head. Your pedigree is lost in the obscurity of the first degree. You had your character to form; and if you had made the first advances, the people would have received you, knowing as they do that the rankest weeds and most luxuriant fruit, are the produce of the dunghill. Had you possessed but the common prudence of your profession, or the common spirit of your age, you might in time have been esteemed by your Sovereign, and beloved by your country; you might with your talents and profession, have risen to honors and emoluments, on the pinions of public esteem and approbation; and drowned the recent establishment of your name, in the effulgence of your virtues. But, my Lord, you have despised these advantages; you have lost the glorious opportunity of a just renown, and sacrificed your virtue, your character, and I will add your happiness, for the paltry considerations of a pension and a coronet—for in fact, my Lord, these are the only rewards of a life, uniformly spent in the most infamous and degrading duties of a corrupt administration. These are the only compensations you enjoy for the sacrifice of every virtue, and the dereliction of every principle.

Yet, my Lord, even these rewards, inconsiderable as they are, will not, I fear, be as permanent as you may imagine; and Heaven, as a proof of its justice, seems determined to make you the instrument of your own downfall—my Lord, the ancients entertained a superstition that in certain

certain circumstances men were irresistibly impelled by some secret power to their own destruction : or to use a word which seems to be immediately derived from the superstition, that they were insatuated. Such, my Lord, at present seems your situation—You seem to shut your eyes on the situation of this country—You seem incapable of deriving any advantage from the example of another country. The hand of fate seems upon you, and you still go on as foolishly confident, and as madly gay, as the insect that flutters round the torch, or the bird that cannot resist the fascinations of the serpent's jaws that are extended to devour him.

I know, my Lord, you plume yourself on the imaginary safety of your situation. But pride not yourself any longer on that circumstance, deceive yourself no more. I tell you, you are in danger ; think not to screen yourself behind the shield of Parliamentary support ; repose not on the delusive promises of military protection ; they will avail you nothing, in the dread moment of national retribution, or amid the confusion of revolutionary vengeance.

At such a moment, if unhappily a perseverance in your present conduct should induce it, the sacred person of the Judge will not be respected, your elevated situation will not protect you, the formalities of trial may be laid aside, and the cautious and established rules of evidence may be exploded ; at such a juncture, the forms of law may not be invoked to justify your execution, there will be no necessity for suborned testimony, or intoxicated jurymen, to procure your condemnation. Ireland can afford the clearest evidence of your crimes ; the unanimous voice of its inhabitants will pronounce you guilty. On such an occasion, our disgust against the duty of the executioner, will be suspended, and men will contend for the honour of terminating so destructive an existence.

I repeat, my Lord, the caution ; reflect on your situation before you again proceed on your desperate system of coercion ; consider that the amiable companion of your crimes, has shrunk from the danger of his situation ; and it was infinitely less perilous than yours : he was only the vile instrument

Argument of your schemes, the executioner of your projects, the insignificant puppet exposed upon the stage, while you, behind the scenes, pointed his sword, and guided his devastations. His were only the contemptible qualifications of a bloody hand, and a relentless bosom ; it was you, my Lord, that possessed the nobler merit of a heart to conceive, and a head to justify, the most atrocious acts of a vindictive administration. Thus, my Lord, did you expose him to the danger, while you hoped to monopolize the credit—Thus did you gratify your vengeance, while you consulted your safety. And thus did you prove my assertion—that you were vindictive without being spirited.

But that no motive of conviction, apprehension, or prudence, may be wanting to make you alter your conduct ; let me, if possible, awake your emulation, and make even your vanity subservient to the salvation of your country ; let me hold up to your view a character, who, though I think mistaken in some points, is nevertheless entitled to the highest respect ; because his are the mistakes of principle. Look to the venerated character of your antagonist, on a late important question, and there behold the just prerogatives of virtue and principle. Compare, my Lord, the mild, the polished, the benevolent eloquence of that nobleman, with the pertness of upstart insolence, and the flippancy of habitual superiority ; see how he commands the attention of his fellow-peers, the gratitude of his country, and restrained even the petulancy of your Lordship. Confounded and abashed by the presence of a man, whose principles you hated, and whose spirit you dreaded ; you paid an extorted and unwilling homage to the ascendancy of his character ; and granted to his virtue, that respect so unusual to you, and which you refused to the meekness and profession of a preacher of the gospel, and a minister of religion. Had, my Lord, that dignified object of your oblique attack, been a layman, that attack had been unprovoked ; as a clergyman, it was more—it was cowardly. But, pardon me ! I had almost forgotten, that romantic bravery forms no feature of your Lordship's character ; had I recollected the meanness of your submission, and the aspe-

rity

rity of your vengeance, against the unhappy F——, I should not have been surpris'd at any thing you could have done.

Your attack on another victim of your persecution, was equally haughty and unprovoked. You should have known, my Lord, that it was illiberal, and unmanly, to assault any man, when he had not the opportunity of retaliation, or defence; but unfortunately, in the present instance, his want of your successful hypocrisy, has afforded you some excuse; yet there was a time, my Lord, when you dared not have murmured but a censure, against a man whose talents you dreaded.

Think not, however, I mean to defend him, for he is far above the reach of your malice or my praise; no, I enter not into the question of his merits—but I shall always insist, that as a peer of the realm, you indulged your malignancy in an attack, you shrunk from as a commoner; and avoiding a contest with an acknowledged superior, attempted like a coward, to assassinate the man you dreaded to encounter as an equal.

DION.

FURTHER IMPRISONMENT OF MR. O'CONNOR.

Persecution has followed the steps of Mr. O'Connor. He has been arrested at Margate, with other *Irishmen*, one of whom it is not known whether he is Irish or English; and more extraordinary still, Mr. O'Connor's servant, a young lad about seventeen years of age, was with him; and more wonderful still, a person strongly suspected of being an Irish Priest. The manner in which these extraordinary persons eat their breakfast, is made matter of wonderful moment. Mr. O'Connor, wonderful to relate, refused to answer questions, and spoke indignantly before the Bow-street magistrates: and Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Boswell offered to go bail for him. They are sent to different prisons. Mr. O'Connor is gone to Tothill-fields. We hope he will, in that land of Liberty, *Old England*, meet with less rigour than he did in this unhappy country, where he was nine months confined in the Round-tower, and three times

times fired at by soldiërs, upon a charge, notoriously unfounded, of High Treason. Alas! in what spot of the earth is a resting place to be found for a brave or honest Irishman. Perhaps this Irish Priest will turn out to be some unhappy sufferer, fugitated from his native home—whose father or brother have been shot, or burned out of their house, and who has possibly been seeking an asylum in some more favoured land.

FOR THE PRESS.

*The Appeal of the People of ULSTER to their Countrymen
and to the Empire at large.*

IRISHMEN !

OUR best citizens are entombed in bastiles, or hurried on board tenders; our wives and our children are become the daily victims of an uncontrouled and licentious *foreign* soldiery!

IRISHMEN!—ULSTER, one of your fairest provinces, containing one-third of the population of the land—ULSTER, hitherto the pride and strength of IRELAND, is proclaimed, and put under the bar of *Martial Law*! The Executive Government of the country has sentenced us to military execution, *without trial*, and the Legislature of the country has sanctioned this illegal act *without inquiry*! The constituted authorities of the land, (without condescending to examine into the existence of our grievances, the truth of the outrages alleged against us, or the nature of the circumstances that may have provoked them) have stigmatized us as objects of terror to the rest of Ireland, and of horror to the rest of Europe!

What, you will naturally ask, are your crimes?—Hear them:—Our enemies say, that under the appellation of *United Irishmen*, and by means of illegal oaths, we have established and organized a horrid system of murder—that we are the avowed enemies of all order and good government—and finally, that our ultimate object is pillage, massacre, and plunder! Countrymen! these charges are FALSE!
they

they are **MALEVOLENT**; for the only proof which our accusers have pretended to adduce in their support is, that in one whole province, where the servants of Government have, for the last four years, by a system of premeditated persecution, endeavoured to drive the people into insurrection; a few individuals, who had rendered themselves notorious by their vindictive pursuit of this system, have, during the last six months, lost their lives. We do not defend these outrages; they give us more *real* grief than they do our enemies.

But, how has it happened that the same horror was not expressed by the same persons, when a civil war was for two years carrying on in the county of Armagh, against the Catholics, supported by *magisterial* exertions, and as it was said, by *ministerial* connivance? Do you not know, Countrymen, that these cruel persecutions were carried on by men, not only enjoying impunity, but boasting that they were acting under the authority of Government? Do you not know that the same system of tyranny and terror has been enforced with various success in almost every part of the North? that Belfast has been dragooned? that our most virtuous inhabitants have been nearly decimated? that magistrates have frequently issued forth, by day and by night, at the head of parties of the army, to scour the country, to burn the houses, and imprison the persons of those who are *suspected* to love liberty? Can you then wonder, if men, who have made themselves peculiarly obnoxious by their cruelties, should sometimes fall victims to *individual* vengeance? However, you may lament in common with us. Can you be surprised if the son, whose father has been torn from his family, and illegally imprisoned, or carried on board the fleet; if the husband, whose wife has been dragged from her *lying-in bed*, at the hour of midnight, and thrown into the street to see her house burned before her eyes; if the father, whose property has been destroyed, and his children cast out into want and misery? Can you be surprised even if men, who are daily witnesses to such transactions, without redress and without the shadow of legal authority, and who are themselves, suffering under a grinding persecution, the acts of which cannot be easily particularised, but which, by its unceasing operation, crushes and destroys? Can you be surprised,

If men thus situated, *determined not to be forced into insurrection*, should seek to assuage their revenge, and vainly hope to stop the current of general calamity by the assassination of the most atrocious of their persecutors? Do not, we beseech you, falsely impute their acts to the moral depravity of any *body* of men—No; if the hands of the inhabitants of the North were not restrained by the strongest ties of duty and religion, the highest heads and most overbearing spirits of our oppressors would have long since expiated their tyranny.

We have told you, Countrymen, the charges exhibited against us—hear now the *facts*, and FOR THE TRUTH OF THEM WE SOLEMNLY APPEAL TO THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS. *We are under an obligation* (and we glory in it) to promote a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion. *We are united* in an organised system, *not* to promote murder, *but* to promote peace; not to destroy persons and property, *but* to save both from destruction. Lastly, beloved Countrymen! we are most solemnly pledged, (a pledge we will never forfeit) to co-operate with you in every temperate and rational measure for obtaining the Freedom of our Country, by a FULL AND ADEQUATE REPRESENTATION OF ALL THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, WITHOUT REGARD TO RELIGIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

These are the *crimes* of Ulster. They are the common crimes of Ireland. How should it be otherwise, when they arise from the duty we owe to our country and to our God? Yes, Irishmen! the sacred flame has become general.—That which originated in Antrim, has been reverberated from Cork, and all the intermediate space from Wicklow to Mayo glows with the same enthusiasm. It has been our glory to raise the abutments—to you belongs the still more glorious task of crowning the arch.

Our intentions have been, and still are to obtain the great objects of our pursuit, through the means of *calm discussion*, and their own unquestionable justice. The common enemy know that these are the most powerful and irresistible weapons. It is, therefore, that they have practised upon us a system of reiterated aggression, unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, for the purpose of goading us into *insur-*

rebellion, or driving us into *despair*. They have hitherto failed, and *they will still fail*, thanks to that bountiful Being who has endued us with *Patience* as well as *Courage*.

We can, even yet, endure for our Country's sake. But Countrymen! is there not a point, beyond which forbearance becomes a crime; and human nature is incapable of enduring? Shall we be forced beyond that point? *If we should*, our poor and feeble oppressors would find, that UNITED IRELAND could, in an instant, trample them to the dust.

To our *national* armed force, whether MILITIA or YEOMANRY, we particularly appeal. Soldiers! when you took up arms to defend your Country, did you intend to turn them against your Countrymen? Was it to raise the Catholic against the Protestant, and the Protestant against the Catholic that you arrayed? Was it to support an Administration which has brought your Country to the verge of destruction, by a wicked war against Liberty abroad, and a still more wicked war against Liberty at home, that you swore allegiance? If you should ever, with parricidal hearts, turn your arms against your Fellow-citizens, whose only crime is their patriotism, would you not feel that you were guilty of Treason, Rebellion, and Perjury against your King, your Country, and your God? Think then in time, REMEMBER YOU ARE IRISHMEN! Remember that you must shortly answer for every act of *murder*, or even *pillage*, that you might be induced, by unjust orders, to commit, before that BEING who is the Avenger of the oppressed.

To the *British Nation* we also appeal! Is it criminal, Britons! to follow the example of your renowned ancestors? If you feel the defects in your Representation, and if you are sensible that you as well as we, have been precipitated into the most wicked and destructive wars, in consequence of those defects, can you possibly blame *us*, whose Representation is infinitely more inadequate, for our peaceable exertions to remedy those defects? Shall Ireland be considered as hostile, because she has caught a spark of that holy fire which was kept alive in your Island, when surrounding Europe was sunk under a barbarous Despotism? But you will be told that we wish to get rid of the *connexion*. If that connexion only existed in the manifold evils which have been
heaped

heaped upon us by the present abominable Administration, we surely would wish for a separation.

But, Fellow Subjects, connected as we are by the ties of blood—of a common language and polity—intimately connected as we are by our relative situation with each other, and with the rest of the world, as well as by our mutual wants, and redundancies—so far from wishing to lessen these ties of connection, we call upon, we entreat you to *Unite* still farther with us in the just and necessary work of REFORM. We conjure you, by the manes of your *Lockes*, your *Sidneys*, your *Hampdens*, and your *Russels*, to join us in a great and united effort to save the empire from destruction by the only measure which can save it—*A radical Reform in the Representation of the People*. The removal of your present wicked Ministers will only operate as a temporary relief—the cause of all our evils would still remain. Had not your Minister known that *his influence*, owing to the defective state of our Representation, enabled him to draw from Ireland 150,000 men to recruit the army, and 40,000 seamen to man the Fleet of the Empire, he would not so rapidly have rushed into the detestable War, which has brought you as well as us to the brink of ruin. Britons! Remember the words of the most illustrious Statesman that ever adorned your Country or directed your Councils—of that PITT who conducted the Empire to glory abroad whilst he cherished Liberty at home. In the year 1766, when Massachusetts was charged with Rebellion, as Ulster is now, “I rejoice that America has resisted,” said the great man. “These millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. If America was to fall,” continued he, “she would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution with her. She has been wronged; she has been driven to madness by injustice:—Will you punish her for the madness you have occasioned,” His counsels succeeded—the obnoxious laws were repealed, and America sat down contented: Shortly after, the system of coercion was again resorted to, and *America was lost*:

Finally, we appeal to the FATHER of the UNIVERSE, whose Almighty power we invoke to conduct us by the paths of Peace, to Liberty and Happiness.

P p 2

THE END.

APPENDIX.

SPEECH

OF

ARTHUR O'CONNOR;

ON MONDAY, MAY 4, 1795.

ON THE CATHOLIC BILL.

MR. SPEAKER.

I SHOULD not have trespassed on your time, at this late hour, was it not that, as often as this important subject has been agitated, since I have had a seat in this House, I have given silent votes for the most unqualified emancipation of my Catholic countrymen; from conviction of the justice of their claims to freedom, and of the inexpediency and folly of continuing to sacrifice the civil and political rights of the people, for the purpose of aggrandizing a *few families*, under the mask of promoting religion. But, Sir, the times call for something more than silent votes. The situation in which we are so unaccountably placed, is so critical, and the bill under your consideration involves such consequences in its train, that every man, who is not wholly indifferent to the welfare of his country, must feel himself called on, to lay aside every lesser consideration, and to deliver his opinion with that freedom, and that boldness, by which only the country can be saved.

What do the whole of the arguments which have been advanced on this night, against the emancipation of our Catholic countrymen, by the gentlemen of the opposite side of the House, amount to? To a mere unsupported assertion, that it would destroy our Constitution in Church and State. This is not the only instance in this country, in which the most egregious job has been concealed under a specious phraseology. One would imagine, from the language held by the Right Hon. Gentleman, (Mr. Pelham) that the
people

people of this country were in the actual enjoyment of the British constitution in all its purity, and that it had been in this country, that the experiment of that constitution had been made, by which it had become the admiration of the world. Is it that the condition of the people of Ireland corresponds so well with the great natural advantages of their country, that we are to infer, that their civil and political constitution was of that immaculate nature which the Right Hon. Gentleman, (Pelham) has represented it? Is it because we were the most wretched, and most miserable nation in Europe, as long as this system of monopoly and exclusion, for which the gentlemen on the opposite side of the House contend, under the title of Constitution in State and Church, was in its most entire state; and that we have emerged from that wretchedness and misery in an exact proportion as we have destroyed this system of monopoly, by extending the blessings of freedom to our Catholic countrymen, that we should now desist from our labours? Is it because we have heard those gentlemen at the opposite side of the house, year after year, ever since this question has been agitated, predict the ruin of the country, from extending the constitution to our Catholic countrymen, and that we have seen the country thrive in an exact proportion as it has been extended, that we should now stop short on their authority, and consecrate the remainder of the system of monopoly and exclusion? Before we risk every thing in defence of a system upon authority, which has hitherto proved so utterly fallacious, let us inquire into its merits.

I will suppose the worst of systems; and I will leave it to the advocates of this system, to shew in what it differs from this system of theirs, which they have consecrated under the mystical words of Constitution in Church and State. I will suppose the whole representation of the people of Ireland, converted into a subject of traffic, and a monopoly of the trade given to a few families, with an exception of that small portion of freedom, which falls to the share of the counties: I will suppose even this pittance assailed by these monopolists, by their profuse distributions of jobs and of patronage,

tronage, and by their appointing the men of the best interests in their several countries, to seats for their boroughs, whom they could find mean enough to accept them, on the condition of servitude and wages in so vile an occupation; I will suppose these wholesale dealers in our rights and liberties, coming from their rotten boroughs, and from the counties they had debauched, with their attendant supporters of Constitution in Church and State, to discharge their cargo at the seat of government, at the counting-house of an English factor; bartering an unqualified sacrifice of Irish trade, of Irish industry, of Irish rights, and of Irish character, at the feet of English domination, and of English avarice. For what? What shall I suppose the price of this infernal cargo, like Pandora's box, a collection of every ill that can afflict mankind? The whole nation of Ireland would blush to hear it! They would blush at their own degradation! Nothing less than the most unqualified sacrifice of every thing in this unfortunate country, that could exalt these farmers general of our rights and liberties, and of every thing that could debase an injured, insulted, and impoverished people. Here is a system by which our national character would be degraded in the eyes of surrounding nations. Here is a system by which the people of this country would be doubly impoverished, to pay for that treason which was to revile and vilify them in the legislature of their own country, and to pay for that treason which was to sacrifice their dearest interest to the aggrandizement of another nation; I CALL UPON THE GENTLEMEN OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, TO SHEW IN WHAT THIS EXECRABLE SYSTEM DIFFERS FROM THE CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, FOR WHICH THEY CONTEND? And yet you have been told, that, on the continuance of this system, your lives, your liberties, your property, and your religion depend,—on the continuance of this system, you have been told your constitution depends. Nay, to fill up the measure of their effrontery, there are men who will unblushingly tell you, that this system, so profitable to them, and so ruinous to the country, *shall be your constitution itself!*

Fortunately,

Fortunately, it is no longer a subject of contention between the Protestants and the Catholics; for every man in this country, except monopolists, and those in pay of monopolists, whether Protestants, Presbyterians, or Catholics, have declared themselves equally interested in the destruction of this odious system. Fortunately the Protestants and Presbyterians of Ireland have, at length, discovered the folly of sacrificing their own rights and the prosperity of their country, in a criminal attempt to exclude three-fourths of their countrymen from the blessings of freedom, for no other purpose than to perpetuate a system, in which a few families are unnaturally exalted, at the expence of millions of their countrymen, as unnaturally debased. But it is no longer a secret that the men who oppose the abolition of religious distinctions in our civil and political concerns, when the general voice of the nation has concurred it is so wise, so just, and so politic a measure, are the men who usurp the whole political power of the country, the men who have converted the whole representation of Ireland into family patriarchy; to the poverty, to the oppression, and to the disgrace of the nation, and to the monstrous aggrandizement of themselves, their relatives, and their scrupulous adherents; **THESE ARE THE MEN WHO OPPOSE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION**, and why? because Catholic emancipation would be incompatible with their accursed monopoly. Here lies the incapacity of the Catholics to participate in the freedom of their country; here lies the excellence of the present constitution in church and state. In this is comprised the whole guilt of our Catholic countrymen, and in the eyes of men of this description, the same incapacity would attach itself to angels from heaven, if the abolition of their accursed monopoly was to make any part of the consequences.

Let those men who flatter themselves that they can continue the old system of monopoly and exclusion, by which the few have been raised on the necks of the many, risk what they please in its defence; but let me conjure you, who are without the pale of their political communion, to consider the important change which has taken place in the public mind, to consider the language which has been
spoken

spoken by all descriptions of men, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Let me conjure you to consider, that you are no longer legislating for the barbarous ignorant ages which are gone by, but that you must now legislate for the more enlightened and more intelligent age in which you live, and for the still more enlightened ages which are to come. It is on these safe and liberal grounds I invite you to weigh the arguments which have been advanced on this night against the emancipation of your Catholic countrymen.—An Hon. Gentleman (Ogle) says, if you emancipate them, they will get the upper hand, and they will erect a Popish government; and a noble Lord (Kingsborough) says, that Catholic emancipation is incompatible with protestant freedom, which assertions are founded on the supposition, that the Catholics pay such implicit obedience to their clergy in religious matters, that they will destroy our liberties by paying a like implicit obedience to the civil magistrate in political concerns. Is there any thing in the conduct of the Catholics at this day to warrant these charges? Is it not harrowing up charges from the barbarous ages that are gone by? Ask the Catholic clergy, and they will tell you that their power is declined. Ask the Protestant gentry from one end of the kingdom to the other, and they will tell you that the superstitious power of the Catholic clergy is at an end. But have you not heard the Right Hon. Gentleman (Pelham) on this night lament the decline of this power? Have you not heard him in the vilest prostitution of terms, lament its decline, as the decline of a wholesome controul? But whilst it is with joy I express my satisfaction, that all superstitious controul over the minds of my Catholic countrymen is at an end, as that circumstance, which puts the justice of their claims to freedom beyond all doubt, I cannot, nor will not, suppress my detestation and abhorrence of the Right Hon. Gentleman's (Pelham's) doctrine, which would make a superstitious, a wholesome controul; at this doctrine of passive obedience, which would revive the reign of ignorance and superstition; at this doctrine, of despots, who having some infernal system of oppression to support, and shrinking from the light of reason, would re plunge us into that darkness and obscurity we have escaped.

Backed,

Backed, then, by the authority of the Catholic clergy, backed by the authority of the Protestant gentry, and backed by the still more general authority of the general observations of every man within and without these walls, from one end of the kingdom to the other, I will assume it as a fact, that the superstitious controul of the Catholic clergy over the Catholic mind is at an end. What becomes of the charge of a Popish government? What becomes of the insecurity of the Protestants, from the Catholics sacrificing your liberties, by paying a like implicit obedience to the civil magistrate? Is there any thing like this in the conduct of the Catholics? Has the Hon. Gentleman and the Noble Lord who have made these charges, found the Catholics so criminally indifferent to the blessings of civil and political liberty? Have those gentlemen who have left no *secret means* untried to defeat Catholic freedom, found them so criminally tame and submissive under the pressure of civil and political exclusion? Is it a fact, that the Catholic laity have been so slack, and so backward in the pursuit after civil and political liberty, as to require the incitement of their clergy? Or, is it the characteristic of the clergy of any religion to be very ardent in the pursuit after civil and political liberty? I put it to the gentlemen at the opposite side of the house, does the current of public opinion at this time in any nation of Europe, run in favour of despotism, or of Popery, or of Popish government? But these gentlemen do not perceive the contradictory nature of the arguments they have this night advanced against Catholic freedom. At one time they represent them as men so priest-ridden, as to endanger the constitution, by erecting a Popish, slavish government; in the same breath they represent them as overthrowing the constitution, by their democratical and republican principles, serving up at the same instant, the most heterogeneous compositions that were ever offered to the human mind. But I refer those gentlemen to the history of mankind, where they will find that the men who have been really and dangerously priest-ridden, have invariably borne the yoke of despotism with patience and resignation; but whenever they have assumed sufficient courage to assert their civil and political rights, it was not until after they had thrown off the tyranny of the priesthood.

hood. Reasoning from this indisputable fact, instead of agreeing with the gentlemen opposite, that the firm tone in which the Catholics have demanded their freedom should be a ground for refusal, I shall ask no better proof that they are entitled to liberty, than their having had the spirit to claim it.

But the gentlemen on the other side of the House, knowing the weakness of these contradictory arguments, have had recourse to prophecy. They have entrenched themselves in the fastness of futurity, and in the spirit of divination they have accused us, who are advocates for Catholic freedom, with the ruin of posterity. To this prophetic accusation I answer, as far as prophetic accusation admits of an answer, that the dark ages of ignorance and superstition have ever proved congenial to the tyranny of priests and despots; but that the independence which has arisen from the intercourse of nation with nation, from the invention of the mariner's compass, and the knowledge which has flowed from the invention of the press, have proved fatal to its continuance. Look round the world, and you will find in those countries where foreign commerce is discouraged, and where the invention of the press is unknown, that despotism uniformly prevails over liberty: look to China and the East Indies; look to Persia, to the Ottoman and African empires, those immense portions of the globe, where foreign commerce is discouraged, and where the invention of the press is either refused or unknown, and you will find the civil and political rights of the people immersed in ignorance, superstition, and abject servility; the sport of the most rapacious despotism. In these countries the ears of the governing power are never gratified with the harsh sounds of the rights of man: no; all is despotism on the part of the governors, all is passive obedience on the part of the people. Turn your eyes from these wretched countries to the several nations of Europe, and you will find how uniformly civil, political, and religious liberty have taken place of civil, political, and religious slavery, in proportion as foreign commerce has been encouraged, and as the press has been protected. See how uniformly these causes and effects correspond; and if any one of you doubt that these great causes are at this moment operating those salutary effects, I refer him to the despots

of Europe, and this war in which they have immolated so many human sacrifices, and in which they have deluged all Europe with such torrents of blood, and their present fears for their darling despotism, shall be their answer. But it is some consolation to me to reflect, that the avarice of these despots, which has tempted them to encourage foreign commerce in their dominions, and the vanity or necessity which has led them, or obliged them to give some protection to education and the press, is at this moment sowing the seeds of that independence and knowledge which will one day crush that despotism even which they and their blood-hounds have disgraced.

Impressed with these great and important truths, is it when our country is becoming commercial, under all its artificial disadvantages—is it when we have thrown off some of the shackles of our trade, and when, by passing this bill, by creating a people, we shall be enabled to restore it to perfect freedom, that we are to reject this bill, through fear of destroying posterity? Is it when knowledge is progressive among us, when the youth * of the nation are giving such brilliant examples, that liberality of thought is the offspring of education? Is it when our Catholic countrymen are displaying such eminent talents in the pursuit after civil and political liberty †; talents which I am sorry to say we have had many examples this night to prove how much more easy it is to vilify, than to rival, or imitate. Is it under these circumstances we are to entertain fears for posterity? Is it when our countrymen have resumed their reason in such an eminent degree, that we should suspect them of relapsing into ignorance and superstition? Is it when our Catholic countrymen are claiming their civil and political rights, with the address, and firmness of men of enlightened minds, that we should suspect them of relapsing into slavery and a Popish government, basely surrendering the

* An allusion to the students who preferred going to Francis street chapel, where the Catholic delegates were giving an account of their reception at St. James's, than attending Lord Camden with an address.

† The able speeches made at Francis street chapel, by Messrs. Keough, McNevin, Ryan, and Lewins, were grossly abused by some of the members. See the Debate, printed for J. Debrett.

noblest privileges of man? Never shall such tinsel reasonings make me see the future ruin of my country in the actual freedom of my countrymen; never shall such weak argument dissuade me from an act of immutable justice, where the rights and liberties of millions of my countrymen were at stake upon the issue: no; on this head the prospect is a bright one, and accursed be that man, who, for interested motives, would darken or obscure its lustre.

So much for the dangers of your constitution in state: but the church is in danger. What is that part of the system to which the Protestant religion is under such obligations? What is that part of the system with whose destruction the destruction of the Protestant religion is so closely connected? It is simply the system of conversion; but is it a system of conversion from conviction? No; it shuts every avenue leading to conviction; it closes every door by which a Catholic could enter the Protestant church; they have been barred by those rewards and punishments which short-sighted bigotry invented for the purpose of forcing religious opinions. By this system you have exposed the Catholic who is willing to follow the dictates of conviction, to the execration of his own sect, for deserting them, because he appears to have done so, to escape the penalties annexed to adherence; and you have exposed him to the contempt of the Protestants, whose tenets you wish him to embrace, by making him appear to them, as a man who had sold his principles, his religion, and his God, for no other purpose, than to gain the immunities you hold out to conversion. Instead of promoting your religion, you have called forth the dread of execration and contempt, to steel the Catholic mind against that conversion you effect to promote, and to attach him to that religion from which you wish to estrange him. Thus it is that narrow-minded bigotry, ever defeats its own ends by the means it employs to attain them. You have not its heats nor its passions to excuse you, but you have had the experience of its example to direct you. Cease, then, to prescribe to the Almighty the extent and manner of the adoration he shall receive; cease to place your rewards and punishments in competition with his, for you cannot but observe, how thoroughly the blasphemous

phemous presumption has exposed the impotency of the attempt. Act like legislators. Leave the way to conviction and conversion as free and as open as the superiority of the tenets of your religion appears to you clear and indisputable. Act like men sensible of your duty to your Creator. Presume not to meddle with opinions he has not given you faculties to understand, and which require his omniscience to controul. Away with that system which exacts the sacrifice of the civil and political rights of the people, for the ineffectual purpose of promoting religion. We have tried it long enough in this unfortunate country to prove its inefficacy. It has had free scope amongst us ever since the passing the law against recusants in the reign of Elizabeth, until these few years that we have begun on its abolition; and if you would judge fairly of the merits of the system, and of its abolition, by their effects, I call on you on this night, to choose between centuries of disunion, of civil wars, and of wretchedness unexampled in any nation on the globe, and a few years rapid progress in union, in civilization, and in the industry of the people.

But I find it is not enough to have combated this last objection in its own shape; it is not enough that I have proved to you that you have not promoted your religion by this system of persecution; for, in opposition to the professions and the *tolerant* principles of those gentlemen who oppose this bill, I do assert that every, the least disability on account of *religious opinions, makes part of the system of persecution*. The objection makes its appearance in another shape, and the dangers which were said to threaten the Protestant religion from Catholic emancipation, have been made by an Honourable Gentleman, (Mr. Pelham,) to re-appear in the shape of dangers which he says threaten the Protestant establishment. He has confounded the establishment with the religion, and, by an artful transmigration, he has made the Protestant establishment to stand for the soul of the Protestant religion; and after we have defeated the objection under the colours of the one, he has made it to rally, Antæus like with additional strength, under the colours of the other. I say with additional strength, for I am aware that Protestant establishment is a word of that mystic meaning in this House,

House, that those who would wish to retain in it that state of consecration in which it has been placed by the priesthood in the days of our most inveterate bigotry, have a considerable advantage over me, who would examine its meaning before the tribunal of reason. It is their interest to confound the establishment with your religion, in order that it may derive all the sanctity of the religion itself. It is mine to separate them; but they may as well attempt to confound the military establishment, by which the officers and soldiers are paid, with the tactics and manœuvres which it is their duty to learn.

In order to answer this last objection, it will be necessary to prove, either that the Protestant establishment would undergo no alteration from the emancipation of the Catholic, or that if it was to undergo an alteration, the Protestant religion, so far from being injured, would be highly benefited by the change. And I prefer the latter, because I believe in my soul, that if some very material alteration be not speedily made in our religious establishments, there will be an end not only to all religion amongst us, but to all moral principle, without which religion is a farce. As the legislature of this country have been mistaken in their attempt to promote religion, by their system of persecution, so also have they been utterly mistaken in the nature and effects of religious establishments. They have confounded the interest of the clergy with the interest of religion, and they have imagined that, in proportion as they enriched the Protestant's clergy, they were promoting the Protestant religion; and that, by dooming the Catholic clergy to have no establishment whatsoever, they were consigning the Catholic religion to eternal oblivion.

Was I on a subject upon which I could expect any share of candour, I would rest the whole argument on the fact. I would ask, has the Protestant religion been promoted, in proportion as the Protestant clergy have been enriched? Have the numbers of the Catholic religion diminished, according to the views of the legislature, who doomed their clergy to poverty, and to have no establishment at all? The state of the population of the two sects is sufficiently well known to prove that the reverse is the fact; and if you will examine the nature of these establishments, you will discover

ter which is the best adapted for the purpose of promoting their respective religions. From that absurd notion of promoting religion, by enriching its clergy, the Protestant establishment has made men of fortune of its clergy; and it has made them to live with men of fortune, and to live as men of fortune; it has induced them to live with men of fashion, with men of pleasure, and with men of the world; and it has made them to live as men of fashion, as men of pleasure, and as men of the world; it has thrown them entirely into that class of men, whose education, whose high sense of honour, and whose respect for the opinion of an observant world, renders the attendance of a minister of religion almost unnecessary; but it has taken them from the dull, but useful rounds of parochial duties: it has estranged them from cultivating a friendly and intimate acquaintance with the lower classes of the people, whose want of education, whose want of a sense of honour, and whose ignorance of moral obligation, makes the constant and friendly attendance of a minister of religion, indispensably necessary to keep them from falling into irreligion; to keep them from that vice and debauchery, which, unsupported by any other fund than that of their labour and their industry, which it must shortly consume, must make them bad subjects under any government, must lead them to pilfering and punishment, perhaps, to robbery and murder, and to a disgraceful death.

By this establishment you have raised excessive hopes of preferment in the minds of the clergy, from the inequalities it has left in the provisions which it makes for them, by which their characters have been subjected to the imputation of cringing, and servility to the dispensers of preferment; to the meanly sacrificing their civil and political rights and opinions upon the altar of an earthly superior, by which they appear, in the eyes of the people, as men either disregarding, or disbelieving that leading and essential tenet of the Christian religion, which forbids the sacrifice of their duty to their wordly promotion. Injurious as these defects in this establishment, for which such fears are entertained, have proved to your religion, they almost vanish when I come to consider the evils which arise from the mode

mode of payment which it allots its clergy. I shall not dwell on how destructive this part of the establishment has proved to the agriculture of your country, the most important branch of industry in which your people can be employed. I shall confine myself to state, that it has sown the seeds of eternal rancour, animosity and litigation, between the minister and his parishioners; it has allied the minister of the meek and charitable religion of Christ, with the very dregs of the earth; it has made him one in a company with valuator, with proctors, with process servers, and with civil bill attornies; it has made him the principal suitor in that hell upon earth, the civil bill court, where perjury is all prevalent; it has converted the minister of the disinterested religion of Christ, into a tithe-settling auctioneer, distributing his liquors in order to intoxicate his bidders, that they may vie with one another for the purchase of his wares; it has made them appear the most avaricious, and the greatest persecutors, who, by the tenets of the religion it is their duty to inculcate, should be the most disinterested, and the least worldly; it has made it appear to the world, as if this establishment was instituted to make the people sensible of their indigence, by a comparison with the wealth of their clergy; to make them sensible of their own wants, by a comparison with the abundance in the hands of their clergy; to make them sensible how miserably their hard labour was rewarded, by a comparison with the indolence, but immense and sudden fortunes of their CLERGY; it has made it appear to the world, as if this establishment was instituted in this country, for no other purpose than to provide exorbitantly for the families and connections of the political jobbers, and political advocates for the constitution in church and state, in its present limited condition; and it has made it appear to the world, as if YOUR PROTESTANT RELIGION had no other business in your country, than to support this establishment, and not the establishment to support the religion.

Turn your eyes to that establishment, or rather no establishment, which you forced on the Catholic religion, with a view to its abolition; you have not enabled its clergy to mock the simplicity of the Christian religion by the splendor
of

of their equipages, by the magnificence of their palaces, their furniture, or their side boards, by the massyness of their plate, nor by the voluptuousness or luxury of their tables; you have not tempted them, for you have not enabled them to desert their parishes, and their religious duties, in search of pleasure at Bath, at London, in your capital, at the water-drinking places, the resort of the fashionable: No; you have apportioned their salaries to the discharge of their duty, and you have called out the strongest incitements in man,—the procuring a subsistence, and the hopes of bettering their condition, to stimulate them to the most active discharge of their duty.

I am not an advocate for either establishment; for I am as averse to that establishment, which, by it's enormity, sets the clergy above the discharge of their religious duty, as I am to that establishment, which, by obliging the clergy to humour the weakness, or to encourage the ignorance of his parishioners, as the only means of procuring a subsistence, makes it an office beneath a man of education. *But I cannot but observe, you have an example in your country of an establishment, by which a greater number than those of the established religion are carefully and diligently instructed in their religious duties, by a resident clergy, of the purest morals, the most decorous manners, and of the greatest learning, between whom and their parishioners the greatest amity and affection subsist; and not the fifteenth part so burdensome to the nation as your Protestant establishment.*

I am aware, that in the eyes of weak and timid men, who subscribe to the doctrine, that reformation is the parent of revolution, I shall appear as one who has entered on a delicate subject with too much freedom; as a dangerous man, as a Jacobin, as one that would embrue my hands in the blood of his countrymen.—But I will appeal from such contemptible decision to the sounder judgement of those, who subscribe to the safer doctrine, *that abuses are the parent of revolution, and that a timely and radical reform of those abuses, as well in church as in state, are the only security against those convulsions, which shake society to its foundation. An eye-witness to the horrors of a revolution in another country, I must be more than*

a monster to wish to see them raging in my own. But if ever there was a time when it behoved men in public stations to be explicit, if ever there was a time when those scourges of the human race, called politicians, should lay aside their duplicity and their finesss, it is the present moment. Be assured, the people of this country will no longer bear, that their welfare shall be made the sport of a few family factions; be assured, they are convinced their true interest consists in putting down men of self-creation, who have no object in view but that of aggrandizing themselves and their families, at the expence of the public; and in setting up men who shall represent the nation, who shall be accountable to the nation, and who shall do the business of the nation. And if I could bring my mind to suspect that my Catholic countrymen, after they had been embodied in the constitution amidst their Protestant and Presbyterian fellow-citizens, would basely desert the common cause of our general freedom, by enlisting under the banners of this or that family monopolist, I should conceive that, in having been the advocate for their emancipation, I had been the advocate for their disgrace. But honour, interest, and the rising spirit of the nation, forbid such unworthy suspicions.

If I was to judge by the dead silence with which this is received, I should suspect what I have said was not very palatable to some men in this House; but I have not risked connexions endeared to me by every tie of blood and friendship, to support one set of men in preference to another: I have hazarded too much, to allow the breath of calumny to taint the objects I have had in view, from the part I have taken. Immutable principles, on which the happiness and liberty of my countrymen depend, convey to my mind the only substantial boon for which great sacrifices should be made. I might allay the fears of the Protestant monopolists for what, in the true spirit of political bigotry, they call their Protestant ascendancy, by stating, that as the boroughs continue in the hands of Protestant proprietors, centuries must pass away before the Catholics can participate, in any considerable portion, of the political power of their country. But I am contending for the purity of the constitution, not for its abuses. I disclaim contending for Catholic freedom, in the hope that the grant may be a dead letter. I disclaim contending for Catholic freedom, in the hope, that the rights

rights and liberties of my country may continue to be monopolised, in the same manner after their emancipation as they were before. BUT I HERE AVOW MYSELF THE ZEALOUS AND EARNEST ADVOCATE FOR THE MOST UNQUALIFIED EMANCIPATION OF MY CATHOLIC COUNTRYMEN, IN THE HOPE, AND CONVICTION, THAT THE MONOPOLY OF THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF MY COUNTRY, WHICH HAS HITHERTO EFFECTUALLY WITHSTOOD THE EFFORTS OF A PART OF THE PEOPLE, MUST YIELD TO THE UNANIMOUS WILL, TO THE DECIDED INTEREST, AND TO THE GENERAL EFFORT OF A WHOLE UNITED PEOPLE. It is from this conviction, and it is for that transcendantly important object, that (while the Noble Lord [Kingsborough] and the Right Hon. Secretary, are offering to risk their lives and fortunes in support of a system that militates against the liberty of my countrymen) I will risk every thing dear to me on earth. It is for this great object I have, I fear, more than risked connections dearer to me than life itself. But he must be a spiritless man, and this a spiritless nation, not to resent the baseness of a British minister, who has raised our hopes in order to seduce a rival to share with him the disgrace of this accursed political crusade, and blasts them after, that he may degrade a competitor to the station of a dependant; and, that he may destroy friendship his nature never knew, he has sported with the feelings of a whole nation; raising the cup with one hand to the parched lip of expectancy, he has dashed it to the earth with the other, in all the wantonness of insult, and with all the aggravation of contempt. Does he imagine, that the people of this country, after he has tantalized them with the cheering hope of present alleviation, and of future prosperity, will tamely bare to be forced to a re-endurance of their former sufferings, and to a re-appointment of their former spoilers? Does he, from confidence of long success in debauching the human mind, exact from you, *calling yourselves* the representatives of the people of Ireland, *to reject a bill, which has received the unanimous consent of your constituents?* or does he mean to puzzle the versatile disposition

of this House, *on which he has made so many successful experiments already*, by distracting you between obedience to his *imperious mandates*, and obedience to the *will of the people you should represent* ? or does he flatter himself that, because he has succeeded in betraying his own country, into exchanging that peace, by which she might have retrieved her shattered finances, for a war, in which he has squandered twenty times a greater treasure, in the course of two years, than with all his famed oeconomy, he had been able to save, in the course of ten ; for a war in which the prime youth of the world have been offered up, victims to his ambition and his schemes, as boundless and presumptuous, as ill-concerted and ill-combined ; for a war in which the plains of every nation in Europe have been crimsoned with oceans of blood ; *for a war in which his country has reaped nothing but disgrace, and which must ultimately prove her ruin* ? Does he flatter himself, that he will be enabled, Satan like, to end his political career by involving the whole empire in a civil war, from which nothing can accrue, but a doleful and barren conquest to the victor ? I trust the people of England are too wise and too just to attempt to force measures upon us they would reject with disdain themselves ; I trust they have not so soon forgotten the lesson they so recently learnt from America, which should serve as a lasting example to nations, against employing force to subdue the spirit of a people **DETERMINED TO BE FREE !** But if they should be so weak, or so wicked, as to suffer themselves to be seduced by a man, to whose soul duplicity and finess is as congenial, as ingenuousness and fair dealing is a stranger ; to become the instruments of supporting **A FEW ODISIOUS PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN POWER AND RAPACITY, AGAINST THE INTEREST AND AGAINST THE SENSE OF A WHOLE PEOPLE.** *If we are to be dragooned into measures against our will, by a nation that would lose her last life, and expend her last guinea, in resenting a similar insult, if offered to herself :—I trust in God, she will find in the people of this country a spirit in no wise inferior to her own.*

You are at this moment at the most awful period of your lives :—the Minister of England has committed you with your country, and on this night your **ADOPTION OR REJECTION**

REJECTION OF THIS BILL, MUST DETERMINE IN THE EYES OF THE IRISH NATION, WHICH YOU REPRESENT, THE MINISTER OF ENGLAND, OR THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND ! And although you are convinced you do not represent the people of Ireland ; although you are convinced, *every man of you*, that you are self-created, it does not alter the nature of the contest, it is still a contest between the Minister of England and the people of Ireland ; and THE WEAKNESS OF YOUR TITLE SHOULD ONLY MAKE YOU THE MORE CIRCUMSPECT IN THE EXERCISE OF YOUR POWER.—Obey the British Minister ; disregard the voice of the people :—France must have lost her senses if she hesitates what part she will take ; it is not an eighty-fourth department you will have moulded to *her* wishes ; it is not simply a La Vendee you will have kindled in the bosom of *your* country. For if you shall have once convinced the people of this country that you are TRAITORS TO THEM, AND HIRELINGS TO THE MINISTER OF AN AVARICIOUS DOMINEERING NATION, under the outward appearance of a sister country. If you shall have convinced the people of this country, *that the free national constitution for which they were committed, and for which they risked every thing dear to them in 1782, has been destroyed by the bribery of a British Minister, and the unexampled venality of an Irish Parliament. If you shall have convinced them that, instead of rising and falling with England, they are never to rise, but when she has been humbled by adversity, and that they must fall, when she becomes elated by prosperity. If you shall have convinced the people of this country, that instead of reciprocal advantage, nothing is to be reaped from their connection with England, but supremacy and aggrandizement on one side, and a costly venality, injury, insult, degradation, and poverty on the other ; it is human nature, that you shall have driven the people of this country to court the alliance of any nation able and willing to break the chains of a bondage not more galling to their feelings than* RESTRICTIVE OF THEIR PROSPERITY.

The gentlemen at the opposite side of the House have attempted to influence you by the mention of Jackson : so will I.—Read his correspondence with your enemy, and
you

you will find a volume of instruction in every line he has written.—If the people of this country do enjoy the Constitution in Church and State, why has he found the people of the one country, freer from that oppression which goads nations into all the horrors of a revolution?—Why has he found the people of the other more highly sublimated to his purpose? Examine the whole of his intelligence, and you will find the weakness of your country in the conduct you have pursued, and in the converse of that conduct only you can establish her strength. Do not depend on the bayonet for the support of your measure; believe me, that in proportion as your measures require force to support them, in an exact proportion are they radically and mischievously bad. Believe me, there is more strength in the affections and confidence of the people, than if you were to convert every second house in the nation into barracks for your soldiery. And when the gentlemen (Cusse and Kingsborough) whom I have heard this night tell you, that to act in contempt of the public opinion, is spirit and firmness; and that to act with a decent respect for that opinion, is timidity and cowardice;—they make the character of the legislator to merge into the character of the duellest; and they set you upon splitting points of honour with your constituents. Is it not enough that you live in the age and in the midst of the horrors of revolutions, to deter you from acting in contempt of the public opinion? Have you not had examples enough to convince you, that men in throwing off the russet frock for the uniform of the soldier, do not at all times throw away the ties of kindred and of blood? Have you not had examples enough to convince you, that even soldiers cannot at all times be brought to shed the blood of their parents, their kindred, and their friends? *And have you not had a great and memorable example to convince you, that the soldiers of an odious government may become the soldiers of the nation?*—If these are plain truths, this is the time to tell them.—If I speak daggers to you, it is that neither you nor my country may ever feel them.—

BUT IF YOU WISH TO BE DECEIVED, HEARKEN TO THOSE MEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN RISKING EVERY THING, THAT THEY MAY CONTINUE TO MONOPOLIZE THE WHOLE

POLITICAL

POLITICAL POWER OF YOUR COUNTRY.—HEARKEN TO THOSE MEN WHO ARE INTERESTED IN RISKING EVERY THING, THAT THEY MAY CONTINUE TO DRAW THEIR BETTER INHERITANCE FROM THE SALE OF THE WELFARE OF YOUR COUNTRY; but let me caution you, whose property is too considerable to be hazarded in the base pursuit after the rights and property of your enslaved and impoverished countrymen, to take care what part you act on this night; let me caution you, that the decision of this night, goes much further than even the important bill under your consideration. You, none of you, can be ignorant that the British Minister has designs in procrastinating this question, to procure advantages for his own country, at the expence of your's, " * greater than she was capable of receiving SINCE THE REVOLUTION, AT LEAST SINCE THE UNION." And so strongly impressed is this on the public mind, that you who shall on this night vote for the rejection of this Bill, will appear in the eyes of the Irish nation, not only as men voting in obedience to the British minister, against the voice of the people, but as men voting for an **UNION WITH ENGLAND**, by which this country is to be everlastingly reduced to the state of an abject province.—Fortunately, the views of the British minister have been detected; fortunately the people of this country see him in his true colours; like the desperate gamester, who has lost his all, in the wildest schemes of aggrandizement, he looks round for some dupe to supply him with the further means of future projects; and in the crafty subtleness of his soul, he fondly imagines, he has found that easy dupe in the credulity of the Irish nation. After he has exhausted his own country in a crusade against that phantom, political-opinion, he flatters himself, he will be enabled to resuscitate her at the expence of yours.

As you value the peace and happiness of your country; as you value the rights and liberties of the soil that has given you birth; and if you are not lost to every sense of feeling for your own consequence and importance as men, I call on you this night to make your stand. I call on you

* See Lord Fitzwilliam's Letter, printed for J. Debrett,

to rally round the independence of your country, whose existence has been so artfully assailed. Believe me, the British minister will leave you in the lurch, when he sees that the people of this nation are **TOO MUCH IN EARNEST** to be tricked out of their rights, or the independence of their country; after he sees that they have been sufficiently alarmed at seeing the same men who uniformly opposed the independence of their country, when it was a question in this House in 1782, recalled into power when that independence was to be attacked in 95, when he has gained his ends of you, and when he had made you the instruments by which he shall have so divided and disgraced the opposition of England, as to render it impossible to form an efficient government out of his opponents, he will make his peace with this country, by conceding this measure, leaving you "fixed figures for the hand of scorn to point its slow and "moving finger at."—Gracious God! that you should fall into that very error, which has so recently overwhelmed a great nation in such unheard-of calamities! Will you not take warning from the fate of the government of France, which by not adapting its conduct to the changes of the public mind, has brought ruin on itself, and devastation on its country?

What a display of legislation have we had on this night? artificers who neither know the foundation on which they work, the instruments they ought to use, nor the materials required! Is it on the narrow basis of monopoly and exclusion you would erect a temple to the growing liberty of your country? Is it by foreign troops you would lead the ardent spirit of your countrymen? Is it in the dusty records of barbarous ages you would seek for that existent mind to which you should adapt your laws? If you will legislate; know, that on the broad basis of immutable justice only, you can raise a lasting, beauteous temple to the liberty of your island; whose ample base shall lodge, and whose roof shall shelter her united family from the rankling inclemency of rejection and exclusion. Know, that reason is that silken thread by which the lawgiver leads his people; and, above all,

all, know, that in the knowledge of the temper of the public mind, consists the skill and the wisdom of the legislator.

Do not imagine that the minds of your countrymen have been stationary, while that of all Europe has been rapidly progressive; for you must be blind not to perceive, that the whole European mind has undergone a revolution, neither confined to this nor to that country, but as general as the great causes which have given it birth, and still continue to feed its growth. In vain do these men, who subsist but on the abuses of the government under which they live, flatter themselves, that what we have seen these last six years, is but the fever of the moment, which will pass away as soon as the patient has been let blood enough. As well may they attempt to alter the course of nature, without altering her laws. If they would effect a counter revolution in the European mind; they must destroy commerce and its effects; they must abolish every trace of the mariner's compass; they must consign every book to the flames; they must obliterate every vestige of the invention of the press; they must destroy the conduit of intelligence, by destroying the institution of the post-office; then, and not till then, they and their abuses may live on, in all the security which ignorance, superstition, and want of concert in the people can bestow. But while I would overwhelm with despair those men who have been nursed in the lap of venality and prostitution; who have been educated in contempt and ridicule of a love for their country; and who have grown grey in scoffing at every thing like public spirit, let me congratulate every true friend to mankind, that, that *commerce*, which has begat so much independence, will continue to beget more; and let me congratulate every friend to the human species, that the *press*, which has sent such a mass of information into the world, will continue, with accelerated rapidity, to pour forth its treasures so beneficial to mankind. It is to these great causes we are indebted, THAT THE COMBINATION OF PRIESTS AND DESPOTS, which so long tyrannized over the civil and political liberty of Europe, HAS BEEN DISSOLVED; it is to these great causes we are indebted, that no priest, be his religion what it

it may, dare preach the doctrine, and that no man believes the doctrine which inculcates the necessity of sacrificing every right and every blessing this world can afford, as the only means of obtaining eternal happiness in the life to come. This was the doctrine by which the despotism of Europe was so long supported ; this was the doctrine by which the political Popery of Europe was supported ; but the doctrine and the despotism may now sleep in the same grave, until the trumpet of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, shall sound their resurrection ! Thanks be to God the European mind demands more substantial food than the airy nothing of metaphysical belief. Thanks be to God, the absurdity of one set of men framing **OPINIONS** for other men to **BELIEVE**, upon a subject which neither have faculties to **UNDERSTAND**, has been exploded ; and that every heart and every mind is anxiously engaged in perfecting a civil and political code, which, as it is within the scope, so it is the most important concern of every nation on the globe. And so far from believing they would earn Heaven by a base dereliction of their rights, they are firmly convinced, that in promoting the true, civil, and political rights of man, they are advancing human society to that state of perfection, it was the design of the Creator it should attain ; convinced that the **CAUSE OF FREEDOM IS THE CAUSE OF GOD.**

F I N I S.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR'S

L E T T E R

TO

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

On Wednesday, the 16th instant, Mr. Justice Swan, accompanied by a number of English militia, paid a domiciliary visit to Kilmainham Prison, at day break, as we suppose, on information that Arthur O'Connor was writing a statement of Lord Castlereagh's conduct. Mr. Swan, after a most minute examination of Arthur O'Connor's most private concerns, took away the following letter to Lord Castlereagh—orders were immediately issued for straitening his imprisonment to the closest possible confinement — some of the prisoners have been loaded with bolts and irons, but whether Arthur O'Connor be ironed or not, we cannot determine, as he has been separated from his fellow-prisoners, and as he is not let out of the cell in which he is imprisoned, even to take a moment's air or exercise, since this letter has come into his Lordship's possession.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR's

L E T T E R

TO

L O R D C A S T L E R E A G H.

MY LORD,

WHEN it is considered that five months have elapsed, since you undertook to pledge the faith and honor of Lord Cornwallis's administration, in a transaction, which it shall be the business of this letter to explain, it cannot be imputed to me, that I have been actuated by any unmanly impatience under the insults, the injuries, and the calumnies to which your dishonourable conduct, for a time, has exposed me, or that what I shall say has been the result of passion and not of the most mature deliberation. I shall first state the transaction, in the order in which it has happened, and then draw such conclusions and offer such remarks, as will place your conduct in such points of view, as that they that run may read.

I will not lose time in ascertaining how or from whom the idea of proposing terms for saving the lives of Bond and Byrne originated; it was a circumstance of which I had no knowledge. On the 24th of July last, Mr. Dobbs and the Sheriff entered my prison with a written paper, signed by seventy state prisoners, purposing "to give such information as was in their power, of arms, ammunition, and schemes of war-

fare," (of which it is now manifest they knew little or nothing) "and to consent to leave Ireland, provided the lives of Bond and Byrne, (both under sentence of death (should be spared." I refused to sign it, not only from a detestation of entering into any conditions with those, who composed the councils of Lord Cornwallis's administration, but because in the massacre of my unarmed country men still raging, I did not think that any object, which was not general, could warrant me, in whom such confidence was placed by so many millions of my countrymen, to enter into any such compact, and because the possibility of its being attributed to a desire to save my own life, in the peculiar situation I stood in, was in my mind an insuperable objection, if there had been no other. Besides, it seemed to me that to save the lives of Bond and Byrne, enough had signed their self-sacrifice to induce the ministers, already sated with blood (as you and Lord Clare appeared to be when we met) to acquiesce; but in this I was deceived, a council sat on the fate of Byrne—he was executed. In this barter of blood, although you had lessened your quantom by half, yet you raised your demands for the price of the other, and proposed to those who had signed the paper, *that they should deliver up names.* The heroism and utter contempt, with which so many thousands of my brave countrymen had met death in preference to life, and those profuse rewards they were pressed to accept to betray their associates, and the unparalleled fortitude with which they endured the most excruciating tortures, not only at *Beresford's riding-house; Sandys's-provot, the old Custom-house, and the Royal Exchange*, but these torturing and lashings, which

which resounded in every hamlet throughout the nation, rather than violate the principles to which they had sworn, should have deterred you from offering a proposition so truly dishonourable. You may enjoy all the satisfaction your heart can reap from being the author of such a proposal, whilst the expression of the contempt and abhorrence with which it was rejected, rests with those to whom you proposed it.

Immediately after this base proposition had been retracted, on the eve of Bond's execution, (a beloved friend, whom I myself had brought into the undertaking) surrounded with the horrors of a charnel-house, where, day after day, I had seen the companions and friends of my heart dragged before some tribunal or other, "*from whose bourn no traveller returns,*" whilst not an hour that was not the messenger of some direful disasters, where my countrymen without leaders, ammunition or arms, continued the victims. Thus environed with horrors, it was intimated to me, that at the council, which had sat on the fate of Byrne, the parties had been nearly ballanced, those who were fated with the blood that had flowed and those that were not; that the latter, who had been triumphant in the case of Byrne, had made my consenting to sacrifice my *a fine qua non*, and that my compliance would incline the ballance in favour of the party, which had declared against shedding more blood, of which party Lord Cornwallis was not only the head, but that he was the father of this sentiment to which a part of the council now professed to be converts. How far this intimation was fact it was impossible for me to ascertain; but whether I considered the extent and value of the object, in putting a stop
to

to the indiscriminate massacre of a disarmed people, the truth of which, though not the extent, has been so fully proved by some of those enquiries which have been made by Lord Cornwallis, so much to his credit; or whether I considered it as affording my countrymen an opportunity to make their retreat from an effort not worse conducted than it had been unwisely concerted, as putting a stop to those horrible tortures, so universally practised to extort confessions, it appeared to me as holding out advantages too considerable for my beloved countrymen, to authorize me, in the first instance, to decline holding an interview with the Irish government, to try how far any sacrifice I could make, consistent with honor, could enable me to obtain objects so devout to be wished. With this view, I yielded to the solicitations, which were made to me, to undertake to make terms for the country with those, in whose hands the government was vested; I consented to meet you for this purpose, but foreseeing that the misrepresentations and falsehood which have been practised, would be attempted, I expressly stipulated, that some men upon whose honor I could rely, should accompany me—Emmet and M^r Nevin were accordingly joined with me, upon the part of the state prisoners.

A short time after we had been in one of the lower apartments in the castle, you entered, when I accosted you, with stipulating that we should have the right of publishing, in order to secure us from calumny, you then requested that we would consent to the Chancellor's being present; Mr. Cooke made a third on the part of government, as I suppose in his official capacity. When we were all assembled, the first demand

demand I made was, "that I might not be required to sign any conditions with the Irish government; but that I might be brought to trial upon whatever evidence could be produced against me, and that whatever quarter government might give to a disarmed people, might be granted without forcing me to sacrifice myself for an equivalent." *This you would not assent to*, which convinced me that it was pre-determined, as I had been informed, that my devoting myself was made a sine qua non, and that without it, the system of blood would still be triumphant. I told you, you had no evidence whatsoever against me, *which you did not deny*. Having put it beyond doubt, that a regard for self or for life had no share in the part I was now forced to adopt, to save the blood of my countrymen, and that I was throwing myself between them and the persecution to which they still were a prey, my next concern was to make the terms as wide as I could. To this end, I observed that as the information I should condition to give might be made a subject for grounding a charge of constructive treason against the whole Union, as had been attempted so widely in England, I could not consent to give any information whatever, unless I was assured that no more blood should be shed for any thing that had passed in the Union. The Chancellor affirmed that constructive treason was law, and that if his advice had been followed, every member of the Union would have been prosecuted for treason; to which I replied that he must have prosecuted the People of Ireland to extermination, as nearly the whole population was of the Union, against which he was to draw his bill of indictment; a fact from which neither

ther

ther you nor the Chancellor could withhold your assent. In answer to my demand of amnesty, you assured me that Government would not shed any more blood, for any act hitherto done in the Union, except for murder, which you did not suppose I would wish to have excepted; but that though you would assure me that no more blood should be shed, you would not consent that we should have any part of the credit. Convinced from every information we had obtained, that the murders which had been committed upon the people were beyond all comparison more numerous, than those which had been committed by them and being equally abhorrent of murder be the perpetrators of what side they may, we assured you that we were desirous that murderers of no side should receive any quarter; and as to the credit of putting a stop to the farther effusion of the blood of my countrymen, I did not contend for what you called the credit, I contended only for that performance for which we were to give the equivalent. You then asked if it was to be understood that the information we might give, in consequence of the agreement into which we were going to enter, was to be given as ours, or whether we would insist on its being given generally, without specifying by whom it was given; to this we answered that we insisted on the right of publishing the whole of whatever information we might give, whether verbal or written (a right I had set out with securing) specifying particularly that if any calumnies or misrepresentations should be published against us, we should be free to refute them.

Having

Having done all in my power to procure a trial, and to avoid entering into any conditions with the Government, having put it beyond all doubt that what they called their mercy, was to be purchased at my expence, I desired to see Lord Cornwallis, on whose character as a man of strict honor we relied for the religious fulfilment of the conditions. This you evaded, assuring me that it was of no consequence how loosely the agreement was worded; that Lord Cornwallis's honor was pledged to us for the religious performance; and Lord Clare made use of these remarkable expressions, "It comes to this, either you must trust the Government or it must trust you—a Government which could violate engagements thus solemnly made, neither could stand nor deserved to stand"; whilst you followed up his declaration with the strongest assurances, that the whole of what had been agreed to, should be observed on the part of the Government, with the greatest liberality and good faith. Thinking it was impossible that such solemn assurances could be made, to be so soon and so grossly violated, and seeing how difficult it would be, to reduce the whole of the conditions to writing, so as to express all our stipulations, without making it appear what title you had to the *credit* you claimed, for stopping the effusion of blood, which was the great object for which I had devoted myself; leaving the stipulations to the religious observance, liberal construction and good faith to which you had so solemnly pledged Lord Cornwallis's honor, the following was drawn up.

"That the undersigned state prisoners, in the
 "three prisons of Newgate, Kilmainham, and

B

"Bridewell,

“ Bridewell, engage to give every information in
 “ their power, of the whole of the internal trans-
 “ actions of the United Irishmen, and that each of
 “ the prisoners shall give detailed information of
 “ every transaction, that has passed between the
 “ United Irishmen and foreign states; but that the
 “ prisoners are not, by naming or describing, to
 “ implicate any person whatever, and that they are
 “ ready to emigrate to such country as shall be
 “ agreed on between them and government, and
 “ give security not to return to this country without
 “ the permission of government, and not to pass
 “ into an enemy’s country, if on their so doing they
 “ are to be freed from prosecution, and also Mr.
 “ Oliver Bond be permitted to take the benefit of
 “ this proposal. The state prisoners also hope that
 “ the benefit of this proposal may be extended to
 “ such persons in custody, or not in custody, as may
 “ choose to benefit by it.”

29th July, 1798.

Signed by 73 persons.

*The last sentence was added, to mark that more was
 conditioned for than could be expressed.* Pursuant to
 this agreement, at the instance of government,
 EMMET, M^rNEVIN and I drew up a memoir con-
 taining thirty-six pages, giving an account of the
 origin, principles, conduct, and views of the Union,
 which we signed and delivered to you on the 4th of
 last August. On the 6th Mr. Cooke came to our
 prison, and after acknowledging that the memoir
 was a perfect performance of our agreement, he told
 us that Lord Cornwallis had read it, but, as it was
 a vindication of the Union, and a condemnation of
 the ministers, the government, and legislature of
 Ireland,

Ireland, he could not receive it, and therefore he wished we would alter it; we declared we would not change one letter, it was all true, and it was the truth we stood pledged to deliver. He then asked us if government should publish such parts only as might suit them, whether we would refrain from publishing the memoir entire; we answered, that having stipulated for the liberty of publication, we would use that right when, and as we should feel ourselves called on; to which he added, that if we published, he would have to hire persons to answer us, that then he supposed we would reply, by which a paper war would be carried on without end between us and the government. Finding that we would not suffer the memoir to be garbled, and that the literary contest between us and these hirelings was not likely to turn out to your credit, it was determined to examine us before the *secret* committees, whereby a more complete selection might be made out of the memoir, and all the objectionable truths, with which it was observed it abounded, might be suppressed. For the present I shall only remark that of one hundred pages, to which the whole of the information I gave to the government and to the secret committees amounts, *only one page has been published!*

After the reports were nearly finished, M^cNEVIN asked you on the 11th of August, if you were convinced that we had fulfilled our part of the conditions, you acknowledged that we had most fully, he then requested that you would perform your part; you replied that no time should be lost, and that you would be glad to have a conversation with us

to adjust the manner in which it should be carried into effect, but having neglected to call M^cNEVIN wrote you the following letter:—

“ MY LORD,

“ However anxious my fellow-prisoners and myself are to be relieved from our present disagreeable situation, we have forborne to trouble government with it, until the committees should have reported or we have been examined; but as the season is advancing, and that we shall want some time to settle our affairs, I am desired by my companions, and encouraged by your Lordship’s obliging offer on Saturday, of a conversation on the subject, to request you would do us the honor of naming for that purpose, the earliest time that may be convenient to you.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

17th August, 1798.

WM. J. M^cNEVIN.

The day following Mr. Secretary Cooke came to our prison, and told us he came on the part of government to fulfil their agreement, with the good faith and liberal construction they were pledged to, that we were at liberty to go where we pleased, provided we left the British dominions—that whatever parts of the conditions concerned us after our having passed into exile, would be secured by act of parliament—that therefore, the only part which remained to be settled, was the nature of the accommodation we should require to enable us to dispose of our property prior to our departure. Here was a full and unequivocal declaration of the conditions, for the performance of which you had pledged Lord Cornwallis’s honor, delivered to us by Mr. Secretary Cooke in his official capacity,

one of those who was present when the agreement was made, and now sent expressly by you to define it.

Immediately after the committees had reported, but before their reports had been printed, the newspapers, (notoriously by their own declaration under your absolute dominion,) inserted the most impudent falsehoods, with respect to what we had sworn, and in many respects they went even farther than the reports. As to the reports however, we could have waited until we had read them, and then we would have published the whole of what we had delivered, leaving the world to judge how far the facts we had stated, or those vouched for by the committees, were most worthy of credit. We published a contradiction of those scurrilous falsehoods, which appeared in the newspapers, adding that by our agreement, *we were not by naming, or describing, to implicate any person whatever.* The manner in which this was taken up by those men who sat in the House of Commons of Ireland, is upon record, and will form a precious morcel for the future historian of that illustrious body; I am not now writing their history, I am detailing your conduct. Conscious as you must have been, that in contradicting those infamous falsehoods, we were doing no more than exercising a right, for which we had strictly conditioned, why did you not come forward in that fair and honorable manner, to which a regard for truth, for the house, and for your own honor, so imperiously bound you, and avow the existence of your stipulations with us for publication, and of our written agreement, somewhat of which
on

on the second day, the House learnt from it being published by General Nugent, at Belfast? You did neither one thing nor the other; but you did that, which convinced the discerning part of the world, that there was something which you dare not avow, nor yet dare disclaim; but although you had neither the spirit or honor to defend your own stipulations, you had the meanness to censure, and to fill up the measure of the perfidious part you had acted, you sent one of those very men to my prison, whose hands were reeking with the blood of my beloved, valued, ***** friend, Edward's precious blood, for which, in those times of stalking butchery, not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had. This was the Mute you sent with orders to circumscribe my prison to the still narrower limits of a cell. For two months, these orders were varied with the most fantastical absurdity; but all with a view to make a prison more irksome, adding wanton cruelty to the basest perfidy.

The next act, which followed close on the heels of this, was your declaration that you had reserved a power to detain us during the war; a power not only repugnant to the wording of the written agreement, loosely as it was drawn, but to the interpretation you yourself had so lately given by Mr. Cooke; a power which was a direct violation of that liberal construction and good faith, so often, and so solemnly promised. As Mr. Cooke had been the bearer, a few days before, of the real conditions, a fresh character was thought necessary; accordingly Mr. Marsden was the messenger of this gross infraction of all that had gone before. Having now passed all bounds of honor

nor and truth, no wonder you should shudder at publication; a bill was to be brought into Parliament, said to be conformable to an agreement, which, according to Lord Clare, "a government that could violate, neither could stand nor deserved to stand." You are the minister, who furnished the facts to the Parliament; and if gross and palpable falsehoods have been delivered, you are that minister, who has dared to deceive them. It is asserted in this bill, in which I find my name in company with eighty-nine others, "that I had confessed myself conscious of flagrant
 " and enormous guilt, expressed contrition, and hum-
 " bly implored mercy, on condition of being trans-
 " ported, banished, or exiled to such foreign country,
 " as to his Majesty, in his royal wisdom, shall seem
 " meet." On reading this bill, shortly after it was brought into the House, not one of the ninety, whose names are inserted, that was not astonished at these unfounded assertions; and before it was passed, Neilson wrote the following letter to the editor of the Courier:

" SIR,

" Having seen in your paper of the 16th instant, a publication, purporting to be a copy of the bill now in its way through the Irish Parliament, relative to the emigration of ninety persons in custody, under charges of high treason, which states that they had acknowledged their *crimes*, retracted their *opinions*, and *implored pardon*, I thought myself peculiarly called upon to set you right, by inclosing to you a copy of the compact, as settled between us and the government, which cannot by any means authorise such a statement; none of us, so far as I know, did either
 acknowledge

acknowledge a crime, retract an opinion, or implore pardon—our object was to stop an effusion of blood.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble servant,

New Prison,

SAMUEL NEILSON."

Dublin, 12th Sept. 1798.

The copy of the above was inclosed to you in the following letter :

MY LORD,

Feeling, in common with my fellow-prisoners, extremely hurt at a publication, which tends to brand our names with infamy, I think it incumbent on me, who commenced the negotiation, to justify our characters and motives, by setting the whole in a true point of view ; at the same time, wishing to pay all due respect to government, I trouble you with a copy of the letter, which I mean to send by this night's post. I also take the liberty of sending you the newspaper, with the offensive passages underlined.

I am, &c.

12th Sept. 1798.

SAMUEL NEILSON.

(To Lord Castlereagh.)

In a day or two Neilson inclosed the two preceding letters in the following, which he wrote to one of the prisoners of Kilmainham :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

About two hours after I sent the inclosed letters to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Cooke and a gentleman, whom I did not know, but believe to be Marsden, called here and sent up for me, I met them. Mr. Cooke had the letter in his hand. " Why, Mr. Neilson, are you losing your judgment altogether ? " " No Sir, you took that from me some time ago. "

" But

"But in earnest will you publish or not?" "I will."
 "Well then, I am commanded by his Excellency
 the Lord Lieutenant to tell you, that he will con-
 sider its publication an infraction of the whole ne-
 gociation, and executions will go on as formerly."
 "Pray Sit, how is it possible we can let our names
 go to the world and to posterity, branded with
 infamy." "I see Mr. Neilson what actuates you,
 it is a feeling for the honor of your fellow-prisoners
 and their friends." "It is." "Well, have you
 no feeling for their lives; for we can convict the
 the most of you." "I do not care this moment you
 would order me to be hanged." "Very true,
 but are all the rest of the prisoners of the same
 opinion?" "I suppose not, but they can never in
 justice incur the resentment of government for my
 act." "I once more assure you, it will be con-
 sidered as an infraction, and we will act accordingly."

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL NEILSON.

The Septemberizing stile of these menaces, would
astonish in any other country than mine——

———Alas, poor country;

Almost afraid to know itself! it cannot
 Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

I am now stating facts, by and by I will offer some
 comments. On the 25th of September I wrote to
 Lord Cornwallis, demanding the fulfilment of the
 C engagements

engagements to which you had pledged him ; after nearly a month had elapsed, on the 21st of October, I received a letter from Mr. Cooke, informing me that we should emigrate to America, and that we should be obliged to give security not to return to Europe. This was the third interpretation of the agreement, a direct violation of the written compact, and totally different from those terms, of which Mr. Cooke had been the bearer ; yet, the very next day, Mr. Marfden came to our prison, to tell us that the whole purport of the letter, we received the day before, all was revoked, and that in a few days a fifth interpretation would be notified to us by government. After six weeks had elapsed, we received the fifth interpretation of the agreement, in a scrole of your writing, brought here by Mr. Marfden, of which the following is a literal copy :

“ Samuel Neilson, Henry Jackson, Arthur O'Connor, Miles Deigenan,
 “ Thomas Ruffel, Matt. Dowling, John Sweeny, John Cormick,
 “ Tho. A. Emmet, John Sweetman, Hugh Wilson, Deane Swift.
 “ W. J. M'Nevin, Joseph Cuthbert, John Chambers,

“ The above persons cannot be liberated at pre-
 “ sent, the other state prisoners named in the banish-
 “ ment bill, will be permitted to retire to any neu-
 “ tral country on the continent, giving security not
 “ to pass into an enemy's country. A pardon con-
 “ formable to the banishment bill, will be passed pre-
 “ vious to their departure. The Lord Lieutenant
 “ will be glad to extend this indulgence to the pri-
 “ soners now excepted, as soon as he can do it con-
 “ sistent with the attention, which he owes to the
 “ public safety, and laments that a change of cir-
 “ cumstances has rendered the present precaution
 “ necessary.”

“ necessary.”—Here all respect for all former conditions is laid by, and a state necessity is made the pretext, which, if admitted as a justifiable plea for breach of engagement, at once destroys every principle of good faith, honor, or justice.

Now that I have recited the principal facts I shall proceed to a recapitulation.—Having stated that I forced you to an acknowledgment, that you had no evidence against me, that I demanded a trial upon whatever shadow of evidence you could find, and that you would not grant one.—Having stated that, placed in the execrutiating alternative of subjecting myself to be calumniated as one, who had betrayed my countrymen with a view to save my own life, when I was really sacrificing myself to save theirs, or should I decline this, to be calumniated as one who would not consent to devote himself to save his country's blood—driven to this cruel situation by you, and which the critical state of my country obliged me to decide on; in the face of God and of the world I ask you, with what truth, with what justice, with what honor, have you dared to represent me to the world, as a man “ who had confessed himself conscious of flagrant and enormous guilt, as one who had expressed contrition, and humbly implored his Majesty's mercy ?” Gracious God ! Would it not be supposed that a minister, who delivered such facts to a Parliament, and to the world, had some one document, upon which he could found such assertions, which went directly to blast the honor and character of so many men. Nay, will it be believed, that every one of those daring assertions has been made, in direct opposition to every word that was uttered,

and every line that was written by these men, who are thus vilely calumniated. I challenge you to produce a syllable that has come from me, verbal or written, which can be tortured into a confession of a consciousness of guilt, an expression of contrition, or any imploring of mercy. Read the memoir I signed and delivered to you, is there a word that can warrant it? So directly is the contrary the truth, that it is expressly set forth in the memoir, that we would never abandon the principles upon which we had acted. When you made these false and daring assertions of *guilt*, *contrition*, and *mercy*, had you so soon forgotten, that you had sent us the memoir to alter, because it contained a vindication of the United Irish, and a condemnation of the ministers, the government and the legislature? Or had you forgotten, that we had refused, in the most positive terms, ever to alter a letter? Was it because I requested not to be forced to sign any compact with government, and that I demanded a trial, and that you would not grant it, that you have represented me as one who had most humbly implored his Majesty's mercy? With what truth have you talked of extending mercy to me, or of the gratitude I owe for the mercy I have experienced, when it is a fact you cannot deny, that you forced me to devote myself to procure conditions for others? Ask Mr. Cooke of the diabolical means he has used to procure evidence against me by abusing the name and influence of a relative, to a purpose at which the most unnatural relative would shudder. Ask those underlings, of the enormous sums that have been offered, to supply the place of that evidence you could never obtain.

Commence

Commence an enquiry into the orders, by which those shots were fired, when I was confined in the Castle; and examine the wife of the gaoler—she will tell you of a third attempt being made, of which her being in child-birth prevented her giving evidence at Maidstone; she will tell you of the money she saw paid, by one of the King's messengers to the assassin. Are these acts of mercy, for which I am so deeply indebted? When you have considered these facts, read the agreement, and say in what instance does it imply a consciousness of guilt, an expression of contrition, or most humbly imploring mercy. But these are not the only instances, in which you stand detected of having dared to advance the most palpable falsehoods. The words in that part of the agreement, which has been committed to writing, are, "*and that they are ready to emigrate to such country as shall be agreed on between them and government,*" with what truth, then, have you informed the Parliament, "*that we had humbly implored his Majesty's pardon, on condition of being transported, banished, or exiled to such foreign country, as to his Majesty shall seem meet.*" When the written compact could so easily be produced to the world, (nay, when it had been published by General Nugent) in which it is expressly conditioned, that the country to which we were to emigrate, should be one mutually agreed on between us and government, is it not astonishing, that any minister could be hardy enough to inform the Parliament, that we had conditioned to be *transported, banished, or exiled to such country as the King shall think meet.* Having fastened those unparalleled falsehoods on their authors, I dare you to make

make your defence. Tell the world how demanding a trial, and a refusal on the part of the Government in a country, *said to be free*, can be construed into *humblly imploring mercy*. Tell the world how the most positive assertion of the firmest adherence to the principles upon which I had acted, and the most direct refusal to retract a particle of the assertion can by any force of language be converted into a confession of conscious guilt, or an avowal of contrition. A convict of these unblushing breaches of truth, can it be a matter of wonder that you should shudder at publication? Can it be a matter of wonder that advanced too far to retreat, and impelled to violate truth in every other particular, you should feel yourself forced to violate the right of publication, for which I so expressly conditioned? Or that irretrievably criminal, and tremblingly alive to detection, you should send Mr. Cooke in Lord Cornwallis's name, with that murderous menace, that if any of the prisoners "should, from a feeling for the honor of their fellow-prisoners, their friends, or themselves," attempt to contradict these falsehoods and calumnies, which you had dared to advance, *executions should go on as formerly*. Can the most REGULAR Government that has ever appeared upon earth, exhibit such another instance of distributive injustice? Is this a part of that clemency, which you say I have experienced? Is this a specimen of that mercy, for which you have asserted I am so much indebted?

Deeply as these glaring infractions of every thing that should be dear to a man, who values his honor, interested you in resisting publication, there were
other

other calumnies, which could never have been attempted to be palmed on the most credulous, had I been allowed to refute them. And the facts been given to the world, the Minister of England could never have enjoyed those malignant, and scurrilous calumnies, which have been disseminated, here and and in England, of the opposition, who gave evidence on my trial at Maidstone, by means of those *Anti-truth*, prostitute prints, upon which such enormous sums are lavished to panegerize corruption, and to assassinate the characters of those who oppose it. Believing, as I do in my soul, that this calumny of the Opposition of England, has been one of the principal reasons, why the stipulation I made for publication, has been violated with so much injustice and menace, I feel myself peculiarly called on to set forth the truth, in vindicating myself from having given the smallest grounds for these calumnies, which have been propagated, with so much malignity, against men so truly honorable, and so justly revered.

I was arrested at Margate, and prosecuted at Maidstone, on a charge of inviting the French to *an invasion of England*; to substantiate which a written paper was produced, said to have been found in a great-coat pocket, said to be found in a public-house, in a room in which there was no one, said to be the property of Coigly. This paper purported to come from some secret committee, of whom no account has been given; it contained an invitation to the French to *invade England*, and a most infamous, unmeasured proscription of the whole Opposition, as men wholly unfit to be trusted.

In

In order to exculpate myself from having any concern, in inviting the French to invade a country, of which I was not a native, and where I had been received by thousands of the most distinguished, not only with the greatest hospitality, but with the most affectionate kindness.—As the foremost for rank, fortune, talents and virtue were those, against whom this infernal paper had denounced this unqualified proscription I called upon them to declare to the world, whether they believed I was that monster, who has attempted to assassinate those venerated characters, who had honored me with their society, blessed me with their friendship, and enlightened me with their instruction. The enormity of the charge was, that I had most basely betrayed these kind benefactors, and to those very men I appealed for my justification. The testimony they bore was, “that they were convinced I was incapable of the diabolical treachery, contained in the paper; with which I was charged; that so far were they from conceiving such perfidy formed any part of my character, that I was of an open, unreserved disposition, and that my principles were those of the Revolution of 1688, which were their own.” That I have impeached this testimony since, by what has fallen from me, has been propagated by every perversion of truth, which malignity and falsehood could invent; but these are the mists of the moment, which vanish on the appearance of truth. Deal fairly by those honorable men and by me, I dare you to the test, and in the presence of God and truth, I call on you to publish the whole of what has come from me, verbal and written; then

then let me be ranked lower than the lowest, lower than the exposure of these detailed breaches of honor shall rank you in the estimation of every honest man, if, after the publication, those honorable men, who gave evidence at my trial at Maidstone, would not be bound, in truth and justice, to give the same evidence they gave before. Nay, so unequivocally has every word that came from me, since my trial, put it beyond the possibility of doubt, that I was utterly guiltless of every particle of the indictment, that if the whole of what came from me, had been made public as the sun in its meridian, I would defy the most sanguinary of my persecutors, from the man whose memory is a sponge for every thing that could make for innocence, and an indelible tablet for every malignity that could make against it, to the pampered informer, whose tongue outstrips the office of his ears, and who, when he casts up the ledger of his perjuries in his murderous account, can tell you all he is worth, to adduce a single fact that could stand between me and an acquittal.

The first part of this evidence I shall notice, is, that which respects the paper, which contains the unqualified proscription of these great and good men, and the invitation of the French to invade England. In declaring their conviction that I was utterly incapable of thus perfidiously proscribing them, no one can doubt their sincerity. If they could have supposed me to have been capable of such perfidy towards them, they must have been the last men living, who could have found inclination or interest in bearing testimony of my inno-

cence. Will their calumniators assert, that they were convinced I had been to them this perfidious friend, and will they also accuse them of the more than Christian forgiveness, in proving my innocence? Thus calumny itself is driven to admit, that the opposition must have been convinced of my innocence of this part of the paper which proscribed and betrayed them. How then was it possible they could conceive that I was guilty of the other part, which invited the French to the invasion of England? Was it in the nature of things, that they could believe me to hold one part of the paper in the utmost abhorrence, and approve of the other; and be the author, or have any part in being the bearer of the entire. Thus the contents of this paper, which in fact comprises the whole of the charge in the indictment, if examined with the smallest attention, must carry conviction, that the opposition regarded me as one of the last men who could have been guilty. If, however, there had been any doubt, my examination since, has put it beyond all suspicion. These are my words before the secret committee of the Commons, which I set down to writing the instant I came back to my prison. After stating my having formed the first alliance, that ever existed between the Union and France, in August 1796, and that I had arranged the expedition with General Hoche, which failed in the December following for Ireland, I stated,—“ that it was proposed
 “ to me, that a body should be sent against Eng-
 “ land, to cause a diversion, and to retaliate for
 “ the Quiberon expedition. To dissuade the
 “ French

“ French from the invasion of England, I * used
 “ every argument in my power, I said from my
 “ knowledge of England, I was certain the best
 “ men in it would be most hostile to any interference
 “ of the French, in the government of their coun-
 “ try on the same just principle, that they condemned
 “ the interference of England in the government
 “ of France, that the state of England and of Ire-
 “ land were very different, that in Ireland the peo-
 “ ple were most solicitous to rescue themselves from
 “ foreign and domestic tyranny, but that the majo-
 “ rity of the people of England would be most ad-
 “ verse to their interference, that many of the peo-
 “ ple of England were beginning to see, and to
 “ feel the ruin, which the ministers had brought on
 “ the nation, by engaging in the war, but that if an
 “ invasion was attempted, all consideration of the
 “ injustice of the war would be buried under the im-
 “ mediate consideration of self-defence ; that it would
 “ prove the greatest support to an unpopular mi-
 “ nistry, by giving them an unlimited power over
 “ the remaining wealth of England, in any way they
 “ might think fit to take it, while a guinea could
 “ be extorted. These, together with other argu-
 “ ments were thought conclusive by those to whom
 “ I addressed them, and the invasion of England
 “ in 1796 was abandoned.” And again, before
 the secret committee of the Lords, on the 6th of
 September, after pointing out some mis-statements,
 which had been made of the examination I had
 given, as published in the Appendix to the Report,

* In the examination I spoke of myself in the third person, but so as to
 be understood to mean myself, and so the secret committee has taken it.

on being asked if there was any other inaccuracies in the Report, of my examination in this Appendix, I answered,—“ Yes, I have expressly stated, that
 “ the Union had no connexion with the societies of
 “ England and Scotland, and yet my answer is so
 “ worded, as if I admitted that some connexion was
 “ supported by individuals; this appears to me to
 “ have been done to give a colour to that charge,
 “ in a paper produced at Maidstone against me,
 “ which states that a delegate from Ireland was then
 “ sitting with a secret committee of England, every
 “ particle of which I do declare most solemnly
 “ was most false, as I do also declare, that every
 “ part of the indictment, as far as I was concerned,
 “ was wholly unfounded; for so far was I from
 “ seeking an invasion of England, that when it was
 “ proposed to the Irish negociator (who formed the
 “ first alliance between Ireland and France) to in-
 “ vade England, and to retaliate for the Quiberon
 “ expedition, he used every argument in his power
 “ to dissuade them, which I know were conclusive.
 “ I state this, because I find, that while I have
 “ been imprisoned, occasion has been taken to ca-
 “ lumniate those, who gave evidence on my trial
 “ at Maidstone, and therefore I wish it to be known,
 “ that instead of my inviting the French to invade
 “ England, I prevented it, and I did so, because
 “ I knew the best men there, were as averse to the
 “ interference of the French in England, as they
 “ had uniformly declared themselves to be to the
 “ interference of the English in the Government
 “ of France.”

These are faithful extracts of those examinations, which, it has been said, impeaches the evidence
 given

given at Maidstone. Is there one word which can warrant such an assertion? Is it in the power of language to convey a stronger corroboration of their testimony, or a more direct exculpation from every part of the charge contained in the indictment? Had I not been prevented from refuting these infamous calumnies, the people of England would have been informed, that the man who had been charged with inviting the French to invade them, was the man who averted that event from them, and that he succeeded by stating, how repugnant such an attempt would be to the principles and wishes of those very men, who have been so grossly maligned, and how advantageous it would prove to those ministers (in extracting the wealth of England) who maligned them. Indeed, had I not mentioned these facts by which these calumnies have been so clearly refuted, the absurdity of my being concerned in taking a paper to the Directory of France, by way of credentials, in 1798, who am now known to have formed an alliance with them two years before, in 1796, would alone be sufficient to carry conviction that I could not have had any part or concurrence in this infamous paper; besides without arrogating much credit for composition, or falling into the folly or weakness of overweening, I may express my contempt of the stile of the paper, and I trust every act of my life allows me to express my utter abhorrence of its contents. If then it must be admitted that it is so vile a production—that it was a credential which I could not have wanted, and that, if such a paper could have been of the least use, I could have composed one when I had arrived on the Continent, more to my purpose,

purpose, none but men determined against the clearest conviction, could believe that I had any part, concurrence, or knowledge of this transaction, upon which the whole of the indictment was founded.

The next part of the evidence is that I was of an open, unreserved disposition, and my having been so long and so deeply engaged in the Union, is the ground upon which this has been carped at. Much of my political life is known to the world, enough to enable the public to form its judgment, enough for me to appeal to. From the moment I perceived that my countrymen were willing to sacrifice their religious rancour, on the altar of national freedom, I flung away every other consideration, and exerted every faculty of my soul to dispel the dæmon of discord, and to cherish the spirit of Union. The emancipation and independence of Ireland from internal and external thralldom, were the objects I had in view. So early as 1795, I openly avowed my opinions, as may be seen in what fell from me on the Catholic question; these sentiments are to be found amongst others—"But
 "if you shall have convinced the people of Ireland,
 "that you are traitors to them, and hirelings to an
 "avaricious, domineering nation, under the outward appearance of a sister country—If you shall
 "have convinced the people of this country, that
 "the free national constitution for which they were
 "committed, and for which they risked every thing
 "in 1782, has been destroyed by the bribery of a
 "British minister, and the unexampled venality
 "of an Irish Parliament—If you shall have convinced them, that instead of rising or falling with
 "England,

“ England, they are never to rise, but when she is
 “ humbled by adversity, and that they must fall
 “ when she becomes elated by prosperity—If you
 “ shall have convinced the people of this country,
 “ that instead of reciprocal advantage, nothing is to
 “ be reaped from their connexion with England,
 “ but supremacy, and aggrandizement on one side,
 “ and a costly venality, injury, insult, degradation,
 “ and poverty on the other, it is human nature,
 “ that you shall have driven the people of this
 “ country to court the alliance of any nation, able
 “ and willing to break the chains of a bondage, not
 “ less galling to their feelings, than restrictive of
 “ their prosperity.” When Union and Reform
 were made treason and death by new laws, agree-
 able to the sentiments I had openly avowed in
 1795, I negotiated that very alliance with France
 in 1796, which I had declared was our only alter-
 native; and when I had returned to Ireland, after
 having formed the alliance, you will find these
 words in my first address to the electors of the
 county of Antrim.—“ If the monopoly of the whole
 “ national representation by a few individuals, forms
 “ the basis of *their* constitution, and if the most
 “ profligate sale of that representation to the agents
 “ of another country, be the sole means by which it
 “ is moved and maintained, so far from seeking your
 “ confidence by promising to support it, *I pledge my-*
 “ *self to you and my country, to use every means in my*
 “ *power to effect its destruction.* Catholic and Pro-
 “ testant are alike convinced, that on the Union of
 “ both, depends the salvation of all. Those who
 “ sell the rights of their country, will call this by the
 “ name

“ name of that treason, they live by committing; but
 “ if to promote the Union of Irishmen be treason,
 “ if to place the liberties of my country upon its true
 “ republican basis be treason, then do I glory in
 “ being a traitor. It is a treason I will seal with my
 “ blood, and that I hope to have engraved on my
 “ tomb. I know that an attempt on the part of the
 “ Executive, to subvert our liberties, has sanctioned
 “ one revolution, and I feel, that if the Legislative
 “ becoming more corrupt than the Executive, should
 “ attempt a similar subversion not only by force but
 “ by the more deadly corruption—they will have
 “ sanctioned another.” If these extracts from senti-
 ments spoken and published at large, are not sufficient
 in the circumstances, under which I was placed, to
 entitle me to a character for frankness, I refer you to
 the whole of my second address to the electors of the
 county of Antrim, in which I have openly asserted
 the right of forming an alliance with France, and if
 this be not sufficient, I refer you to the State of Ire-
 land I published, in which I have justified resistance;
 and calling in foreign assistance. If those who read
 these avowals of my political principles, before my
 trial at Maidstone, before they knew of the part I was
 acting, thought me entitled to the character of an
 open, unreserved disposition, let them read those
 avowals of my opinions and principles now, that the
 thousand dangers with which I was environed at the
 time they were written, have been made public,
 would they not be bound, a fortiori, to give me the
 same character over again?

The last part of the evidence, “ that they looked
 upon me as professing the principles, upon which
 the

the revolution of 1688 was founded," is a matter of opinion. These principles are the right of resisting oppression, and even of calling in foreign aid, in supporting the right; that these were my principles, I appeal to every act and word of my life. If my writings and speeches do not go to the proof, why did not the Crown lawyers produce them? They could have brought evidence to prove they were mine; they found a manuscript copy of my second address to the county of Antrim in my desk, when I was arrested in 1796; and they found two copies of my State of Ireland, when I was arrested at Margate in 1798. The fact then being admitted, how does the general assertion, that these were my principles as given in evidence, bind those who gave it; to any responsibility for the prudence, propriety, or fitness, with which I applied them. That the opposition of England were United Irishmen, or that I made those men, who on a change of ministry must form the administration of England, acquainted with my design of separation, is too absurd to be mentioned by the most malignant calumniator, or to be credited by the most deludable dupe. The charge against me at Maidstone, was wholly confined to England; Ireland or its politics were not mentioned in the indictment. Hence the opposition were, not only not called on to give an opinion, on any transaction relating to Ireland; but, if they had attempted to say a word on the subject; the Judge must have stopped them. In a word, that I have impeached one tittle of the evidence, which was given at Maidstone, by any thing which has come from me,

verbal or written, is so utterly false, that if I was to be tried over again, at this instant, on the former indictment, without subtracting a letter, and that every syllable I have since delivered, was published, so far from retracting any part of the evidence they have given, they would be bound to declare my innocence of the whole charges in positive terms, which they gave only as a matter of opinion before; and as to the part I have acted in my own country, it would be now, as it was at my trial, they would not be called on, or even suffered to give an opinion—nay, if all the reports of the Irish Parliament that ever were printed, with their appendices, were produced in evidence, they would not avail, for this plain reason, neither Ireland nor a particle respecting it are so much as mentioned in the indictment. These remarks on what has fallen from me, as it respects the evidence given at Maidstone, must assure every man who has not shut his mind against all conviction, that nothing ever has, or ever can, consistent with truth, come from me, which can impeach the credit of the great and good men in question.

For the part I have taken in my own country, my acts shall be my vouchers; neither the force of foreign mercenaries, nor the corruption of traitors, nor the falshood of ministers, nor the calumny of hired defamers, nor the torture of tyrants can condemn me, as long as conscious integrity finds a place in my heart. Disloyalty, rebellion and treason are confounded, by the mass of mankind, with the success that attends them; whilst with the magnanimous, success conveys no acquittal, nor defeat condemnation. That the
constitution

constitution *contained* some of the purest principles of liberty, that they have been most violently assailed, that the assailants have been enormously criminal, and that they should be selected for exemplary justice, I have uniformly asserted—then let those vital principles of the constitution, be the standard, and let their violation be the criminal test. I ask but that the world should be informed of the part I have acted; there have been instances of virtue which might challenge the brightest page of the world, there have been crimes which cannot be equalled in the records of Hell, I demand a fair allotment of my share in a just distribution, and with the claims of a calumniated man, I call on my calumniators for publication, not only by the imprescriptible right of self-defence, but by the right of express stipulation. The whole of what has been delivered by me verbal and written, fills one hundred pages, of which only one has been published; publish the ninety-nine which have been suppressed, and when the world are informed of the crimes I have detailed, the criminals I have exposed, and the principles upon which I have acted, then let them judge whether I have had recourse to resistance and to foreign aid, against the constitution, or against racks, tortures, lashings, half-hangings, burning houses, rape, military execution, bastilles, free-quarters, and every species of oppression. If these ninety-nine pages contain falsehoods, why have I not been exposed by their being published? If they contain confessions of conscious guilt, contrition, or humbly imploring of mercy, why are they not published? If these pages do not contain un-

answerable charges against the King's ministers, if they contain any thing that can be tortured into their justification, and above all, if they contain a syllable that impeaches the credit of the opposition of England, is it credible that they would not have been published? Give them every line to the world, and if they contain a thought, which the man who loves his species can disclaim, if they contain dereliction of my principles, breach of my engagements, treason to my cause or my country, or perfidy to my friends, let me be overwhelmed by the infamy attendant on instant exposure. You dare not, like the witless bird, you hide your head and think you have escaped detection. When it is known that of one hundred pages, ninety-nine have been kept back, are you so weak as to imagine, that any other reason will be assigned, than that your own crimes have made you suppress them? Can the silliest dotard suppose that you have broken your solemn engagements, and held out those Septemberizing menaces in Lord Cornwallis's name, to prevent the publication of those ninety nine pages, if they contained a particle that could criminate me, or impeach the honor of the opposition of England? No, they will surmise the truth, they will be convinced that you have uttered falsehoods, that you have given grounds for calumny, that you have deceived the Parliament, and that you have prostituted the name of a man of honor, to most infamous, murderous menace, and to most dishonorable breaches of the most solemn engagements.

So truly Protean have you been with the state prisoners, from the beginning of this transac-
tion

tion to this instant, that I am wholly at a loss to find any two parts of your conduct, which have any accordance with truth, with each other, or with the agreement. Immediately after we had performed our parts of the conditions, and before a sense of your dishonorable conduct induced you to violate your's, you clearly perceived that by the compact, we had reserved a choice of country for exile, and that we had not excluded ourselves from passing into any country on the globe, that was not at war with Great Britain; you were convinced, that by your own stipulation "that we should not pass into an enemy's country," it is implied that we were to emigrate during the war, while there was a country to come within your exception, nor had you yet forgotten all those professions of liberal construction, good faith and honor, of which you had been so lavish. In this mood you sent Mr. Cooke to our prison, on the 18th of August, with a fair construction of the compact verbal and written, that we were to emigrate to any country, not at war with Great Britain;—on the 16th of September you sent Mr. Marsden to inform us, that we should be detained during the war;—on the 21st of October you again informed us by Mr. Cooke, that we should emigrate to America, and not be suffered to pass into any other country whatever;—on the 22d, the very next day, you sent Mr. Marsden to tell us, we should not be suffered to go to America;—on the 5th of December you again sent Mr. Marsden to tell us, that all the state prisoners might emigrate to any country on the Continent, not at war with Great Britain, with the exception of fifteen,

teen,

reen, who were to be further detained; and although more than a month has elapsed, since this fifth interpretation of the agreement, and that many of the non-excepted have demanded to be suffered to emigrate, they are still prevented from leaving the prison; and whilst I am writing this letter, it will not surprize me if you should send a sixth interpretation of the agreement, as contradictory to the whole, as those you have sent are to each other. But to what end shall I waste time in reciting any more of your conduct? The man who has shewn a total contempt for truth and good faith in one hundred instances, would betray the same in one thousand. Then setting aside every idea of the existence of the agreement, in which equivalents and terms are set forth; setting aside all those professions of liberal construction and good faith; leaving you to reconcile your plea of necessity with non-performance of compact, for which stipulated equivalents have been religiously paid, I call on you to reconcile those manifold contradictions and prevarications, which have appeared in your various interpretations of the agreement with justice and honor, which can be but one.

You would have been happy, no doubt, that I had implicated Lord Cornwallis and the Parliament, with you in this accusation, but in this you shall find yourself widely mistaken; for much as you have defamed and deceived me, and vilely as you have attempted to furnish grounds for calumny against the opposition of England, your conduct to Lord Cornwallis and the Parliament are not less flagrant. Detected of such manifest breaches of truth, in
the

the outset of your ministerial career, the flagrance of your perfidy, forms the strongest evidence that you are the sole author of those disgraceful transactions, which I have detailed; whilst the unimpeached character for incorruptible integrity, which Lord Cornwallis has uniformly supported, in some of the most trying situations, carries as forcible evidence that he has not debased himself thus suddenly, to so low and so vile a degree; as to the Parliament, you, and you only could have furnished the statements upon which their proceedings were founded; and that you did not lay the written agreement before them, is manifest, from the debate on our advertisement, when some of the members declared, on the second day, that their having seen General Nugent's publication of our agreement, wherein it was stated, that we had stipulated "not by naming or describing, to implicate any person whatever," induced them to alter the opinions they had expressed, on the preceding day, when they had not been informed of those conditions.

Wholly acquitting Lord Cornwallis, and not interfering in any wise with the Parliament of Ireland, without saying one word of the future, I have accused you in the face of the world, as a minister who has uttered the most gross falsehoods of me; that you have entered into engagements, for the performance of which you have pledged the faith of Lord Cornwallis's administration, and that you have been guilty of the most direct violations of your agreement, attended with all those shifts, subterfuges, contradictions, and prevarications, to which
the

the honest man can never be driven, and from which the cunning, pitiful, unprincipled courtier can never be free. I have impeached you of keeping back from the Parliament that written agreement, to which you had pledged the Executive government, and of furnishing the officers of the Crown with materials for a law in violation of the letter and spirit of those very conditions to which you had bound it. I have impeached you for having prostituted the name of a man, whose honor was unquestioned before you had profaned it, by setting it to a menace the most infernal, whether it be considered for its injustice, in attempting to silence men (whose honor you had attacked,) by placing the dagger to their throats to prevent them from justifying their characters by that publication, for which I had expressly conditioned; or whether it be considered for its style of more than Robespierian butchery, in threatening to take the lives of eighty-nine for the *crime* of one, and that no other than the *crime* of exposing your perfidy, and of vindicating their honor. Then let me be that criminal—mark me for your victim; for if to declare to the world that you have most foully belied me, and that these falsehoods have been made the grounds for calumny against the most honorable men, be the forfeit of life—I have no desire to live. If it has come to this, that to contradict the falsehoods of a minister be a capital offence, if every Tyro in office, is to be erected into a Bey or a Bashaw, in these times of blood, life is not worth the keeping. If I cannot live with honor, nay, if I cannot live but loaded with infamy, and to be made the stalking
beast

beast for the assassination of the fair fame of my best benefactors; it is time for me to die. You knew I demanded a trial—you knew I demanded not to be required to sign any agreement, and yet you have told the world that I have *most humbly implored pardon*. You knew I asserted my principles and vindicated the cause I espoused in the worst of times, you knew you had required of me to retract this assertion and vindication, and that I refused to do either; yet you have told the world, “*that I have confessed myself conscious of the most flagrant and enormous guilt, and expressed my contrition.*” You knew that of ninety state-prisoners, six only have been examined, that these six have not in the most distant degree *confessed conscious guilt, or contrition, or humbly implored pardon*, and that the eighty-four have never been asked a question; yet you have told the Parliament *that every one* of the ninety have made the like *confessions of guilt, contrition, and have alike humbly implored pardon*. You knew that the written compact contained a stipulation that the country to which we were to emigrate “was to be mutually agreed on between us and the government,” yet you have told the Parliament “that we had conditioned to be transported to such foreign country as to the King shall seem meet.” You knew that I had expressly declared that my brother would not enter into any conditions with the government; yet you have first attempted to terrify him into your measures, by sending the very Mute you had sent me, and when this was treated with the contempt it deserved, you took advantage of our separation to try to make him

believe that I had promised he should enter into conditions. You knew that I had expressly conditioned for the right of publishing every part of the information I might give, conformably to my agreement, and also of refuting calumnies; you knew that this right had been recognized by your colleague Mr. Cooke, some time after we made our agreement; yet you have not only violated this important condition, but you have added to the sufferings of a prison, and held out your murderous menace. You knew that you had conditioned that we should emigrate after we had performed our part of the compact, and now that our's has been faithfully discharged you have set up a plea of necessity, which is equally valid for detaining us for life as for an hour, and equally reconcileable with your contradictory interpretations and shameful prevarications.

These are a small part of the catalogue of breaches of faith, honor and truth, of which I accuse you. As to what concerns the written agreement, compare it with the law which you were pledged should be in perfect conformity with its spirit and letter, and for which you were bound to furnish the matter for the Parliament to go by; yet I will submit to be branded for the most infamous liar, if this law is not a most gross violation of the agreement, which the Chancellor declared, "the government that could violate, neither could stand, nor deserved to stand." But though there had not been one of those express stipulations, or those dishonourable infractions, should I have forfeited every right of humanity? Should I have borne with every falsehood and every calumny, malice and perfidy have poured out against me?

me? No, I should still retain the imprescriptible right of self-defence, that right with which God and nature have armed every man, and of which no power on earth can deprive him. Let it cost what it may, I will rescue those honorable men from the calumny, for which you have held me out as having furnished the matter. The means which have been hitherto used to dispatch me, leave me no doubt of what I have to expect. The solemn declaration of Coigley (in the presence of persons of the first credit) of the proposal conveyed by the *Reverend* Griffith, for saving his life, and the giving up mine, gives some idea of the justice I have any hope of obtaining. Abandon those underhand means——spare your murderous menace——send me your Mutes. The same necessity which can justify your detaining me a prisoner for life, will equally justify you for my murder, and infinitely more than for my calumnation. The man who has lived in constant habits of intimacy with death for these last three years, had he been the veriest coward, must now be familiar with his most ghastly appearance; not a night that he has not sat perched on my pillow, not a step have I taken that he has not walked by my side, not a thought nor an act that was not directed to what, I was convinced, was the good of my country, and not a thought, nor an act that did not forfeit my life, by the code, martial and civil, to which my country has been made subject. My prison is the mansion of death——its inmates in succession are dragged to the gallows——its porch is the scaffold——and the hangman is amongst my attendants; yet you imagine you can infuse

terror by your dastardly menace. Do not yourself such injustice, you have not prepared me so ill for the language of the assassin, or the executioner's gripe. Torn myself from the loved, adored, chosen friends of my heart, is there a fibre that can link the parent to his child, the wife to her husband, children to their parents, or to one another, that I have not seen torn asunder by the ruffian hand of ruthless power, in those different prisons of misery, where I am doomed to pass the vigour of life? Is there an insult you or your underlings have not practised? Is there an alleviation, of which you have not sought to deprive me? One only comfort I had left, I shared the prison of the twin brother of my soul, I shared his sorrows for the sufferings of his loved wife and his eight infant innocents, scattered by marshalled blood-hounds, who have plundered his house, ravaged his demesne, and destroyed his property, one hundred miles distant from the pretext of revolt; when the tear started for his absent, helpless children, or for his beloved country, I could press him to my heart, and wipe away the bitter drops from his manly face, or alleviate his sorrows by making commanage of our feelings, our affections, and our sufferings. This is the brother whose crimes are his talents, his virtues, and love of the people; for whom an acquittal serves but to prolong your cruelties and his persecutions. Bereft of this last, this only comfort I had left, familiarized not only with death, but with its most sublimated horrors, trust me there is no terror in your threats. Beloved, faithful countrymen, have you, with a fidelity unparalleled in

in the annals of the world, preserved my life in defiance of torture, that I should drag it along in a dungeon, loaded with chains and infamy, for the mere sufferance of respiration. You, whose discoloured faces and swollen tongues, hanging from your mouths, scarcely able to receive sustenance for the support of existence, describing the stranglings you have endured more feelingly than eloquence could utter, and you, whose flesh has been torn from your bones by lashings, and torn again before it had been cicatrized, have you borne all (when but to have sighed my name in the ravings of your tortures, you would have been cherished as the saviours of your country,) that I should breathe but by the bounty of calumpniators.—And you dear, venerated, departed friends, have you taught me by your example, to balance between death and infamy; you have been made exiles from the world, I have submitted to be exiled from our beloved Ireland—let him that loves his country, estimate the difference.

You may imagine that justice has been silenced by the storm which has raged, and in your triumphant course you may revive the ancient law, which makes the murder of mere Irishmen justifiable homicide: I am indeed a *mere Irishman*, the country knows me to be nothing else: like * Williams and Lawrence, you may confess the fact and plead the CUSTOM, a host of precedents, in six hundred years, will bear you out—but not so fast—returning calm may one

* Sir John Davis cites the records of these two cases, to prove that the murder of the Irish people by the English, was a legal act. Williams confessed the murder, but proved the man he murdered was a mere Irishman—Williams was acquitted—Lawrence set up the same plea, but it appeared, the man he murdered was an Englishman—Lawrence was hanged.

day bring the reign of reason back, the man who "smeared the sleepy grooms" will find "there is no sure foundation set on blood." A few designing villains may delude, they cannot with the like success betray.

At any time, justice to myself and to those venerated men you have attempted to defame, would call for the disclosure I have made; but now, when ministerial confidence has become the wicked and destructive jargon of the day, it is a duty I owe my country to give a true and faithful picture of the honor your ministerial integrity affords. If the time should ever come, when a treacherous advantage of our cruel disunion, might be taken, by a desperate effort to destroy even the shadow of our national independence, and erase this great and powerful island from the list of nations.—If adding insults to injury, equivalents should be talked of for what is beyond all value, and that to dale out as charity the thousand part of rights which God and Nature gave us shall be called equivalents.—If enormous burdens should be added, that we shall be told they are meant for our relief, and if in this monstrous project you should hold a ministerial station, let your conduct towards me be the earnest of your conduct to the nation. Let me be banished to the most distant pole, you cannot eradicate the love of country from my heart: Country is my God, upon its altar I could offer up, not only fortune, not only life—I can do no more—I can sacrifice revenge. Had the dreadful list of those beloved friends, whom I shall mourn while I live, been greater than it is—had the profusion of my own particular blood, been so abundant

dant that I were left the last of mine own race—did my sufferings equal, for exceed they could not, the most excruciating tortures, which have been inflicted throughout all INNISFAIL—if *the salvation of our island were at stake*, I would stretch out one arm to grasp the bloody hands of my deluded, madened, betrayed countrymen, point the other to our common parent, and in the deliverance of our common country, bury all remembrance of the past; while mutual tears of bitterest grief, sorrow and regret, should wash away all memory, of how all former blood had flowed. Add these to my crimes, and let the exposure of your guilt be one. The more clearly I have depicted you, the more vindictive your revenge. What I value, and which I now defend, is above your reach; power is not tempered to pierce the shield, which honesty can forge—put character upon its trial, no jury can be packed—the patriots who have ever lived are duly summoned to attend, and, time records the verdict. The patriots of Greece and Rome, the Russels, Sydneys, Hampdens, and Roger Moore, the patriots of Helvetia, of Batavia, of America, have all been branded traitors, in the days they lived; but posterity has done them justice.—Patience, Koskioufko, your beloved Poland has been partitioned by the ruffian robbers, who have shed her blood; justice has but slept—ten years, nay, not five have yet elapsed, “time is the old justice that examines all such offenders.” Character is never fairly before the world until the owner is no more. While I live, though it be within the precincts of the scaffold, I will vindicate my honor, I will raise my voice from the depths of my dungeon,

dungeon, and when I shall have discharged the last debt my country can expect, or I can pay—the world will do me justice.

Young Lord, I fought you not, you have grappled with my honor upon these troubled waters; if your's shall have perished, blame your own temerity. Mark but the smallest shade in any charge I have made against you, that is not grounded in the brightest truth, and I will feel more pleasure (if possible) in retracting it, than I have felt pain in travelling through the long and shameful history of your dishonor. Those who know me best, will acquit me of the despondent, gloomy mind, which likes to dwell on human nature's dark, deformed side; whilst those, who know me least and hate me most, shall seek in vain for grounds for defamation. Had your offences been those of folly, of inexperience, of ignorance, or of inordinate presumption, the pompous empty carriage of the man should have ensured your acquittal; but vacant indeed must be the mind that cannot mark the strong and glaring lines, which separate truth from falsehood, honor from infamy, and faith from perfidy. Convince me that you are guiltless, that I am in error, and I will do you justice; but with these strong impressions of strong conviction on my mind, I can subscribe myself with no other sentiment, than that which arises from a mixture of pity and contempt.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

*From my Prison,
January 4th, 1799.*

